The Saturday Evening
POST
January 9, 1960 — 15¢

American Disgrace:
COLLEGE CHEATING

Troubled Young Star
TONY PERKINS

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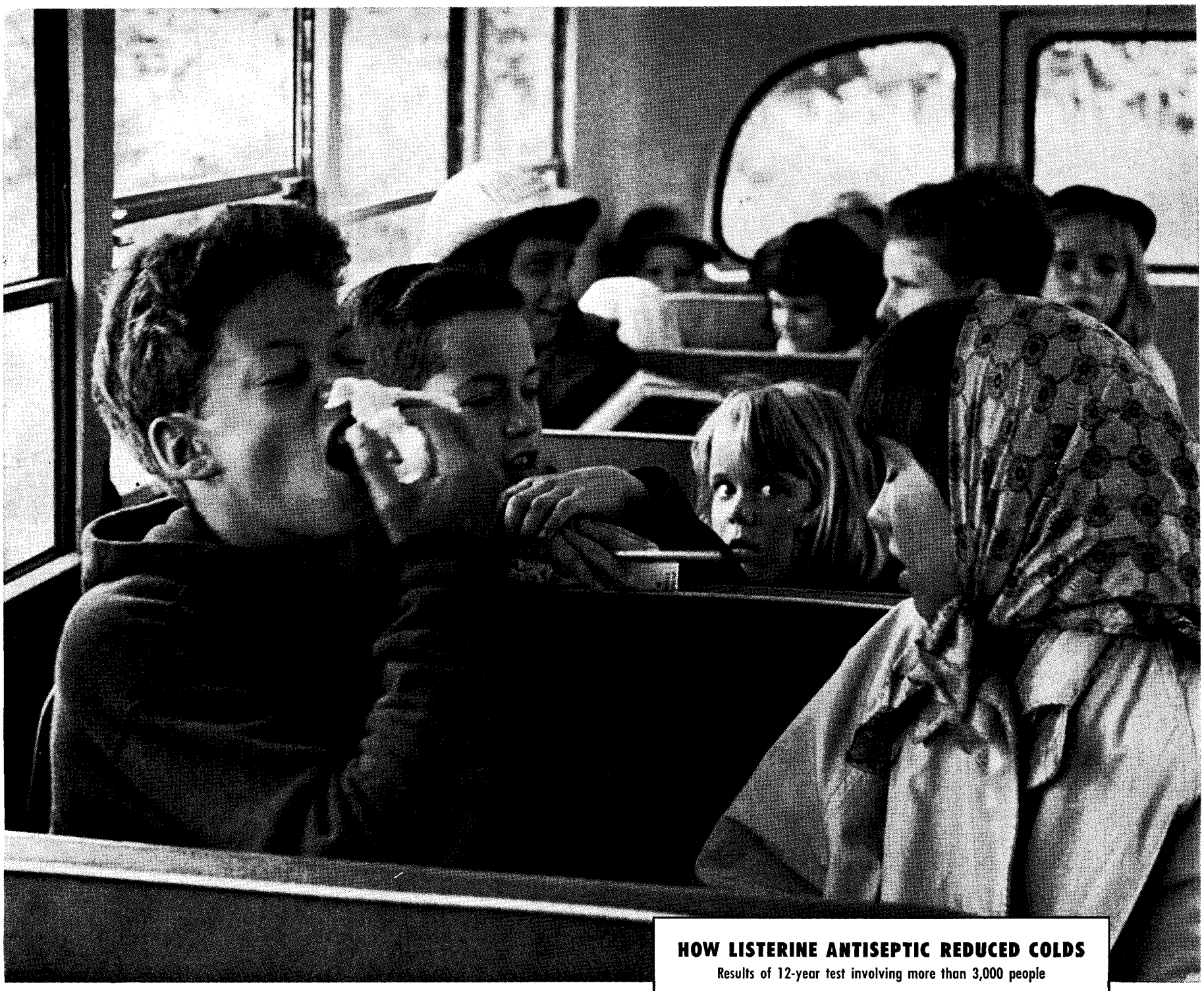
Germs Ride the School Bus
with your youngsters every day!



Have all your family gargle Listerine twice daily—it kills germs on contact, by millions.

The common cold is much too common among school children, as every mother knows. Germs are here, there and everywhere in this season of the year. Better have your whole family take this simple precaution.

Reach for Listerine, morning and night, every time you brush your teeth! Gargle it full-strength. Listerine Antiseptic kills germs by millions, on contact. And the more you reduce germs, the less the danger of infection.

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Reach for Listerine®

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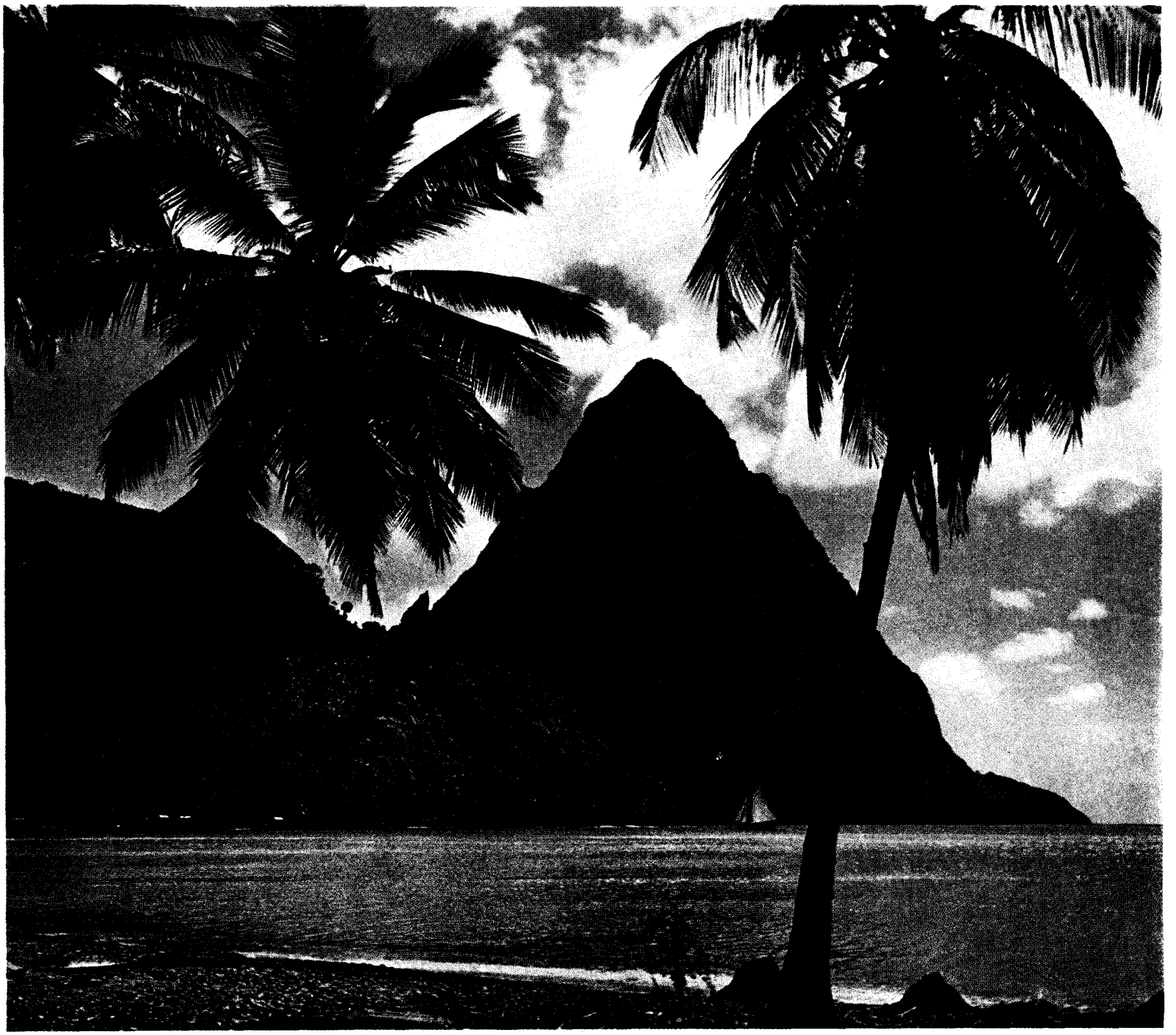

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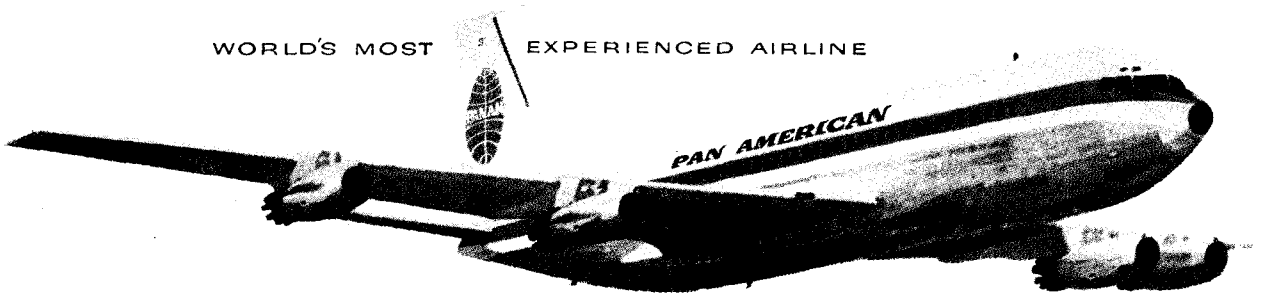

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THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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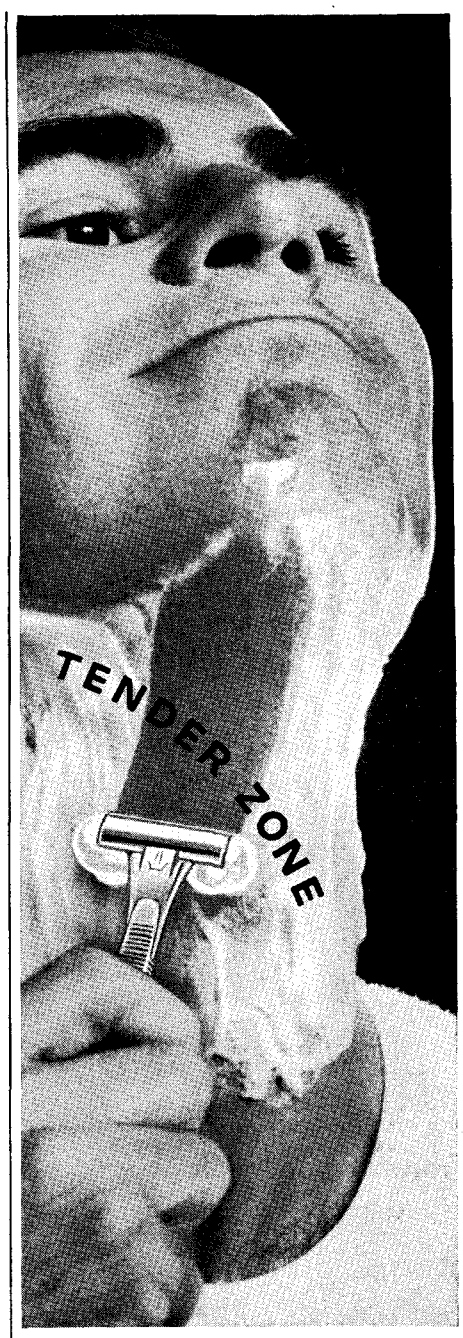
THE COVER

Cripes. What's the fun of getting presents if you gotta sit down and write a lot of dumb letters right away? I mean, Christmas was only two weeks ago. What's the big rush? . . . "What's that, mom? What do you mean, I should say something besides just 'thank you for the skates'? What else is there to say? . . . Well, O.K.—I'll try." DEAR UNCLE VIC: THANKS FOR THE NEAT ICE SKATES. THE POND FROZE LAST NIGHT, AND ALL THE OTHER KIDS ARE OUT SKATING RIGHT NOW. MAYBE MOM WILL LET ME OUT TOO, SOON AS I FINISH THIS LETTER. HOPE YOU ARE WELL, AND THANKS AGAIN FOR THE NEAT ICE SKATES. . . . Artist George Hughes *thinks* that's the way young males react when handed pencil and stationery at this time of the year. He isn't quite sure because the five Hughes children are all girls.



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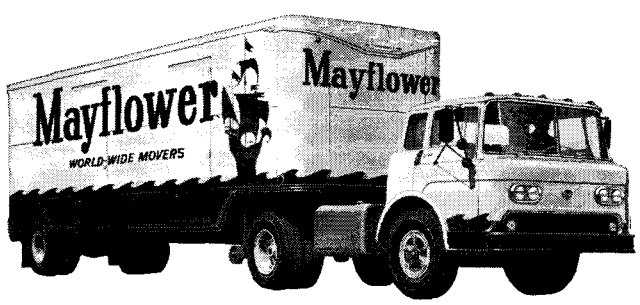

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Letters

A Question of Anguish

Dear Sirs:

THE FINAL ANSWER by François Mauriac [ADVENTURES OF THE MIND, 41, Dec. 5] was inspiring. Being a Presbyterian, I started to read with skepticism a religious theme by a Roman Catholic. At the finish I could only conclude that this article is truly "catholic" in nature.

Thank you for publishing it.

FRANK AULT
Panama City, Fla.

Dear Sirs:

Lucid senility.

BILL BERG
Chicago, Ill.

Dear Sirs:

The article should have been entitled "Adventure of a Morbid Mind." Why should this man be so "anguished" with the brevity and uncertainty of life when his religion promises him paradise and the immortality of his soul? I should think he would be in a hurry to attain it and contemplate it with joy—that is, if he does believe it.

LEONE GIBERSON WEBB
Charleston, W. Va.

Dear Sirs:

What a contrast to Mahalia Jackson and her joyous, dynamic example of Christian living! She was raised in poverty and persecution and maintained herself as a laundress—but not a gloomy note in her whole article [I CAN'T STOP SINGING, by Mahalia Jackson, as told to Evan McLeod Wylie, Dec. 5].

J. RICHARDSON
Pocatello, Idaho

Dear Sirs:

M. Mauriac, unwittingly, perhaps, demonstrates his dogmatism with his title. One can grant him a right to the title "My Final Answer," but not "The." He thereby does his very worth-while thesis an injustice, in my opinion.

JOHN TARRONT
Los Angeles, Calif.

Dear Sirs:

It is a pleasure and satisfaction to learn that at least one of today's great thinkers accepts the Bible as the word of God.

M. B. DARLEY
Denver, Colo.

(Continued on Page 6)

IS THE REF OFF SIDE?

Dear Sirs:

Re Dec. 5 cover [by Constantin Alajálov]: Is it possible that the "little geezer in the zebra shirt" is marching the wrong way? And, if so, why are those "red-shirted colossi" so unhappy? Ordinarily to execute a penalty, the ref would walk toward the offending team, pushing the players backward.

CHARLES R. KEENE
Indianapolis, Ind.

Dear Sirs:

Maybe his name is Wrong Way Corrigan.

WARREN H. CHURCHILL
Fresh Meadows, N.Y.

Dear Sirs:

Perhaps he started toward them and their expression caused him to reverse his field.

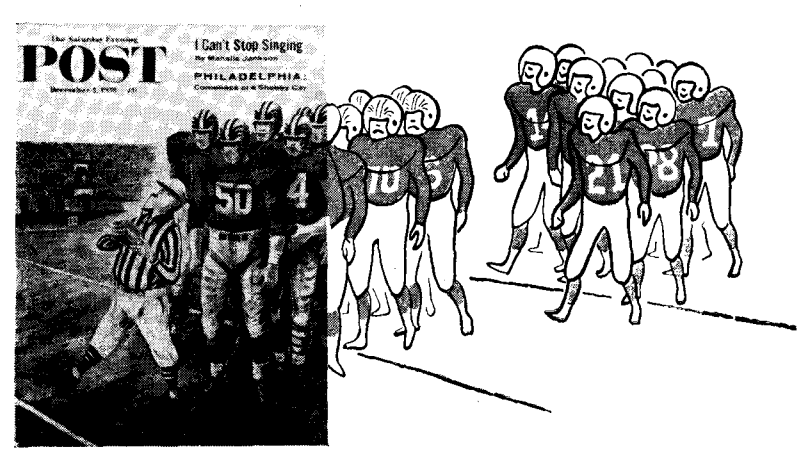
HAROLD WASHBURN
Columbus, Ohio

Dear Sirs:

I would step off the penalty against Artist Alajálov.

WALTER SHAPIRO
Detroit, Mich.

● *Alajálov declines the penalty; furthermore, he charges our 143 outraged readers with unnecessary roughness. As shown in the extension below, the Reds are the offenders. They closed ranks behind the ref after he began pacing off the penalty against them.* —ED.



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WHAT IS A MILWAUKEE BEER?

A Milwaukee beer is one brewed *in Milwaukee*. And, like Vermont Syrup, Door County Cherries or Oregon Apples . . . beer brewed in Milwaukee has earned a reputation of traditional greatness.

It's true, syrup, cherries, apples, come from many parts of our great nation other than Vermont, Door County and Oregon . . . just as do many beers. However, when you ASK for and EXPECT a Milwaukee beer, whether you live in California, Florida, New York or wherever, please remember this . . .

> There is only ONE Genuine Milwaukee Beer that is brewed *ONLY* in Milwaukee and exported to all corners of the country . . . and the world. This beer is MILLER HIGH LIFE.

Back in 1855 the brewery founders discovered that Milwaukee was ideally located to produce the centuries-old recipe of Miller High Life that was once the pride of royalty. Here the finest brewery in the world has been built . . . to take advantage of the natural qualities for brewing that exist here . . . the clean crisp air, the pure cold water, the old world craftsmanship, the abundance of fine grains.

Like any fine product, renowned for its place of origin, Miller High Life retains and protects its reputation as a true Milwaukee beer. As a result, we may not brew the most . . . but our beer will continue to be "THE FINEST LABEL ON ANY TABLE!"

Look for, ask for, enjoy Miller High Life . . . the beer that is *not* brewed on an assembly line basis, just anywhere, but hand-crafted and gently aged *only* in Milwaukee. Let this beer be a gay, refreshing reminder that quality and craftsmanship still flourish for you!

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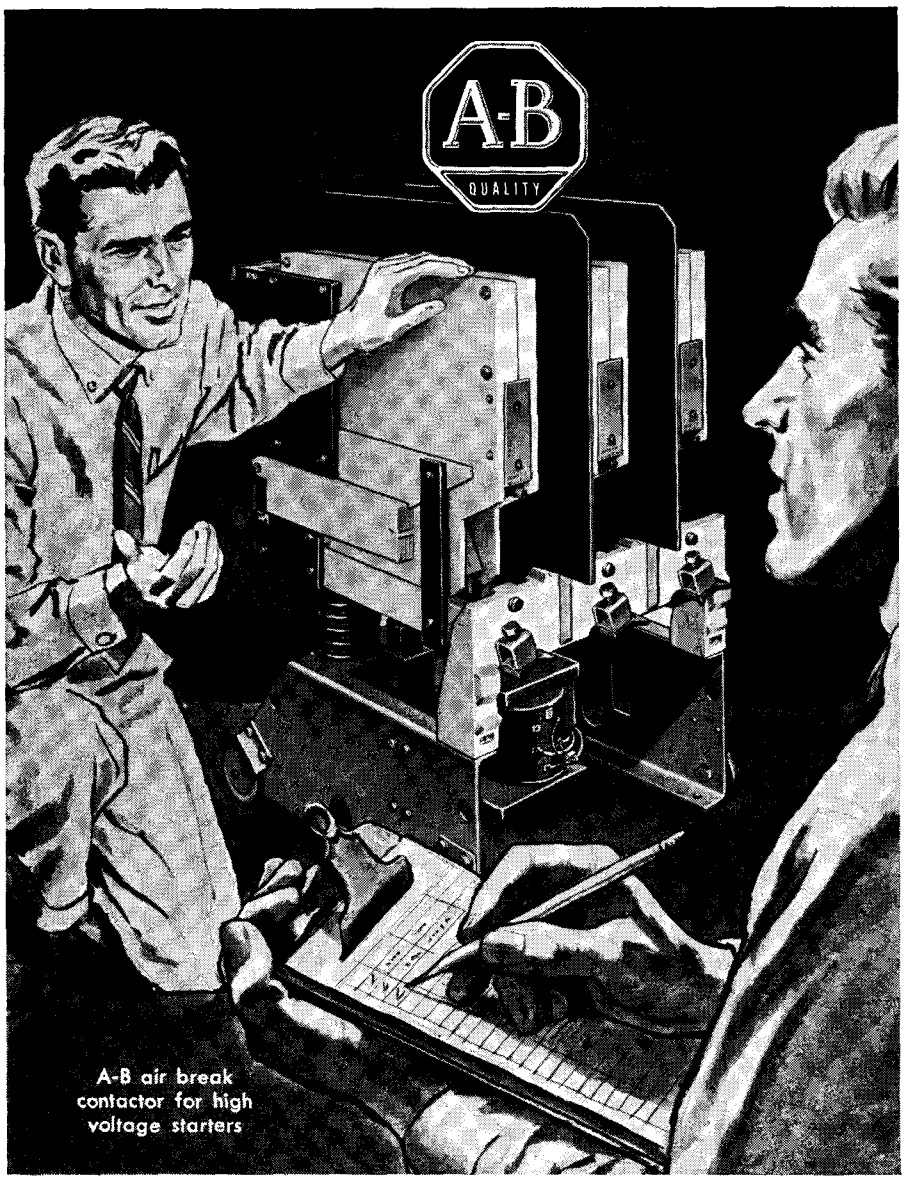

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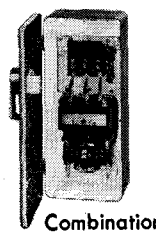
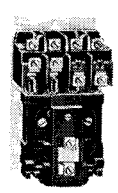
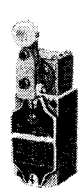

Combination Starters Bulletin 712

Reduced Voltage Starters Bulletin 746


Control Relays Bulletin 700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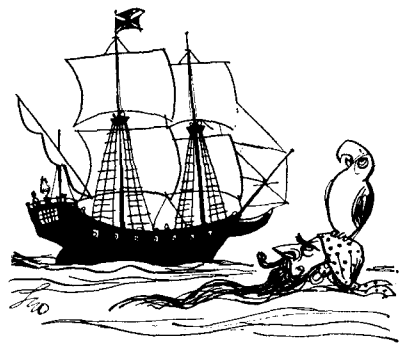
Letters (Continued from Page 4)

Blackbeard in Orbit

Dear Sirs:

I am indebted to Fletcher Stiers Jr. [LETTERS, Nov. 28] for setting straight John Kobler's description of the death of Blackbeard Teach [THE MYTHS ABOUT THE OAKES MURDER, Oct. 24]. However, Mr. Stiers' description of the headless body in its seven orbits around the ship is in some degree of error—according to an "eye-witness" account. My parents, in their childhood, knew an old British sailor who regaled them with many stories, including that of Blackbeard. Neglecting the span of more than a century of time, he assured them that he participated in the battle himself and that the *head* of Blackbeard, not the body, was thrown into the sea and that it



floated around the ship three times, shouting, "'Ell fire! 'Ell fire!" . . .

This particular sailor, as a mere boy, was terror-stricken, until the captain gave him a draught of brandy flavored with gunpowder, after which, in his words, he "wouldn't 'ave feared 'Ell."

A. M. FOUNTAIN
Raleigh, N.C.

Beleaguered Bachelors

Dear Sirs:

I cannot understand why you print such nauseating garbage as THE MAN WHO INVENTED A GIRL, by Steve McNeil, Dec. 5. . . . Like the character in the story, I like being single, [but] I don't waste my time telling husband hunters to peddle their wares elsewhere.

ALBERT LUDWIG
Pueblo, Colo.

Dear Sirs:

A masterpiece. I was a bachelor until I was forty-one, and, although happily protected against being a No.-1 target by the fact that I was not making very much money, I was enough of a No. 2 to appreciate what the wretched No. 1's are up against. . . . If I fail to reach Heaven it will be because of the lies I told when declining invitations.

JOHN G. SIMS JR.
Fort Worth, Texas

Almost Forgotten

Dear Sirs:

Thank you for one of the best articles written about the Baltic States [INSIDE THE CAPTIVE BALTICS, by Demaree Bess, Oct. 31] during the last few years! . . .

As an Estonian I have followed closely developments in that country ever since I had to leave it myself in 1944 because of the imminent Russian occupation. I know that the Estonians never have lost hope for eventual liberation—even if it takes hundreds of years. The West, however, has been only too willing to forget—lest Russia be angered. . . . We are not asking for anyone to go to war at the present time, but we are asking that we be at least listened to in the free world. Estonia is not Russia, nor will it ever be.

VIKTOR MINNESTE JR.
Champaign, Ill.

Dear Sirs:

The Balts are not only captive nations but almost forgotten nations, too. But the article shows that the Baltic people—Latvians, Lithuanians and Estonians—are still hoping for new freedom, and so are Baltic emigrés all over the world.

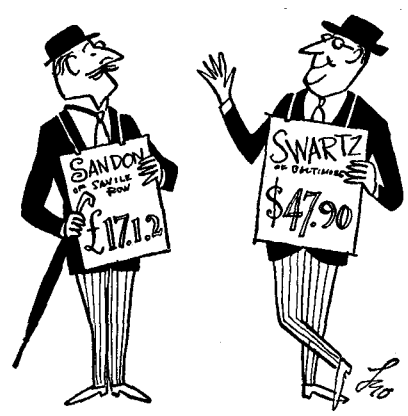
R. CAKS
West Allis, Wis.

The House of Swartz

Dear Sirs:

I feel that, when buying a copy of *The SatEvePost*, I should not be exposed to crude commercial plugs like the story on the Swartz brothers' store of Baltimore [THEY SUIT THE BIG SHOTS, by Peter Wyden, Nov. 21]. . . .

Incidentally, it now becomes clear why British diplomats are reputed to run rings around their American colleagues. . . . A man in a $47.90 suit from Swartz could not fail to blush and tremble when faced by the wearer of clothes by Sandon of Savile Row. The secret



weak spot of United States diplomacy has at last been discovered.

A. T. JORDAN
Toronto, Ontario

● *Sandon of Savile Row: Please note plug.* —ED.

Dear Sirs:

Your superb coverage of the house of Swartz made me reminisce. One day in 1950 I arrived in New York from Brazil at four P.M. I wired Bill Swartz at Baltimore could he mail me a badly needed navy-blue suit as per measurements in his files. The suit (which I still own and wear) was delivered to my room at the Astor Hotel at nine the next morning.

COL. C. REGUERA, *USA (Ret.)*
Rio Piedras, Puerto Rico

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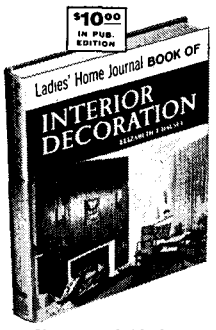

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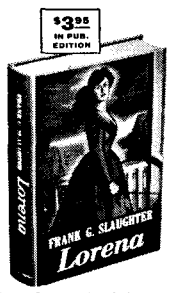

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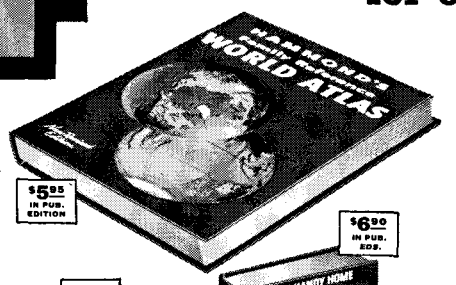

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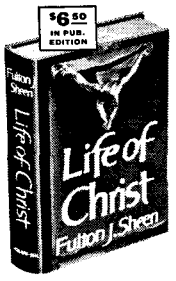

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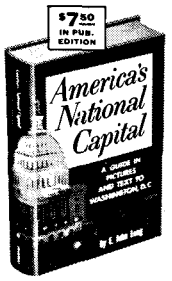

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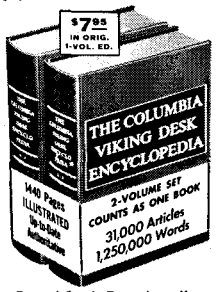

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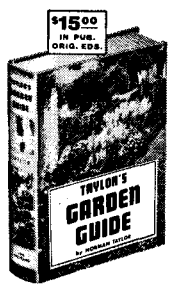

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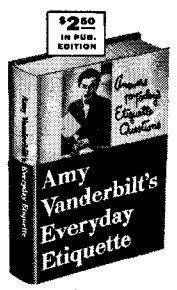

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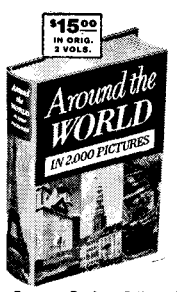

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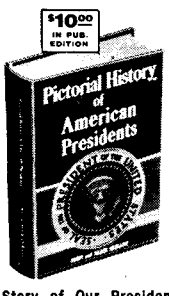

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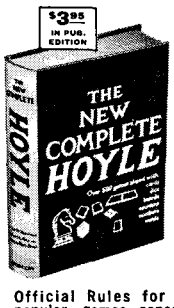

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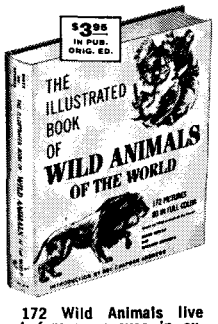

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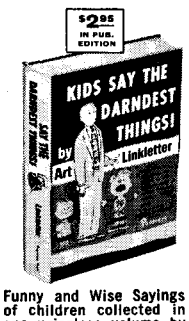

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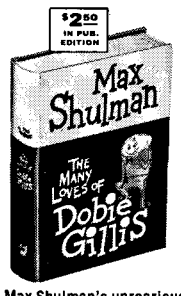

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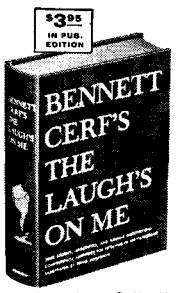

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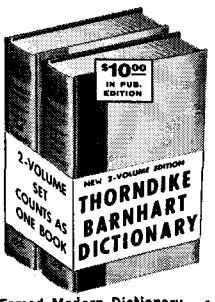

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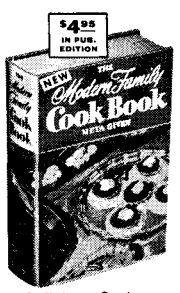

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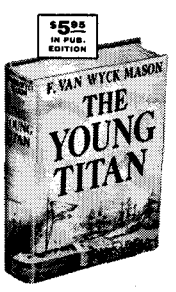

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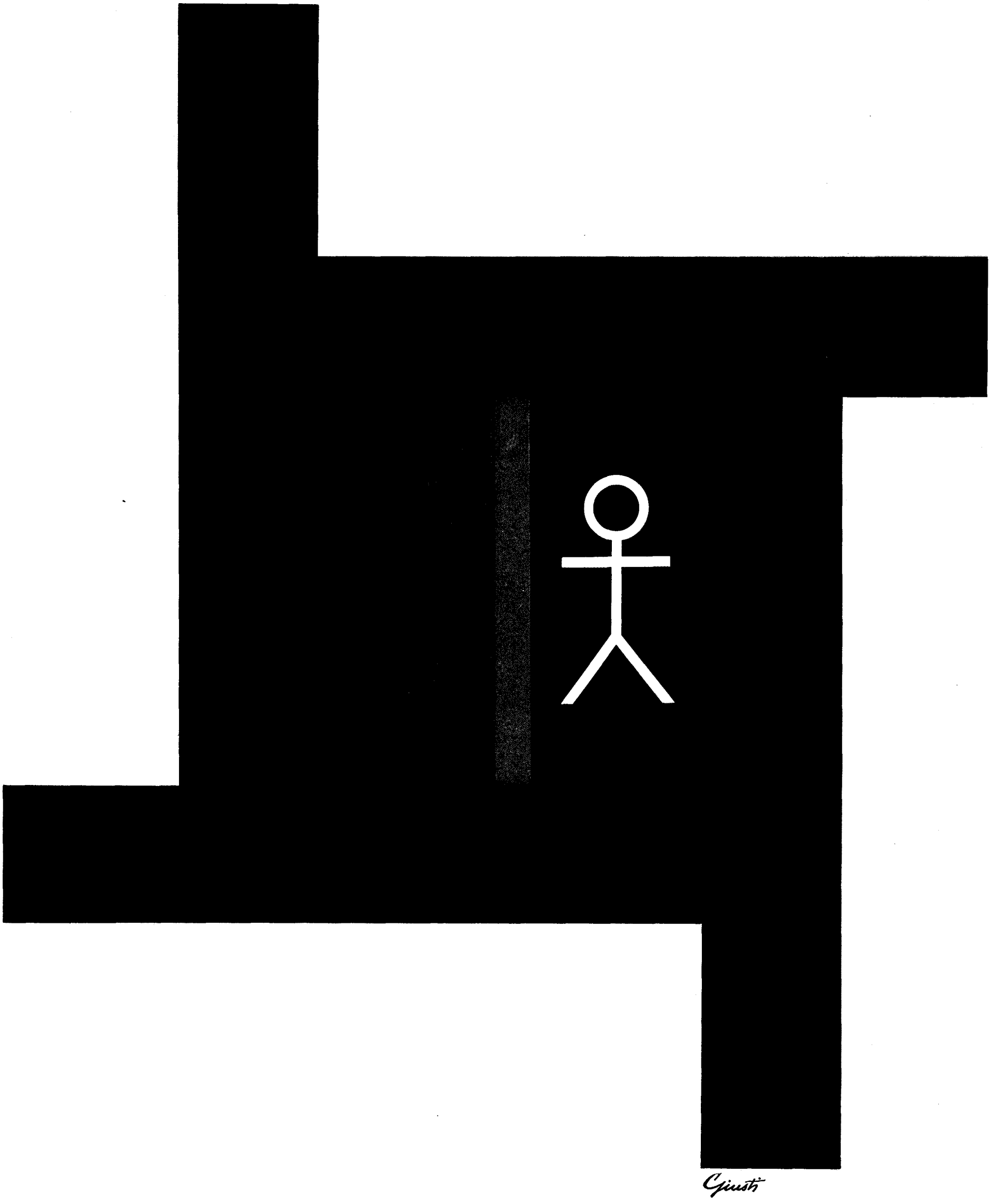

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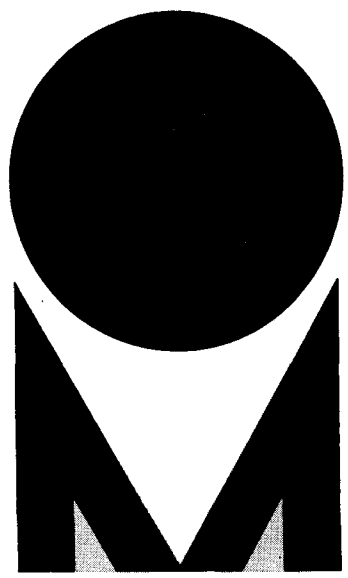

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Editorials

A Slow Pace to the Summit is Fast Enough!

People are apt to take their blessings sourly, or we should be hearing widespread expressions of gratitude to President de Gaulle of France for at least postponing the embarrassments of another summit conference. President Eisenhower is hardly free to express such views but, now that even some British public figures are beginning to take a dim view of the summit idea, we suspect he secretly shares them.

Khrushchev, of course, still insists that a summit conference is necessary, but there have been hints that the "Chairman" is content for the present to rest on the laurels won on his American tour, making mysterious references to the "spirit of Camp David" whenever any Communist outrage or aggression is mentioned. Ambassador Henry Cabot Lodge assured the world that nothing was done at Camp David to condone murder and aggression. But in Soviet-land the Chairman can probably get considerable mileage out of the "spirit of Camp David" argument on the general assumption that heads of states do not retreat into the woods just to swap golf scores. Soviet propaganda can make a little go a long way.

It is predictable that a new summit conference would result in some equally useful propaganda advantage to the Communists. Although former Secretary of State Dean Acheson in his time was not distinguished for recognizing Communist purposes—at any rate, in Asia—he was right in his recent statement that Khrushchev is "inviting us to confer with an idea of coming to terms about our own existence." In discussing the argument that we might agree to some new solution on Berlin, Mr. Acheson asked this question, "What conditions more in the interest of the West can he think of than now exist?" What concessions could we make that would satisfy Khrushchev and at the same time protect the security of the West? Nobody seems to have given more than the vaguest answers to these questions.

To purchase security by withdrawing troops from Germany, Mr. Acheson pointed out, would mean withdrawing our troops from Europe altogether. Of course, as Secretary of State Herter said in replying to Mr. Acheson, there is no indication that any such result would come of a summit conference. Nevertheless, Mr. Herter agrees that, however long a way Khrushchev may have come to meet certain procedural demands of this country, his "objective is still that he is going to get us out" of Berlin. That being the case, was there ever any legitimate reason, beyond helping Prime Minister Macmillan with his election, why we should have agreed to go into a summit conference at all, except on the terms originally set by President Eisenhower—namely, convincing evidence of progress toward some honest agreement?

Returning to General de Gaulle, one might point out that his tough rejection of Khrushchev's desires, besides maybe pulling the Eisenhower-Macmillan chestnuts out of the fire, has paid off for France as well. While statesmen who appease Big K get nothing for their pains, De Gaulle got from Khrushchev a most important concession in an agreement to cease sending arms to the previously Red-supported Algerian rebels! All of this suggests that international Communism is in no position to move in on anybody, unless tempted by indications of weakness, irresolution and a fatuous aim to please.

The lesson of De Gaulle should be more widely appreciated in this country. Already there are too many indications of quite contrary conclusions. C. L. Sulzberger pointed out in *The New York Times* recently that the Khrushchev visit, the exchange of cultural and other missions, and fear of atomic war have resulted in a popular attitude toward the Soviet Union so affable and trusting that State Department officials feel themselves deprived of a base from which to negotiate realistically. In the meantime the Soviet program remains substantially the same. It could be tragic if, after all our efforts to ease tensions, the only tensions relieved were our own—relieved before the putative enemy had given any indication of justifying such relaxation.

With No Bill of Rights to Protect Them, Individuals Fare Badly in Democracies

By OSCAR IBELE

Liberty is the absence of coercion of a human being by any other human being or beings. Democracy by definition presumes a system of government in which the power to decide upon major public policies is vested in the people. Democracy and liberty have come to be regarded as indispensable to each other, like "love and marriage." But just as lovers occasionally bludgeon each other, so democracy can become the enemy of freedom. Without constitutional restraints, the will of the majority would show small concern for the basic rights of minorities and individuals.

How can democratic methods be used to destroy the substance of liberty? The answer lies in the way democracy has been extended beyond its traditional dimensions. The democratic system is continually being pressed to become an instrument for the forcible redistribution of wealth and the expansion of government.

As conceived by the founders of the American form of democracy, government was to provide political and legal equality of citizenship. All qualified citizens should be able to vote and hold office and enjoy equal protection before the law. Modern demagogues pervert this to mean economic and social equality, equality by statute. To our founding fathers equality meant an equal opportunity to *try*, not a right to the fruits of the success of others. Our second President, John Adams, contended that, while moral equality might exist at birth, different talents and efforts would inevitably create strata in wealth and social prestige. "Make all men Newtons," he said, "or if you will, Jeffersons, or Taylors, or Randolphs, and they would all perish in a heap."

The founding fathers were acutely conscious of the perils of demagogy inherent in popular government. In the Constitution, therefore, they established not a democracy but a republic, with built-in safeguards against unrestrained mass rule, such as separation of powers, checks and balances, a federation of states, in order to protect the talented "forgotten man" from the aggressive propensities of his "common" fellow citizens. Since 1789 these qualifications and protective restrictions have been progressively eroded by judicial interpretation or swept away by constitutional amendment. Thus the way is left open for all sorts of "welfare" schemes, many of doubtful constitutional or financial legitimacy.

Senator McClellan, head of the Senate Committee on Government Operations, reported in 1957 that there was a "tremendous ground swell" of public sentiment for economy in Government. At the same time he admitted that "testimony from the public is rarely, if ever, received" in the committees of Congress which make the big decisions on Government fiscal policy. Economy-minded voters are effectively frustrated at the critical stages of legislative procedure by well-heeled pressure groups and governmental bureaucrats, who tend to overawe congressional-committee members with their pleas for ever-larger expenditures for all sorts of schemes, from subsidizing unwed mothers to "urban renewal."

What the Government subsidizes it can also control. As its power increases, our freedom diminishes. Many vigilant persons recognize this peril to their liberties, but in the face of the tremendous voting power of the pressure groups and other recipients of "free" Federal money, the odds are increasingly against them.

De Tocqueville was right. It *is* possible for the people to vote themselves into bondage. We shall be fortunate if this doesn't happen to us.

Mr. Ibele is professor of political science at Kent State University. —THE EDITORS

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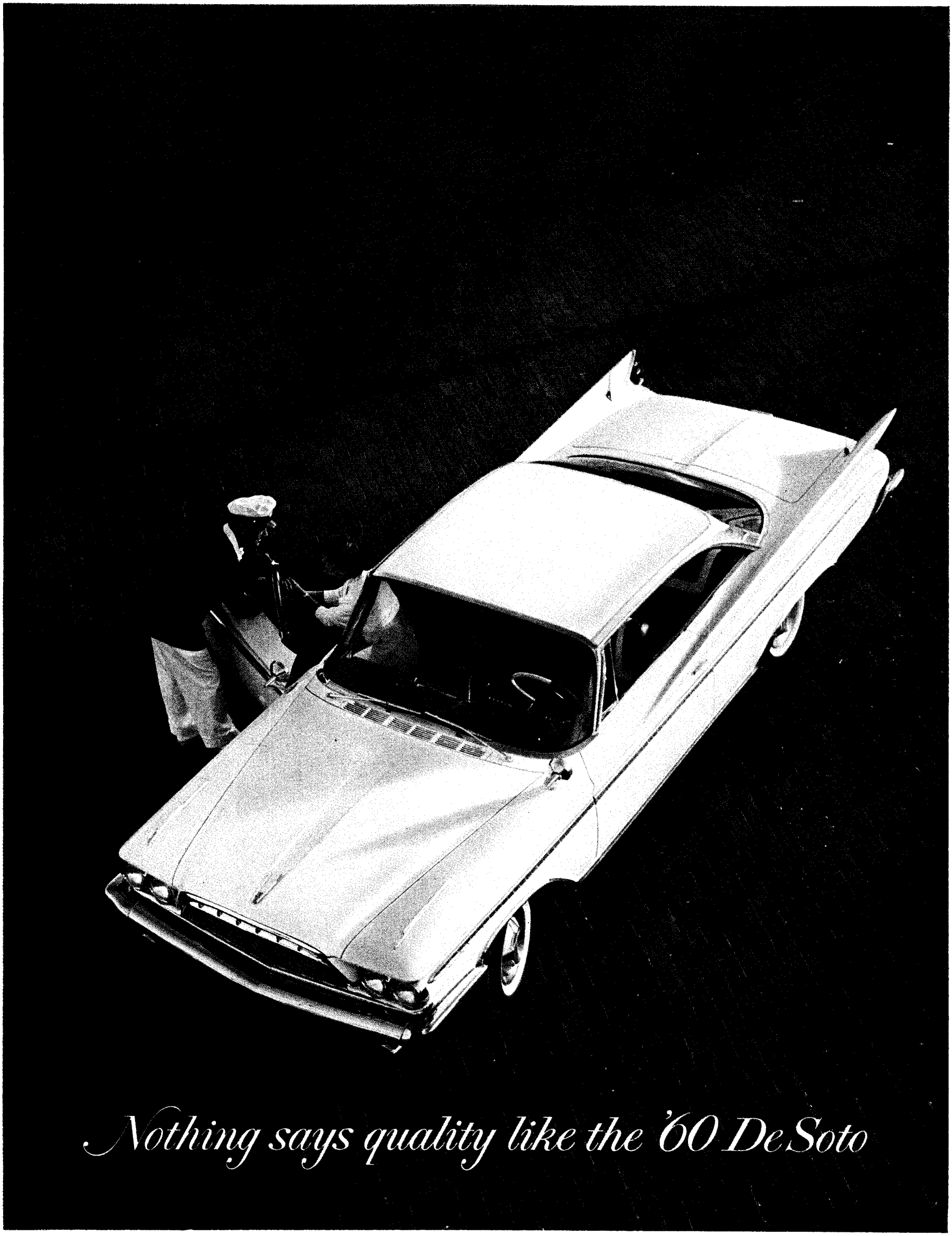

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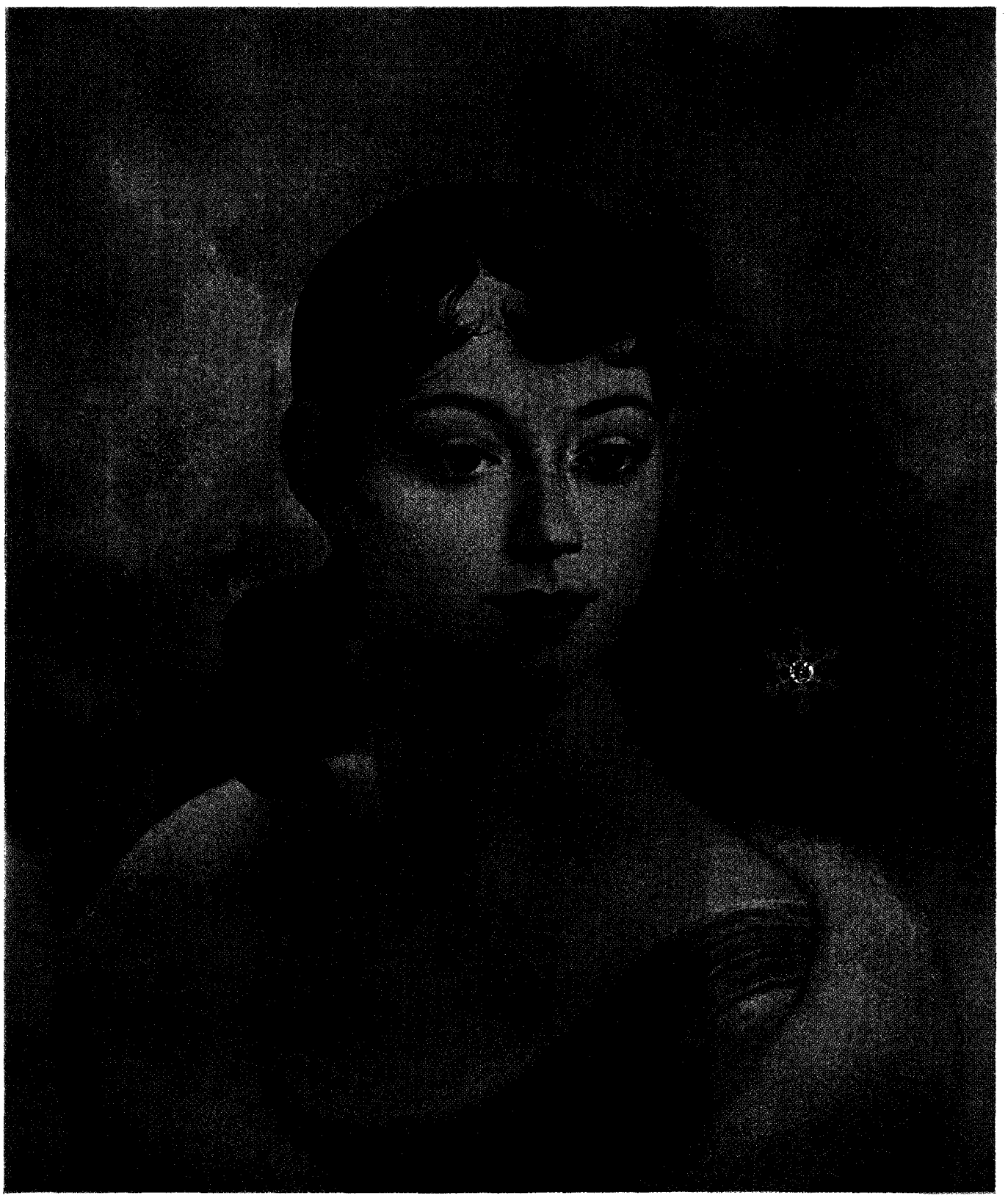
Love's lovely promise

told in frost and fire

Sweetly, she dreams upon the miracles of love and marriage. In her heart, and wafted gently on the air, she hears the engagement promise she has shared. To this most wondrous interlude in love's great world, nature brings her fairest treasure, the engagement diamond that tells, in frost and fire and ecstasy, of newborn happiness and hopes for all the future yet to be. Your ring-stone may be modest in size, but it should be chosen with care, for it will be cherished always, by you and generations ever after.



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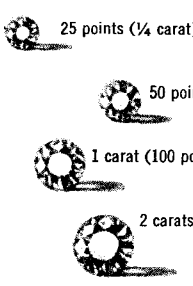

A diamond is forever

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American Disgrace: COLLEGE CHEATING

By JEROME ELLISON

A professor says that cheating is considered part of the game by students who practice it and by the faculty members who tolerate it.

Not long ago a professor in a Midwestern university, concerned about evidence of cheating, set up an experiment to discover the extent of it. He gave a difficult assignment and announced there would be a quiz. On the morning of the test he mentioned that the correct answers were on his desk. Then by prearrangement he was called from the room.

Unknown to the others, two graduate students had been enrolled in the class to observe and report on what then might happen. It exceeded the teacher's worst imaginings. No sooner was he out the door than there was a stampede to the desk. With the exception of two dean's-list geniuses, every student present copied the answers and handed them in as his own.

Cheating in college is not, of course, restricted to the Midwest. Students at a large Eastern university recently produced evidence that fraud was so extensive as to raise a doubt whether the institution's examinations and assigned original work had any validity at all. Given the topic "Cheating at This University" as a social-research assignment, they tied into the task with confessional zeal.

There was, it developed, an ingenious assortment of cribbing and signaling devices in everyday use. "Original" written work, sometimes slightly used or from other campuses, was available at four to ten dollars per paper; "tutors" would perform any kind of homework at moderate fees; complete laboratory notes could be obtained without ever having to spend an afternoon in the lab. Examination questions were frequently obtained in advance through theft, pilfering wastebaskets near the duplicating machines, or bribery of staff employees. One student expressed the consensus: "At this school, cheating is standard practice."

The situation would be more reassuring if such places were the exception. Actually, institutions where large-scale, organized cheating has *not* been known are a small minority. The book *Changing Values in College*, the work of a Hazen Foundation committee headed by Philip E. Jacob, of the University of Pennsylvania, who correlated the material in book form, is the most extensive survey of student attitudes undertaken recently. It has this to say: "The chinks in the moral armor of American students are most obvious in regard to cheating. . . . The practice is so widespread as to challenge the well-nigh universal claim of students that they value honesty as a moral virtue. Frequent cheating is admitted by 40 per cent or more [of the students] at a large number of colleges, often with no apology or sense of wrongdoing."

Fairly reliable survey evidence, Professor Jacob wrote to me recently, suggests that one student in three cheats "rather regularly." At the last meeting of the American Council on Education, Dr. Edward D. Eddy Jr., vice president and provost

(Continued on Page 58)

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The Ordeal of the OHIO

Here is the remarkable true story of a brave ship that Hitler's Luftwaffe couldn't sink.

By Terence Robertson

Captain Mason in 1942. He won the George Cross for his heroic exploit.

Today Captain Mason, who is fifty-eight years old and has retired from the sea, lives with his wife in Sway, England.

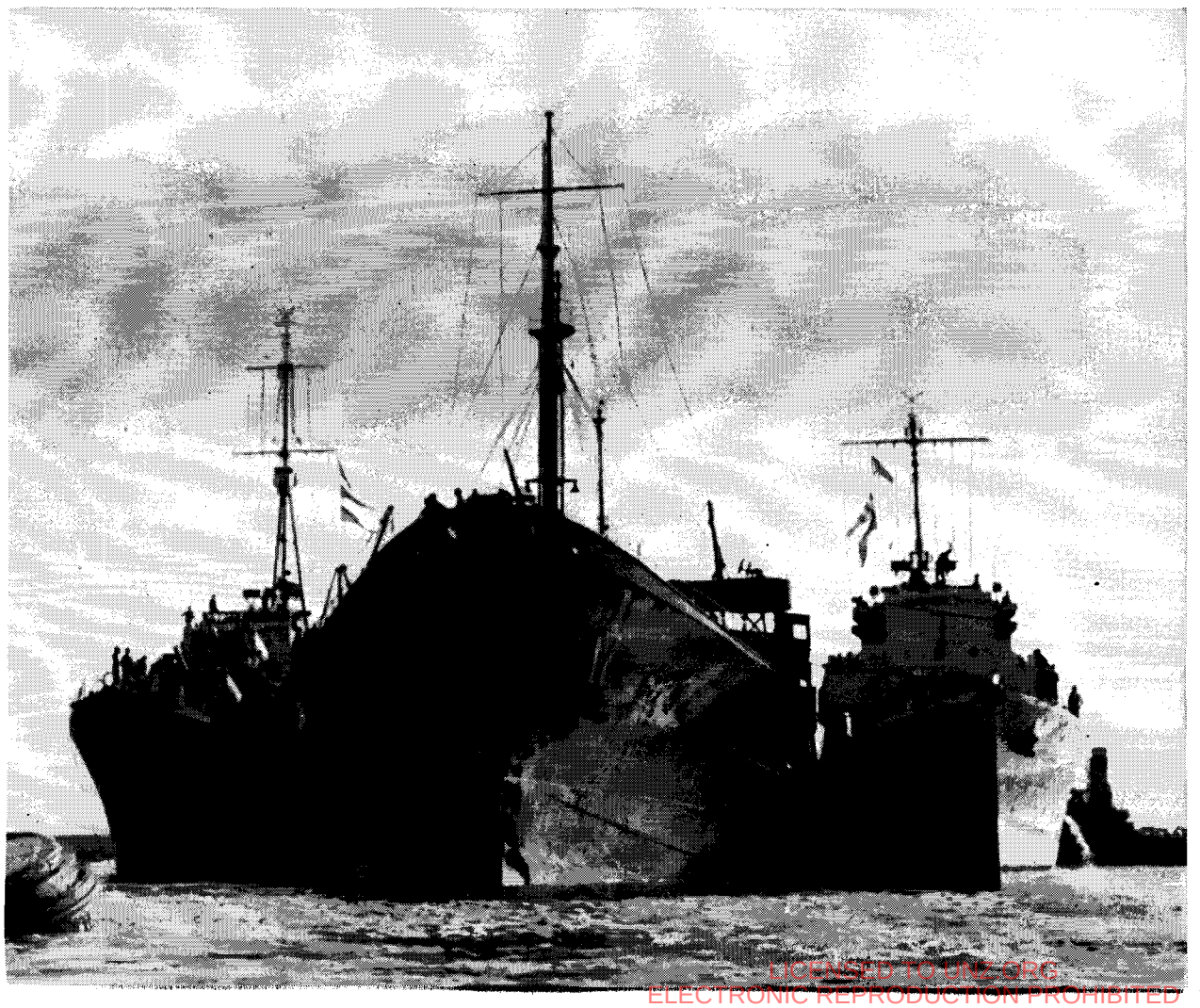
Capt. Dudley Mason mustered his crew in the petty-officers' mess. Each was a hand-picked volunteer for the mission ahead. A lithe, dark and taut-faced officer with the shadows of war in his eyes, he waited for the murmur of voices to die.

"We sail this afternoon," he said quietly. "Our destination is Malta—you all know what that means." He recognized the confirmation in their sudden, grim tension. "There will be fourteen ships in the convoy and we will have the largest concentration of warships available as an escort. This in itself should explain how important it is for us to get through.

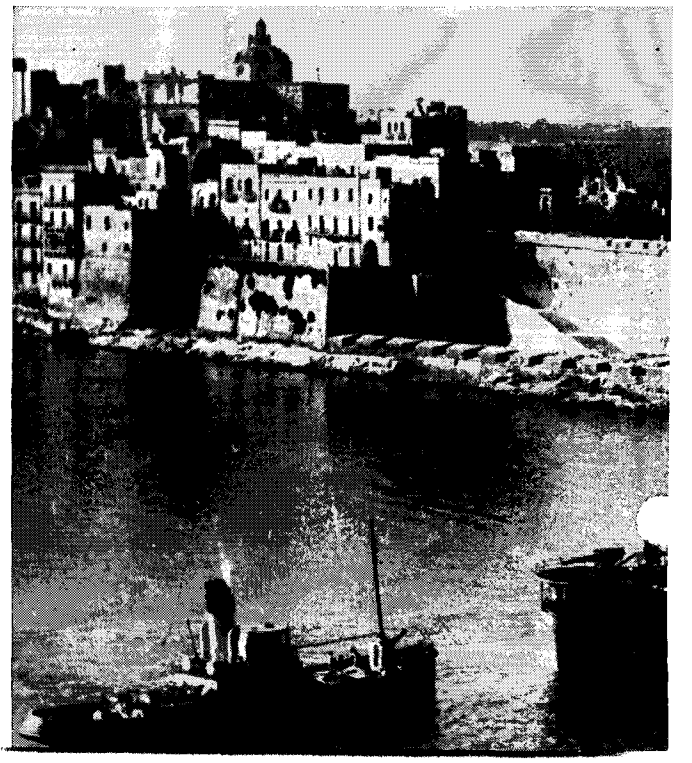
"*Ohio* is the only tanker. We shall have to fight with 13,000 tons of high-octane aviation fuel aboard. Now is the time for anyone who wants to back out to say so. I must warn you that if you choose to go ashore you will be kept in custody of the Naval Provost Marshal until the operation is over. Secrecy is essential."

He paused. There was no movement.

"Right. Here is a letter from the First Lord of the Admiralty. It says: 'Before you start on



The picture at left shows how the *Ohio*, supported on a network of wires under her keel, was kept afloat by two British destroyers on the last leg of her voyage.



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this operation the First Sea Lord and I are anxious that you should know how grateful the Board of Admiralty are to you for undertaking this difficult task. Malta has for some time been in great danger. It is imperative that she be kept supplied. These are her critical months and we cannot fail her. She has stood up to the most violent attacks from the air that have ever been made. Her courage is worthy of you. We wish you Godspeed and good luck.'"

Dudley Mason left the mess to prepare for leaving harbor. With her in the Clyde were thirteen other large, fast merchant ships assembled for this determined attempt to lift the German siege of Malta, Britain's tiny but gallant island outpost in the Mediterranean.

Escorted by aircraft carriers, cruisers and destroyers, they would make a high-speed dash from Gibraltar, at the western end of the Mediterranean, while eight more ships with an equally large escort would sail for Malta from Alexandria, in the East. It was hoped that by splitting the enemy's forces, at least a few ships from either convoy, vital to Malta's survival, would get through. The entire attempt was code-named Operation Pedestal.

The convoy formed up outside the Clyde and set course south for Gibraltar. For the next two weeks these ships would hold the key to Allied operations in Europe.

Fourth in line in the starboard column steamed the American tanker *Ohio*, with her British commander, Dudley Mason, on the bridge. He was acutely aware that by the law of averages twelve of the fourteen ships would not reach Malta. He paced the bridge, carefully avoiding the camp bed rigged for his personal use—it would be used but seldom in the days ahead.

The *Ohio* was a 14,000-ton tanker owned by the Texas Company. She had been lent to the British Government and placed under the management of the Eagle Oil and Shipping Company of London. Four weeks previously the Government had requested that she be made ready for a special convoy, and Eagle Oil had been warned that her crew, from captain downward, would have to be volunteers.

Dudley Mason was, at the age of forty, one of the company's youngest captains. Yet he was old in battle experience. Shy but firm, forceful without being arrogant, of quick and instinctive decisiveness, (Continued on Page 75)

Rear Admiral Sir Harold Burrough. He commanded the convoy known as Operation Pedestal.

Air raid on beleaguered Malta: The island stubbornly refused to give in during a siege that lasted from 1940–1943.

Below: The battered *Ohio* making her triumphal entrance into Malta's harbor after six days and seven nights under attack by German and Italian planes.

Above: In 1946 the rusted hulk of the *Ohio* was towed out to sea and sunk with fitting ceremony in the waters that failed to claim her four years earlier.

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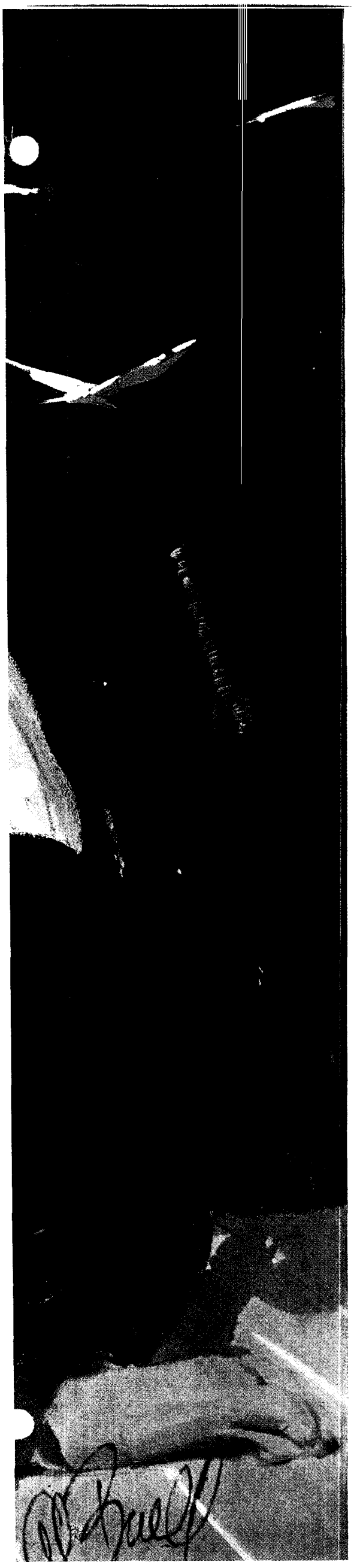

Illustrated by Al Buell

FOREVER VOYAGE

How long can happiness such as theirs endure?

By RAY BRADBURY

Good morning, captain."

"Good morning, Hanks."

"Coffee's ready, sir; sit down."

"Thank you, Hanks." The old man sat by the galley table, his hands in his lap. He looked at them, and they were like speckled trout idling beneath frosty waters, the exhalation of his faint breath on the air. He had seen such trout as these surfacing in the mountain streams when he was ten. He became fascinated with their trembling motion there below, for as he watched they seemed to grow paler.

"Captain," said Hanks, "you all right?"

The captain jerked his head up and flashed his old burning glance. "Of course! What do you mean, am I all right?"

The cook put down the coffee from which rose warm vapors of women so far gone in his past that they were only dark musk and rubbed incense to his nose. Quite suddenly he sneezed, and Hanks was there with a cloth.

"Thank you, Hanks." He blew his nose and then tremblingly drank the brew. "Hanks?"

"Yes, sir, captain?"

"The barometer is falling."

Hanks turned to stare at the wall. "No, sir, it's fair and mild; that's what it says, fair and mild!"

"The storm is rising, and it will be a long time and a hard pull before another calm."

"I won't have that kind of talk!" said Hanks, circling him.

"I must say what I feel. The calm had to end one day. The storm had to come. I've been ready now a long time."

A long time, yes. How many years? The sand fell through the glass beyond counting. The snows fell through the glass, too, applying and reapplying whiteness to whiteness, burying deeper and yet deeper winters beyond recall.

He got up, swaying, moved to the galley door, opened it and stepped forth onto the porch of a house built like the prow of a ship, onto a porch whose deck was tarred ship's timbers. He looked down upon not water but the summer-baked dirt of his front yard. Moving to the rail he gazed upon gently rolling hills that spread forever in any direction you wheeled to strike your eye.

What am I doing here? he thought with sudden wildness, on a strange ship-house stranded without canvas in the midst of lonesome prairies where the only sound is bird shadow one way in autumn, another way come spring. *What, indeed!*

He quieted, raising the binoculars which hung from the rail, to survey the emptiness of land as well as life.

Kate, Katherine, Katie, where are you? He was always forgetting by night, drowned deep in his bed, remembering by day when he came forth from memory. He was alone and had been alone for twenty years now, save for Hanks, the first face at dawn, the last at sundown.

And Kate? A thousand storms and a thousand calms ago there had been a calm and a storm that had stayed on the rest of his life.

"There she is, Kate!" He heard his early-morning voice, running along the dock. "There's the ship that will take us wherever we want to go!"

And again they moved, incredible pair. Kate miraculously what? Twenty-five at most; and himself leaning far into his forties, but no more than a child holding her hand, drawing her up the gangplank.

Then, hesitant, Kate turned to face the Alexandrian hills of San Francisco and said half aloud to herself or no one, "I shall never touch land again."

"The trip's not that long!"

"Oh, yes," she said quietly. "It will be a very long journey."

And for a moment all he heard was the immense creaking of the ship, like a Fate turning in its sleep.

"Now why did I say that?" she asked. "Silly." She put her foot out and stepped aboard the ship. (Continued on Page 50)

"This is perfect," she said.

"Our own world."

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The False Images of Science

By GERALD HOLTON

Of the influences that shape man's actions, none is more powerful than the images we carry in our heads. Every subject is apt to invoke in our minds a specific image, made up of concrete information, misinformation, folklore, desire and prejudice. Thus, how people see themselves as a nation determines to a large extent how they will respond to any new challenge. The roles we play in our family life, particularly with respect to our children, depend greatly on what roles we assign ourselves in the society around us.

In the same way, our images of science vastly affect the relationship between science and society. Practically, these images determine the level and the sources of financial support, the quality and quantity of instruction offered, and the development of new scientists. The effects on professional morale and the goals scientists set for themselves—in short, on the scientists' image of their own work—are also considerable. But even more important is the role images play in deciding this urgent question: Can scientific activity be an integrated part of our culture, or will it be forced to develop independently?

Right or wrong, ideas are powerful. Therein lies the chief danger of false images. Like bad grammar, bad images become dominant when they gain wide currency, and so undermine communication among thoughtful people. It is high time, therefore, to consider the prevailing public images of the role of science, using the most straightforward language possible.

PURE THOUGHT AND PRACTICAL POWER. Each person's image of science is different from the next, but all are composed of seven main elements. The first goes back to Plato and portrays science as a tonic with double benefits—science as pure thought helps the mind find truth, and science as power provides the tools for effective action. The main flaw in this image is that it omits a third vital aspect. Pure science allows us to understand the physical world and, through its applications, allows us to control and change *CONTINUED ON PAGE 70*

About the Author

Gerald Holton, professor of physics at Harvard University, is active in three fields—physics, teaching and scholarly editing. Doctor Holton pursues experimental research on the properties of materials under high pressures; he teaches and writes in the fields of physics and the history and philosophy of science; and he is also editor-in-chief of *Daedalus*, the journal of the American Academy of Arts and Sciences. Born of Austrian parents, Doctor Holton is thirty-seven years old. Photograph by Arnold Newman

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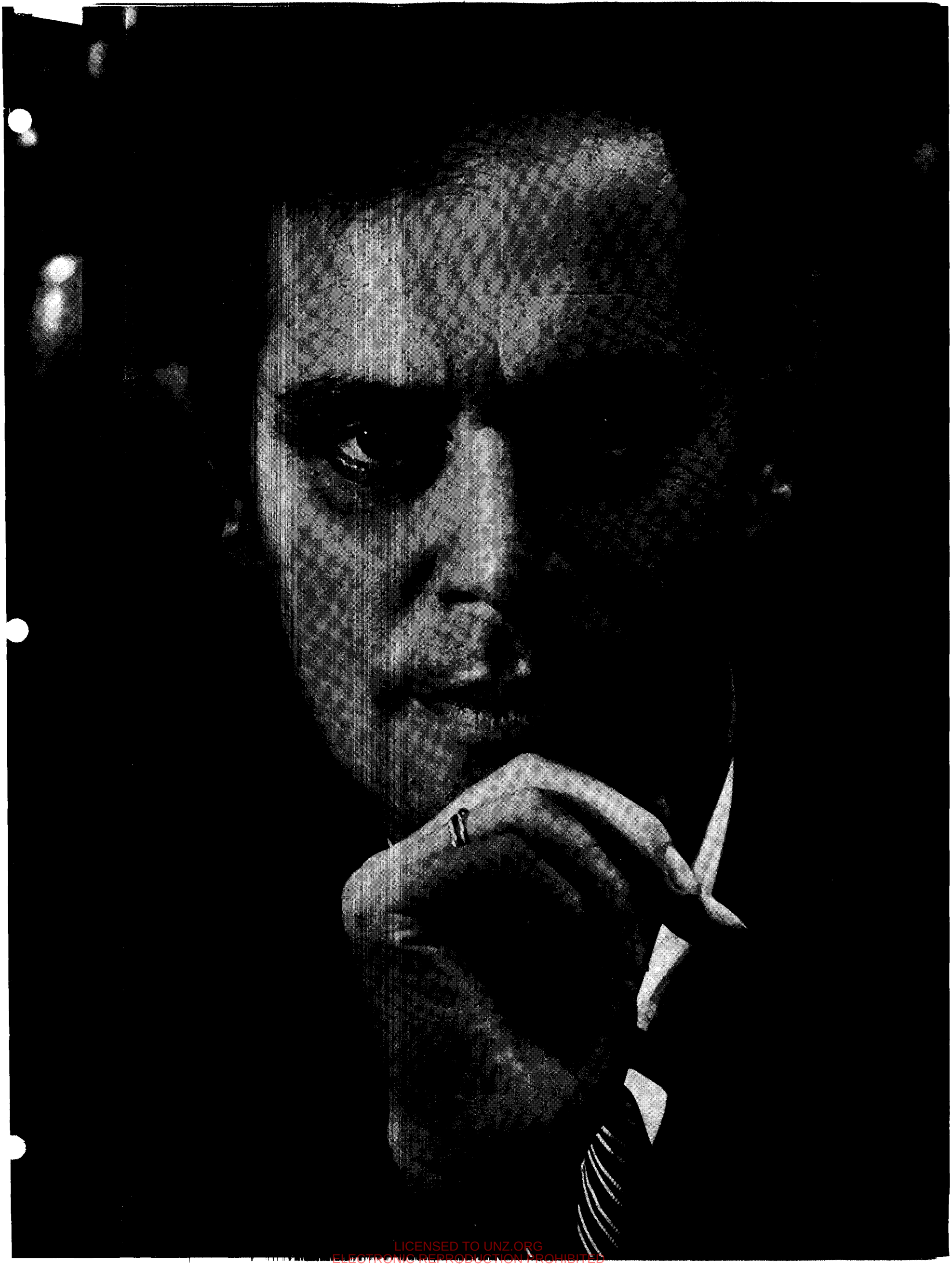

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"How's it going to be, gentlemen?" Gardella said. "Rough or smooth? You can have it either way."

He was new, and they were out to destroy him.

HEAD MAN

By WILLIAM D. ELLIS

"So what's the new guy's name?" the master mechanic said.

"If he don't last any longer than the last one," the tool-crib foreman grinned, "does it matter?"

"I like to know who's runnin' the joint from day to day."

"Gardella, I heard is his name. Out of Pittsburgh."

It had taken only an hour and thirty minutes for the confidential decision to seep from the fourth-floor board room all the way to the ground floor, out through the factory, then by telephone to leapfrog to the branch sales offices.

By three P.M. in New York City a gray, pipe-smoking securities analyst swiveled to his typewriter. Under MARKET NEWS LETTER he wrote:

Gardella is the newly appointed president of Ardco, Inc. The price of its shares next quarter will reflect his success or failure in accomplishing just one thing—hitching two enormously unharnessable senior vice presidents to his wagon.

Both are extremely able, even brilliant, men. Either could successfully lead the firm. But to elevate one would alienate the other. In this specialized company both are nearly "indispensable men"—and they know it.

Since the death of founder W. W. Strock four years ago, these two capable officers have been by-passed for the presidency twice in favor of two outside presidents, neither of whom gained their co-operation.

Now a third will try. Gardella's background is . . .

By four-forty-five the news boomeranged back to the old-style open-arena general offices

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on Ardco's fourth floor. Middle management and secretaries milled around in the central pool of desks, watching the closed doors of the two senior vice presidents, who occupied offices No. 2 and No. 3 in the old oak-paneled perimeter.

Rathgeb, the ad manager, said, "They're probably each in there stringing new barbed wire around the bastions. When does this Gardella take over?"

"He'll never take over," said Toal of Personnel. "But he'll be here in a week."

"That means the Big Two will put awful short fuses on their booby traps. How much staff is this new guy bringing?"

"The usual espionage corps, I suppose—a staff assistant for each department plus a master spy as private secretary."

"He'll need all of that."

Behind closed door No. 2, A. C. Daneccau said to his secretary, "If any new personnel assigned to our department needs access to any records, ask them to see me. I mean *any* new personnel."

Behind closed door No. 3, J. F. Keyes said, "Miss Killian, cancel my out-of-town trips."

"Even Chicago?"

"Yes. Too much to tend to around here." He paused, then said, "And Jennifer, if this Mister—uh—Gardella doesn't bring along his own secretary, I would like you to handle his work."

"Why, fine." Jennifer Killian was coiffured and costumed a couple of shades higher style than was usual for the oak-paneled section. But it was a company in transition. And she did have the head and the hauteur for it. "But what about Nelda Gates? She'd be the logical one to ——"

"She'll check in with Sam Toal for a new assignment. Fine girl; but—she didn't seem upset. Even relieved."

When the lacquered Jennifer Killian reappeared outside office No. 3, her knowing mask remained carefully unaware of the stares which now refocused on office No. 1.

Nelda Gates was carrying out of it some wall pictures.

Rathgeb, as if at the funeral of a stranger, said to Jennifer Killian, "I wonder if the pictures Gardella brings will cover those clean bare places on the walls."

But Joseph K. Gardella brought no pictures.

He left office No. 1 as spare as a Bastogne pillbox—no award plaques, no pen-and-pencil set from former employees. In fact everything the man planned to work with seemed to be clearly inside his own compact body.

But other things were not clear. First, his age. There were debates. The gray frost in the short-cropped hair said about forty-two. The bunched muscles said thirty-two. The steady eyes that concentrated on you until a little after you'd said all you had to say—they read forty-five. But the short, sure reply—thirty-five.

The quiet brown herringbone suggested an Ivy League past; but the way it was stretched over hard muscle, and the dark, fierce face above suggested a barehanded street fighter who had learned to wear a quiet brown herringbone. (Continued on Page 60)

Illustrated by Bernard D'Andrea

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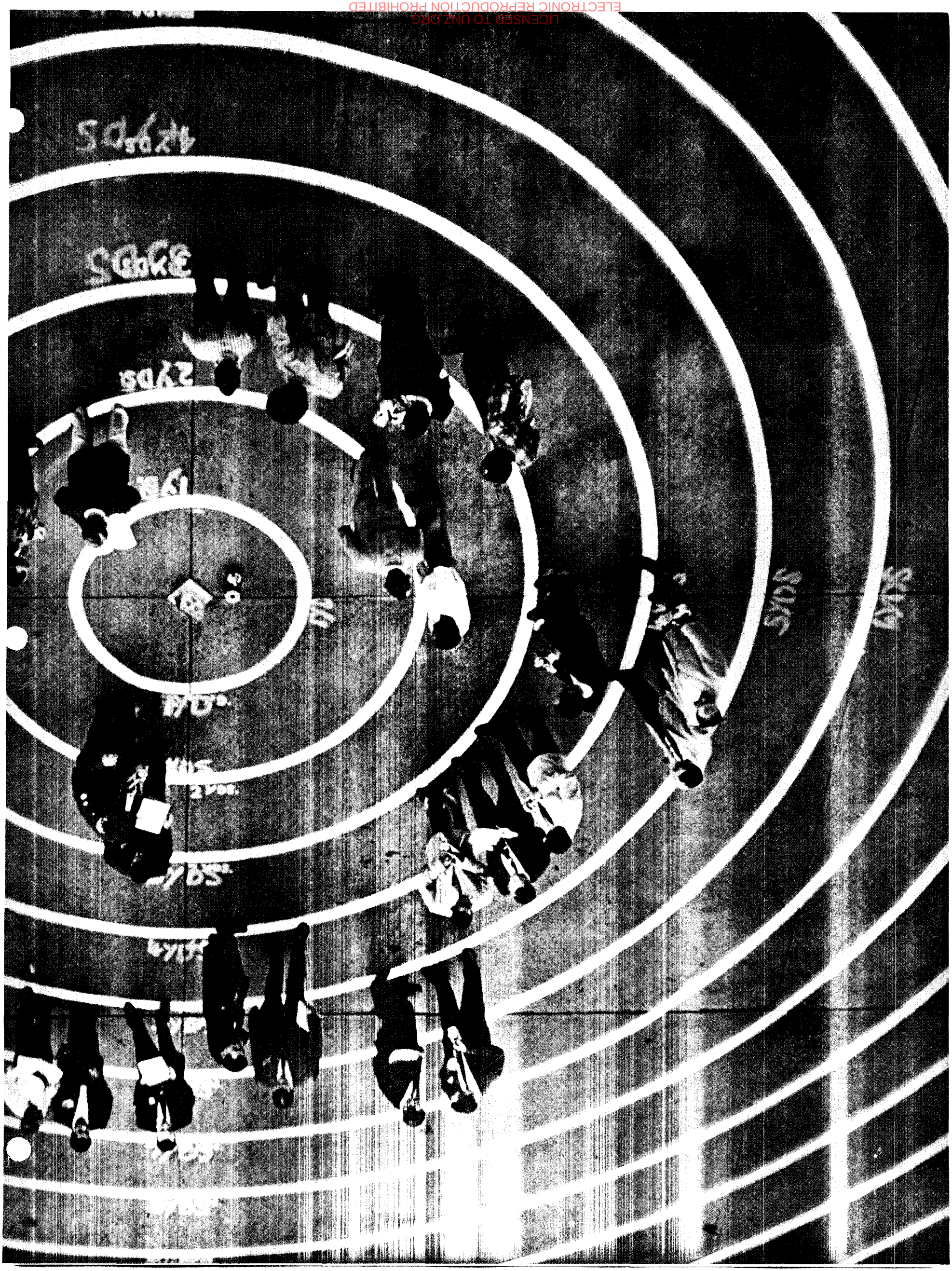
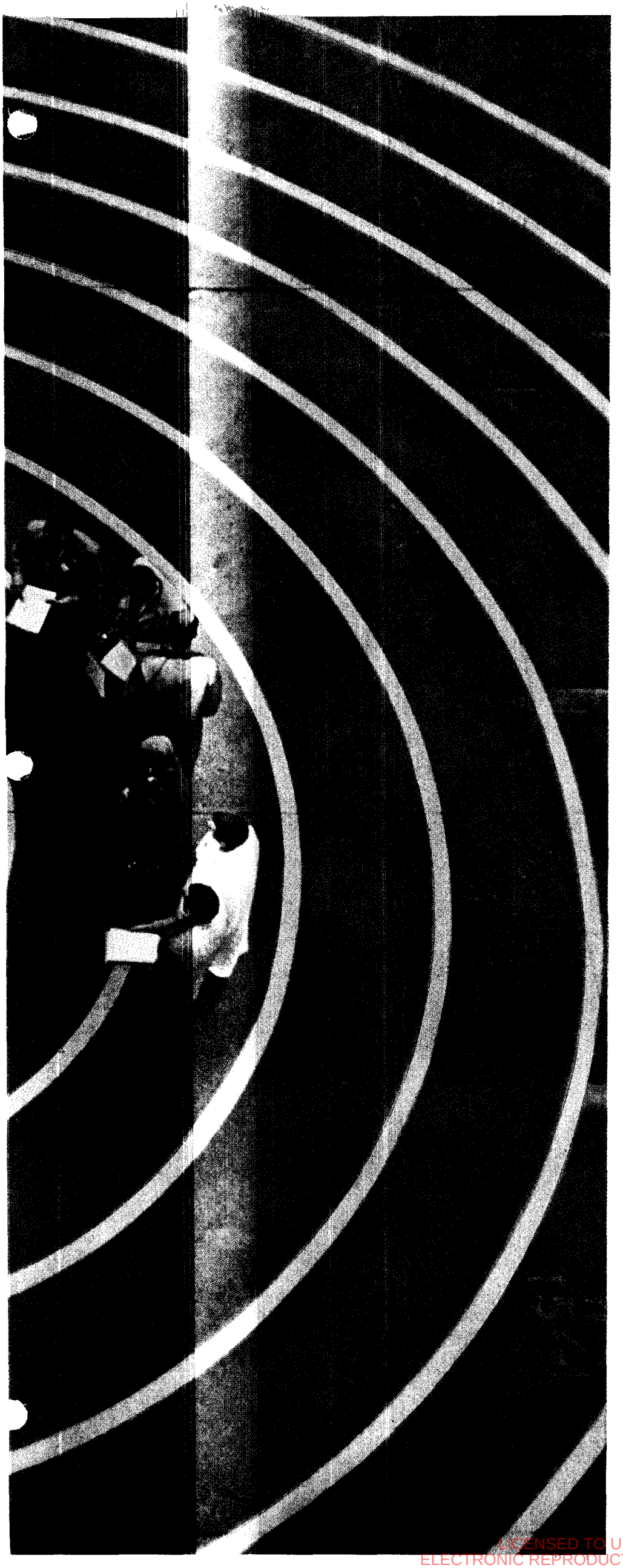


The Face of AMERICA

Target Practice



First an instructor places on the bull's-eye fifty millicuries of radium. Now the students approach, bringing Geiger counters closer and closer. *Click . . . click . . . click click clickclickclick.* This is a method of calibrating radiation detectors taught to graduate scientists at the Robert A. Taft Sanitary Engineering Center in Cincinnati, Ohio, in a course on radiological health. The Taft Center grew out of the first Stream Pollution Investigations Station, opened by the Public Health Service in 1913. In time the center widened its research to embrace air pollution and contamination of food and milk. Then came new health problems—fallout from atomic explosions, nuclear power plants discharging "hot" wastes, and widespread use in industry of radioactive elements. Even X-ray machines are potentially dangerous. Altogether the United States has more than 100,000 sources of radiation to monitor—*click*—and keep buttoned up. • Photograph by Farrell Grehan

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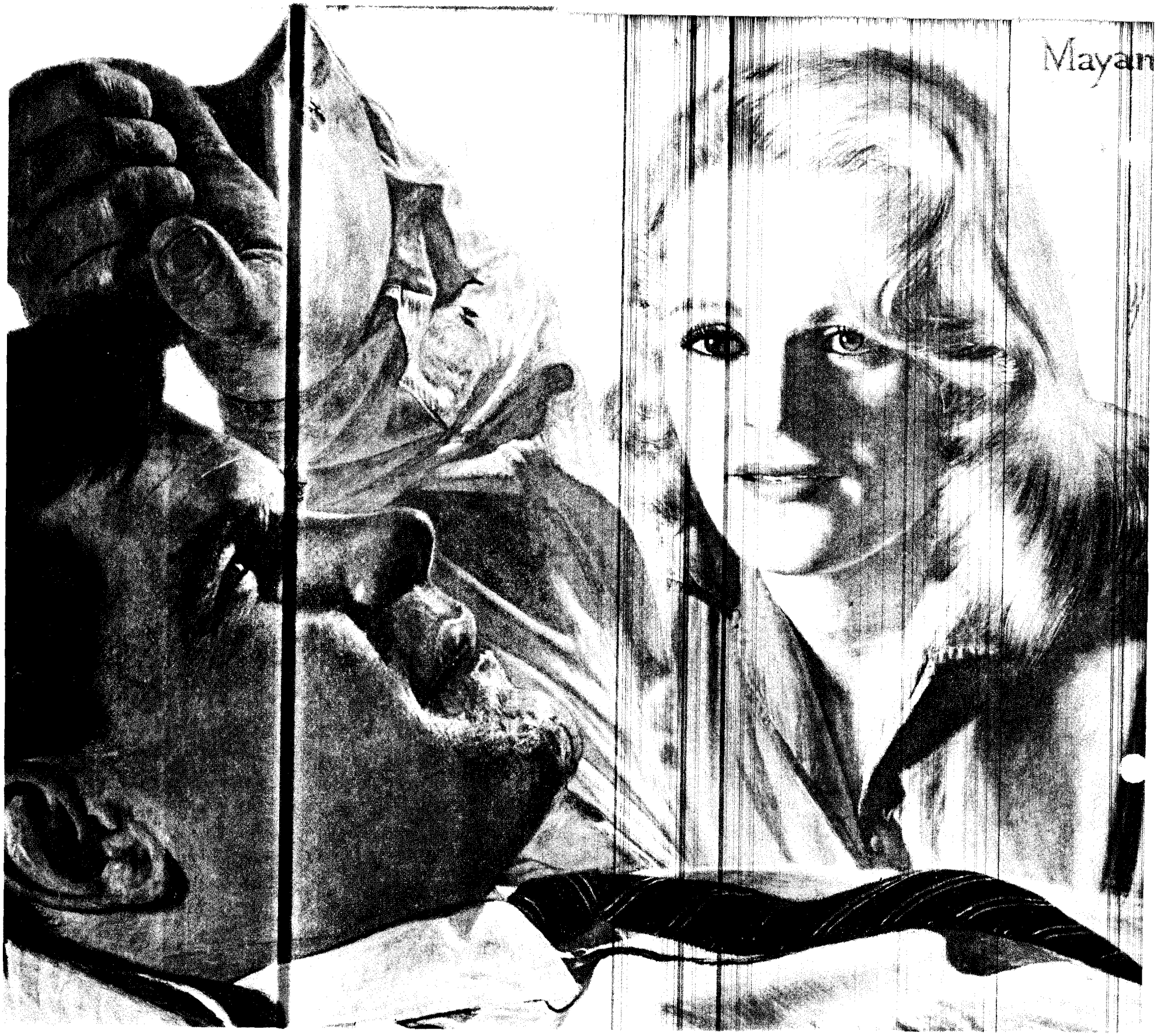

"Where's the old devil who drugged me?" he asked.

STRANGE AWAKENING

By HUGH B. CAVE

How could he convince her of what had really happened to him?

John Conway is the name, and let's have it understood at the start, please, that in all matters but one I'm a practical man, not given to foolishness. The following tale is here set down for one reason only: to spike the silly yarn that John Conway, American, twenty-nine and of sound mind, got himself rummed in San Marlo City that time and slept it off in a girl's apartment.

It began in Kingston. I was having lunch at the Jamaica Arms one day with an American engineer, Russ Breslin, and remarked that my work there was finished and I'd be leaving next day. "Where to?" Breslin asked.

"San Marlo for a few days; then down to a mining outfit in Bolivia." I'm an engineer, too, you understand—trouble shooter for half a dozen fair-sized companies in the Caribbean and Latin America.

"San Marlo?" Breslin said and leaned across the table, all but collapsing it because he was proportioned along the lines of the dams and bridges he built. "Would you have time to do me a favor?"

(Continued on Page 72)

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Lonely Tony Perkins

By ROBERT JOHNSON

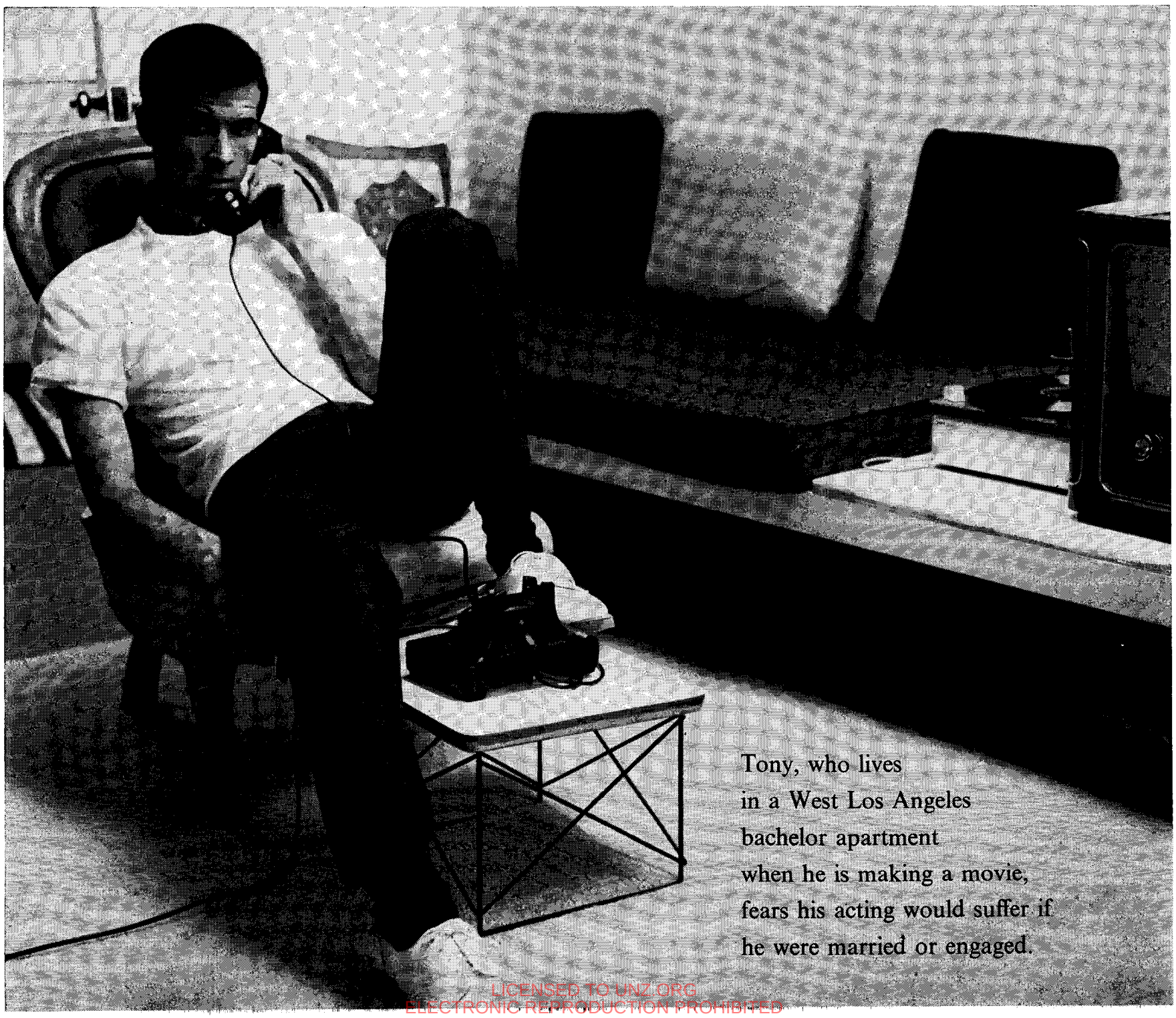
Although he has found success as an actor in Hollywood and on Broadway, young Anthony Perkins has some perplexing personal problems he still can't solve.

With the release of his new motion picture, *On the Beach*, Anthony Perkins faces what may well prove to be the most crucial test of his career. In recent years he has frequently been called the most talented actor of his age—either in pictures or on Broadway, where he is best remembered for his starring role two years ago in *Look Homeward, Angel*. But in *On the Beach* he plays a part completely new to him—that of a perfectly ordinary, uncomplicated young man with a wife and baby. As Stanley Kramer, the film's producer-director, says, "It's the most normal thing Tony has ever done." And whether Perkins can score an equal success in such a role remains to be seen.

From the time he first won wide public acclaim—and an Academy Award nomination—for his part as Gary Cooper's son in *Friendly Persuasion* three years ago, Perkins has been known for his sensitive performances as a series of brooding, introspective youths teetering indecisively on the brink of manhood and tortured by deep inner conflicts.

It is a role which fits him as if he invented it. Standing a skinny six feet two and a half inches, he has the awkward, unco-ordinated look and the round-shouldered stance of a recently sprouted adolescent. His head, top-heavy with its thick tangle of dark-brown hair, seems to have been intended for the next-smaller-size body, and his face tapers from a broad forehead above nearsighted brown eyes down to a narrow and defenseless chin beneath what is probably the most engagingly bashful grin in America. Indeed everything about him somehow radiates the poignancy of youth.

But he is nearly twenty-eight years old now; and in the words of Robert Mulligan, a director who has worked with Perkins twice, "Tony obviously can't go (Continued on Page 51)



Tony, who lives in a West Los Angeles bachelor apartment when he is making a movie, fears his acting would suffer if he were married or engaged.

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OUR URBAN REVOLUTION PART TWO

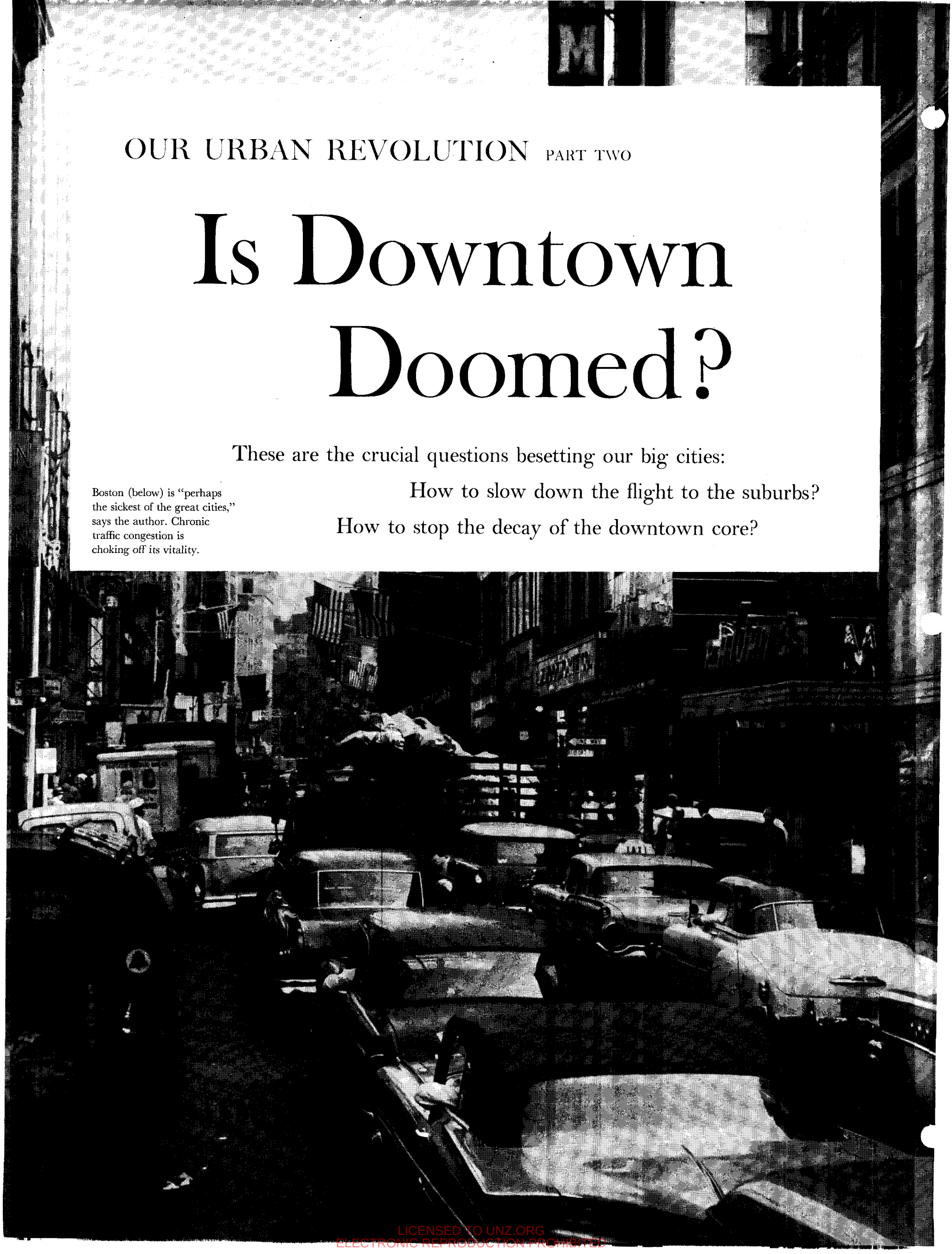
Is Downtown Doomed?

These are the crucial questions besetting our big cities:

How to slow down the flight to the suburbs?

How to stop the decay of the downtown core?

Boston (below) is "perhaps the sickest of the great cities," says the author. Chronic traffic congestion is choking off its vitality.



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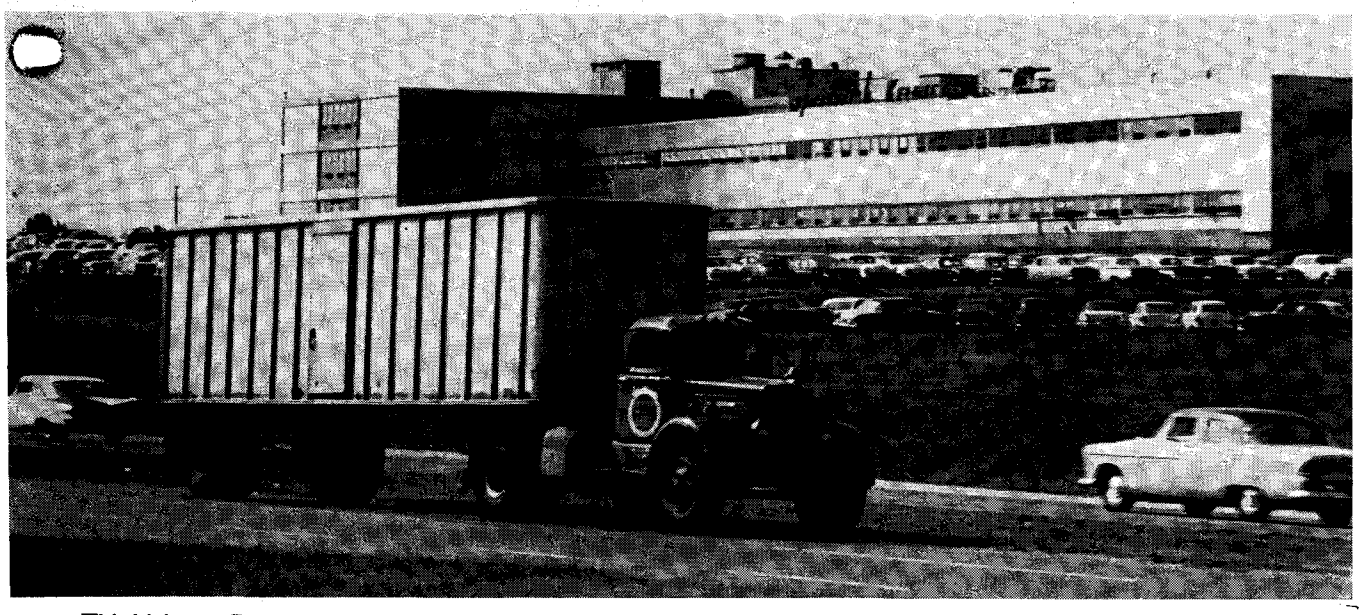

This highway, Route 128, was built around Boston to draw traffic from its streets. But $8,000,000 worth of industry also left the city for sites along the new road.

Public housing in Baltimore, "the pioneer in city planning." Baltimore envisions renewal projects for the next twenty years, at a cost of nearly a billion dollars.

By HAROLD H. MARTIN

Some time ago in a moment of pique Mr. Robert Moses, the well-known mover and shaker of New York City, sternly rebuked those seers and savants who have been predicting mournfully that our great cities are dying—doomed by the mass migration of men and industry to the suburbs.

Mr. Moses said he had been listening for many years to this babble of voices prophesying the demise of the metropolis, and in his opinion much that was being said was balderdash. Decentralization and dispersion did not mean the death of cities, he insisted. They meant, instead, that the city was a fertile seedbed, spawning new, strong growth.

Then, taking a deep breath and drawing himself up to his full height, in purest Mosaic prose he delivered his own testimonial of faith in the city.

"Long after the last cowboy has disappeared into the sunset, and the last cubic foot of natural gas has dried up in the bowels of the Panhandle," Mr. Moses intoned, "there will be cities with minarets and spires assaulting the heavens and gleaming in the dawn and beckoning to ambitious prairie youth. In them will survive the shrines of Moloch, the smithies of Vulcan, the faces that launched a thousand ships, the topless towers of commerce, the Helens who will make the country yokel immortal with a kiss."

Perhaps in the case of Mr. Moses' city this is so. Not even the most pessimistic of those who foresee a dismal future for the metropolis would predict that the spires and minarets of Manhattan will soon become the roosting place of bats and owls. Despite its fantastic troubles born of crowding, crime and congestion, New York will survive; for it is more than the financial and communications center of a nation. It is a great world capital, the second home of every cosmopolite, the embodiment in steel and stone of the aims and ideals of the western world. As such, it will endure—unless a hydrogen bomb should melt the rocks beneath its skyscrapers and set its rivers boiling—no matter how the population tides may run, nor how the economic winds may shift.

For many a lesser city of Megalopolis, the great sprawling urban region that is growing for 600 miles along the Eastern Seaboard from north of Boston to south of Washington, the future is less bright. The ambitious prairie youth still comes to town, finds Helen and kisses her. Then he marries her. And as soon as the second baby is on the way, he scurries off to a little ranch house in the country as quickly as he can sign the mortgage papers and find a moving van. It is a migration to which not even Mr. Moses' Manhattan is immune; and New York itself, once a great concentration of all sorts and conditions of men, may in time become the habitat only of the very rich, the very poor, the childless and the strange.

In Boston, New York, Philadelphia and Baltimore, Vulcan himself, in all his industrial manifestations, has shown a distressing tendency to pack up his bellows and his forge and head for open country, there to set up shop again in a

(Continued on Page 77)

Washington, D.C.: These hovels along the Potomac River will soon be replaced by new housing. But, typically, slums spring up faster than they are destroyed.

Washington's historic Georgetown section, an example of an old neighborhood rescued from "creeping blight." The pleasant houses above once nestled in the midst of slums.

Photographs by Frank Ross

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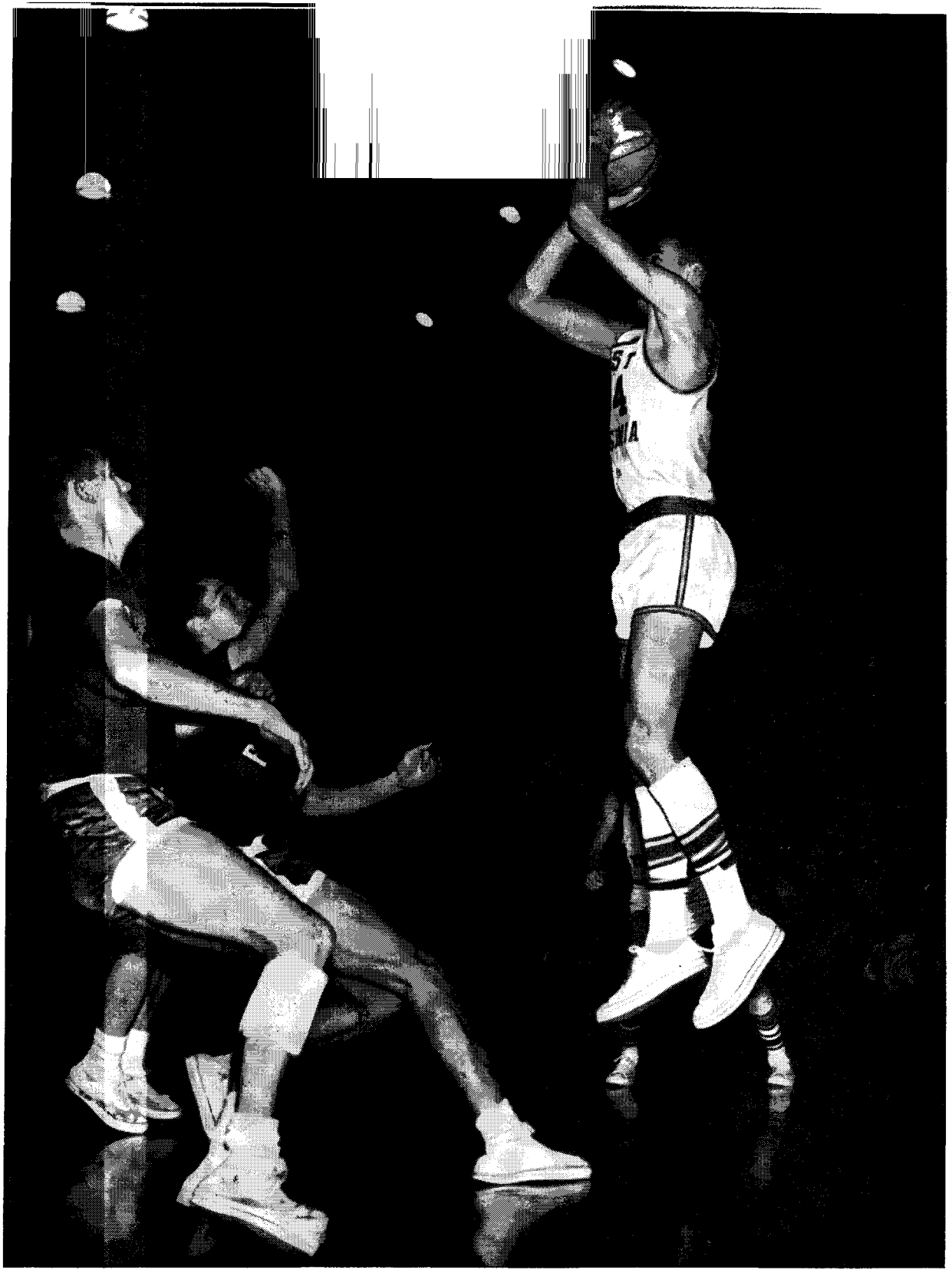

West shooting a one-hand jump shot against Penn State at Morgantown, West Virginia, last month. West scored 34 points and West Virginia romped, 104–74.

Jerry with his happy coach, Fred Schaus, after the game. Luckily for Schaus, West's parents did their best to persuade their sought-after son to go to college in his home state.

Unpredictable All-American

Jumping Jerry West of West Virginia is the most dangerous clutch player in college basketball. But if the opposing team is mediocre, he's likely to go all to pieces.

By Myron Cope

One warm summer evening back in 1955, as Howard and Cecile West sat on the front porch of their home in Cabin Creek, West Virginia, a tall, stoop-shouldered man came shambling down the narrow dirt lane leading to the West home.

"Ma," said Howard to his sturdy wife, "who is that big, ugly man coming there?"

The man came up to the porch and introduced himself. He was Fred Schaus, basketball coach of West Virginia University. Actually there is a boyish charm about Schaus when he is fresh and smiling, but as he approached the Wests' home he perhaps had an excuse for looking ugly. He had driven four and a half hours from Morgantown, 'way up in the northern end of the state, to Charleston, the capital. Then he had turned southeast, driven another fifteen miles, pulled his car off Route 61 and driven about fifty yards down a dirt road. There he had got out and picked his way down the lane to the graying frame house, where he came under the suspicious eye of Howard West.

All Schaus wanted was to meet the Wests' youngest son, Jerry, who had just finished his junior year at nearby East Bank High School. Jerry was inside the house changing into hunting clothes. Schaus shook hands firmly with the gangling, blond boy, noting with pleasure that he stood only a few inches shorter than his own six feet, five inches.

From that meeting the career of this bony kid took shape. Under Schaus' coaching, Jerry West was to become one of the classiest college basketball players ever seen in America—and possibly one of the strangest too.

Bucky Bolyard, a teammate of Jerry's last season on a West Virginia University team that lost the national-championship game to California by only one point, jocularly labeled West "the hick (Continued on Page 54)

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MAD DOG

By LEON WARE

Someone in town was harboring a dangerously ill animal.

He was a towheaded kid, the fresh bandage under his right eye white against the soiled, tear-stained face. He had stopped crying now, but occasionally, when his mother pulled him close, he gave a dry, heaving sob. Bernie Hill of the *Globe-News* thought he must be about seven, and the next question by Sgt. Paul Mitchell confirmed the guess.

"How old is Tommy, Mrs. Doyle?"

"Two months ago he was seven. It ain't right you should let people have a dog like that, runnin' loose. No tellin' how many kids he's bit."

Mitchell made a note and Bernie, watching the lean face, thought again that of all the professions being a good cop must require the most patience.

"We'll find the dog, Mrs. Doyle."

"Well, I should hope so! And shoot it. The idea, lettin' that beast run loose! Who's gonna pay the doctor bill, huh?"

"Yes, ma'am."

Bernie hid a grin at the classic flatness of the detective's voice.

"Now, Tommy," Mitchell went on quietly, "will you tell me again about the dog? Dirty white, you said. Was it all white, or did it have some spots on it?"

The boy's lips quivered. "White. A black spot on his face, maybe. And big!" The dark eyes grew huge, remembering. "He snarled and tried to get my stick and then he bit me!"

The boy turned his face into his mother's bosom and began whimpering again. She glared at Mitchell.

"Whyn't you let him alone?"

"Tommy," the detective persisted, "did you tease him with the stick?"

"Why aren't you out huntin' that dog instead of pesterin' the poor little kid with questions?"

"We've got to know what we're looking for, Mrs. Doyle," Mitchell said. He stood up and reached for his hat. "We'll ask around the neighborhood. If Tommy remembers anything that'll help, give me a call at the station, will you?"

They went outside and stood near the cars at the curb. There was rain (Continued on Page 45)

"You're trespassing," the old man snapped. "Now take your foot out of there or I'll plant this iron bar in it!"

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We Hunted Lions Without Guns

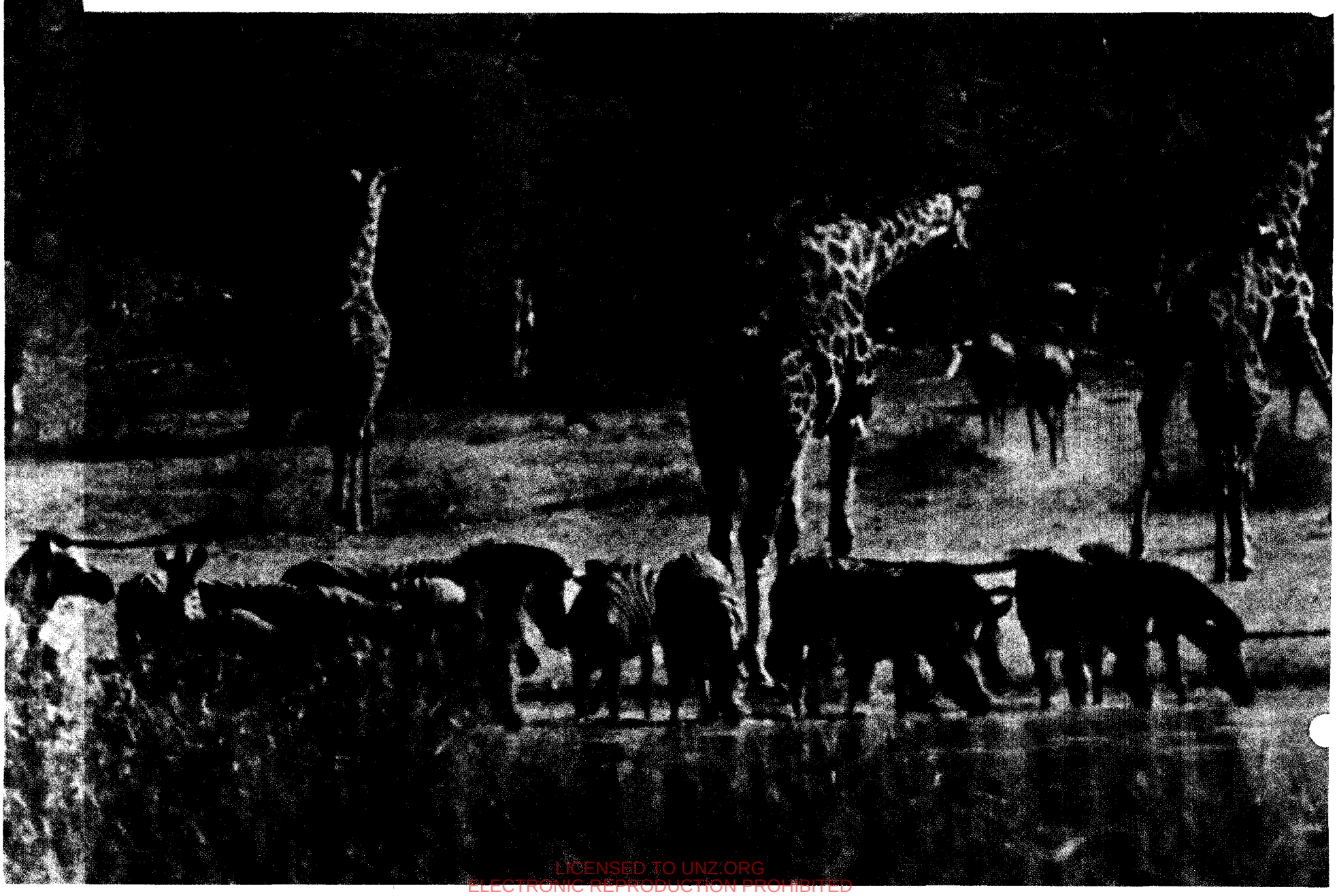
By HODDING CARTER

The Carters at Letaba, one of the park's fourteen camps. From left: Tommy, 14; Philip, 19; Mrs. Carter, and the author.

A famous American newspaper editor relates what he and his family experienced during their camera safari across the world's largest wildlife refuge—Africa's Kruger National Park.

This story of our family's week of hunting with cameras in South Africa's Kruger National Park might start late on a South African winter afternoon in June—that's right—when we and our South African friends drove in two automobiles through the gates at Malelane, the southwest entrance to the park, and we Americans, being tenderfeet, yelled two minutes later in near unison, "Zebras!"

Giraffes, zebras and wildebeests at the water hole eighteen miles from Skukuza Camp. It was here that the party saw a lioness spring from hiding and make her kill.



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Photographs by Hans Knopf

Alternatively I could go back to an earlier evening in our home in Greenville, Mississippi. There our South African guests, Jan and Susan Moolman, of Pretoria, easily persuaded us that our forthcoming trip to their beautiful country would be incomplete without such a holiday and promised to be our guides. Or to give credit where it is due, I could tell first of Oom Paul Kruger, the last president of the South African Republic, who in 1884 first recommended to his lawmakers that the government protect the wildlife of the Transvaal from annihilation by white and African hunters. The reserve was finally proclaimed in 1898 just ahead of the Anglo-Boer War; and Paul Kruger, the doughty old *voortrekker*, lived to see the British conqueror resume in 1902 the visionary undertaking that the one-sided conflict had interrupted.

Or I might begin with the lioness and the wildebeest, but that might not be believed so soon.

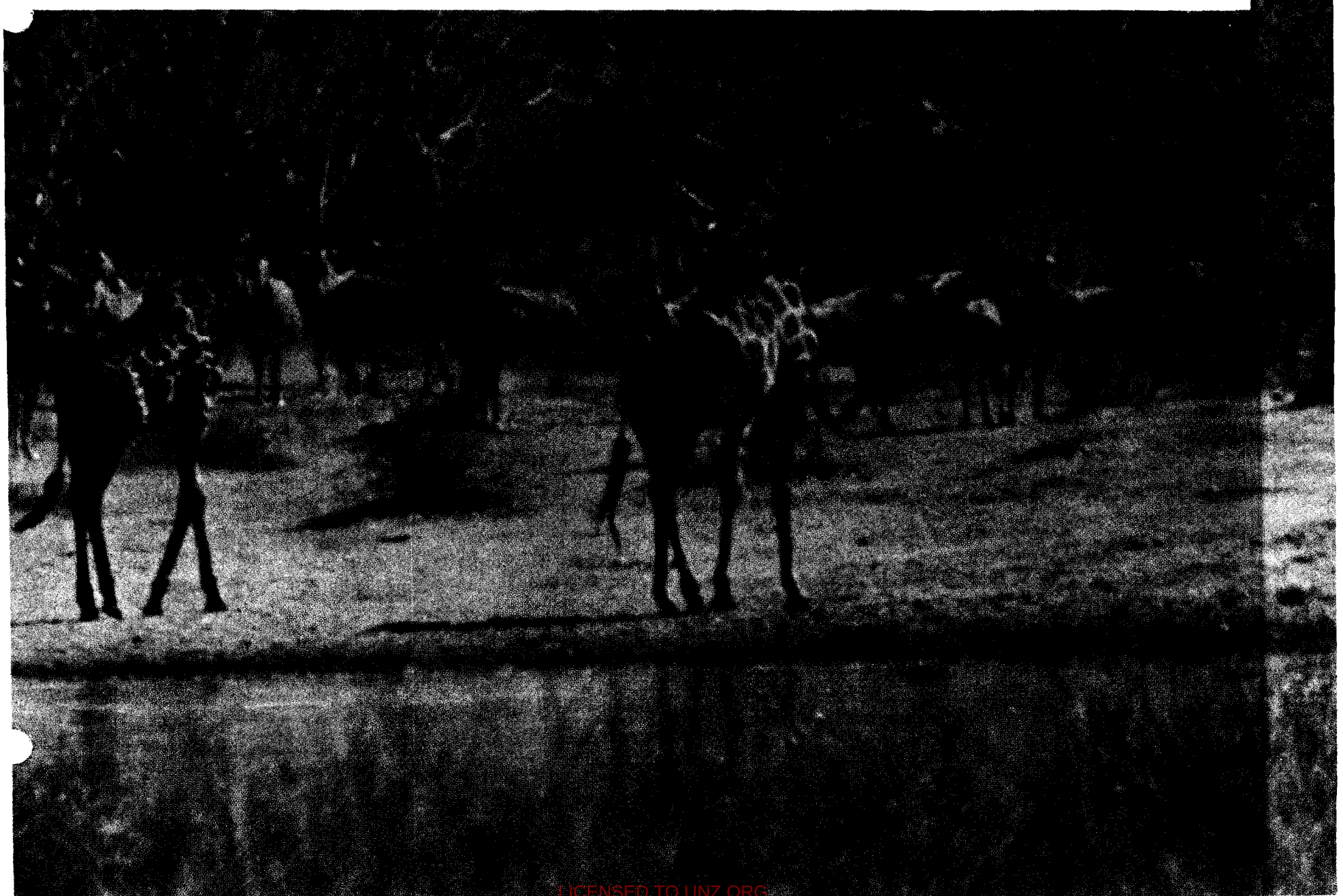
We added up to quite a safari. There were Jan and Susan and their two sons, Bernard and Jan Hendrik, small, observant veterans of former excursions. There were two of our sons, Philip, nineteen, and Tommy, fourteen, who were sharing the experiences of four months in South Africa. And there were Hans Knopf, the versatile American photographer, who was backstopping us amateur picture takers, and my wife Betty and I.

The Dutch pioneers, whose descendants first called themselves Boers and now Afrikaners, had a reputation for hearty eating. Jan and Susan were their unmistakable heirs. In boxes and jars, in tins and vacuum containers and ice chests, we carried in addition to staples and luggage what seemed a ton of Susan's homemade Afrikaner delicacies. Included were bobotie, a concoction of minced lamb, onions, eggs, milk and curry powder, which Malay slaves brought or devised when first they came unwillingly to South Africa 200 years ago; yard-long links of *boerwors*, the spiced-beef-and-pork sausage without which no Afrikaner's breakfast is complete; a cracker tin full of rusks, turned out to a great-grandmother's recipe; several jars of honey-soaked shortcake called *koeksisters;* slabs of mutton and onions and spices for the making of sosaties, the South African equivalent of shish kebab; hampers of vegetables and fruit—food exotic and food familiar, seemingly provisions enough to last a month. But not a weapon except a pocketknife did we carry to a homeland of lion and leopard and elephant and hippopotamus.

It took us six hours to drive eastward to the park from clean, bustling Pretoria, administrative capital of The Union of South Africa, down the escarpment of the 5000-foot plateau to a subtropical valley between High Veld and Low, and so to Kruger. In the shadow of the mountains grow in abundance oranges and bananas, pineapples, lemons, pawpaws and kumquats, tomatoes and avocados, in a wintertime which is like Mississippi's late spring. Bordering the fields and highways rise red and yellow and pink poinsettia trees, acacia and eucalyptus, lombardy poplar and cypress, green against the mountain backdrop; and walking or resting beneath them, sometimes against the incongruous background of a drive-in movie, Mapogga tribesmen, who still prefer leg-and-neck bangles and clay-dyed blankets to our prosaic garb.

The Bushveld country to the east, in which the game reserve is mostly situated, is not so attractive. Many of its trees appear stunted and in wintertime drab. Above the thorn trees, the mimosa bushes, the buffalo grass and the green-and-gold reeds beside the narrow, shallow rivers, protrude forbidding outcroppings of stone and desolate little hills called *kopjes*. Here and there the surface is deeply scarred with dongas, the ancient handiwork of erosion. But it is oddly appealing and greatly suited to the requirements of the creatures who populate it; and in wintertime

(Continued on Page 68)



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TROPIC HOLIDAY

In exactly five minutes the ruthless Mick would fulfill his threat.

By NANCY RUTLEDGE

Karen Corey's Virgin Island vacation had become a nightmare. She was the prisoner of confidence man Will Roth and his half-brother Mick in a remote beach cottage. Roth, knowing that Karen's guardian, breakfast-food tycoon Hosmer Smith, had appropriated some of the assets of her estate, forced Hosmer to co-operate in a supposedly phony kidnaping scheme.

But Karen, sensing Roth meant to kill her after he collected the ransom, attempted to escape, only to find that Doug Burke, her marine sweetheart, had fallen into Roth's hands trying to rescue her.

While Police Sergeant Bonito and Hosmer's friend Lily searched for Doug and Karen, Roth locked his prisoners in the cottage and left Mick to guard them. He went to Hosmer's hotel room and told him that he would have to kill the young pair. Roth also said he wanted all the money arriving on the midnight plane, not just the ransom.

Enraged, Hosmer struggled with Roth and inadvertently choked him to death. Before Roth died, he warned Hosmer that Mick would kill Karen and Doug unless he returned by two A.M. Now Hosmer had less than four hours to save Karen.

CONCLUSION

In the darkness the bedroom with its boarded-up windows was stiflingly hot. Still wearing the cotton bathing suit, her long slim legs tightly bound at the ankles, her hands behind her at the wrists, Karen felt the sweat trickling down her body. She lay motionless on the bed. She had heard the iron bolt slide after Will Roth had locked the door. She had not opened her eyes. She was too tired. It no longer mattered. Nothing did—except Doug, lying also gagged and tied and unconscious on the floor beside her. Thinking of him, she found a tiny reserve of strength that she had not known she possessed. She struggled to free herself. But the bonds held, even the gag, though it was much looser. She was helpless. She could not hope to break the strong cloth or the cruelly tight knots which the Mick had tied. And she was so tired.

She woke, finding it incredible that she should have slept at such a time, but knowing she must have. She had a moment of complete panic at the darkness, the difficulty of breathing in the heat and with the gag, the helplessness of being tied, lying there to wait until they killed her.

She listened to the silence around her broken only by the sound of the sea outside. She did not hear either Will Roth's or the Mick's voice. She did not even hear Doug's heavy breathing on the floor below her.

She heard a sound, close, in the room. She sat up on the bed. In the darkness she could make out a shadowy figure moving. A tall skinny figure, half hopping, half hobbling, because his legs were tied and his hands behind him. Doug! He was conscious and trying to get loose.

She made a small sound behind the gag. Doug hobbled toward her. He half fell beside the bed. He put his cheek against hers, and they did not move. In the darkness she was aware of something very like a sob of thankfulness coming from Doug's throat. They remained together in a closeness they had never before known.

Karen thought wonderingly, *This is what love is, this feeling. And we had it all the time and nearly let it go. How could I have been such a fool?* And her tears were on Doug's face as he lifted his head.

Doug moved his head against her fingers. She touched his hair. But he pulled away and moved the gag against her fingers, firmly. She knew he wanted her to use the ends of her fingers to try to push the gag down from his mouth. It was fairly loose, as hers was—apparently Will Roth had not been willing to take a chance on their smothering before he was ready for them to die. But her fingers were so numb and had so little room for movement.

She tried and tried again. Finally, with Doug moving his head and she her fingers, they managed to slip the cloth down over his chin.

Doug whispered hoarsely, "Are you all right?"

She nodded. She felt his lips against her forehead, her hair, her throat.

Doug strove mightily for matter-of-factness of tone. He failed, and she loved him even more because he failed. "Let's see if we can get your gag off."

Now she moved her head against his fingers. The gag slipped down. She whispered, "Doug! Oh, Doug. I was so afraid without you!"

"Me too."

They kissed, this time a real kiss, though their arms were still tightly bound behind them. Karen shut her eyes, and Will Roth and the Mick were far away. All the world was far away, except her and Doug.

Finally Doug said quietly, "We'll have all the rest of our lives together. But first we've got to get out of here."

"All the rest of our lives." She tried, but in spite of her best efforts, her voice broke. "And how long is that? There's no way out of this room. I tried everything last night. And then I wasn't tied."

"Are the windows all boarded up?"

"Yes. They're nailed absolutely tight from the outside. And there isn't a thing to use for a lever to pry them loose. The skylight is too small to get through even if we could reach it, and there's an iron bolt on the door."

"Well, if it's boarded that tight, they can't see a light. We might as well see what we're doing. And you needn't whisper. The Mick is outside standing guard, and the front-door key is in Will Roth's pocket. I heard them talking and him leaving before I passed out again. Where's the light switch?"

"On the wall to the left of the door."

"Where's the door?"

Doug half hobbled, half rolled. He fell frequently. He reached the wall and inched his way painfully up to touch his fingers to the light switch.

At first the glare was blinding. Then the light gave the room and the situation a normalcy they had not possessed a minute ago. To have the lights on, to be able to speak without fear in ordinary tones, made Karen feel better, until she saw the whiteness of Doug's face under his freckles and the blood slowly trickling from the cut on his forehead.

Doug winced. "Will Roth's gun. I saw him reading on the beach and two people swimming quite far out in the water. I could only see your heads, and you kept diving, so I came out for a better look. He was reading poetry, and he had such an elegant, harmless air. I never knew what hit me when he clobbered me with the gun. I never even saw it."

"He's going to kill us, Doug. I know he's going to kill us."

Doug said grimly, "Not if I can figure out a way to kill him first. And I'm not going to be particular about how."

Karen stared at him, seeing him suddenly a man, not the boy with whom she had grown up. A man with steel in his voice and implacable hatred in his eyes. A man who would kill and not care how. She wondered if any woman ever understood the man she loved, just living a peaceable existence at home with him, shopping for groceries, driving on Sundays.

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"Four bullets ought to do the job," Mick told his prisoners.

She said, "It's impossible to get out of here."

"The impossible takes a little longer."

Doug hobbled toward the bathroom. He was more skillful now; he fell only once. He bent his head and pushed his cheek against the faucet to turn it on. He winced at the pain from his cut. He swayed dizzily. He nosed the plug down so that some of the water stayed in the bowl, though it was not tight. He held his face for a moment under the faucet. Then he turned and held his bound hands in the water.

"The Mick knows how to tie knots tight all right," he said. "But he's not smart enough to know that some cloth stretches when soaked."

Karen dangled her bare feet over the edge of the bed. She tried to walk. She went down, hard and painfully. Her brown hair fell into her eyes. Her long slender right leg scraped painfully on the floor. She sat up. She tried again. This time she fell less heavily. But she still fell. She dragged herself along the cement inch by inch in a humping movement.

"I'm sorry, Karen. I wish I could help you. Or that I could say—just wait. But I don't know how much time we have."

"I know." Karen turned her face aside so that he couldn't see she was crying.

In the bathroom Doug used his elbow as a lever to help her as she fought to stand up. Then they both held their hands in the water. She said, "The cloth isn't even loosening."

"It isn't very absorbent, and it takes a while to soak through fibers." (Continued on Page 63)

Illustrated by Robert McCall

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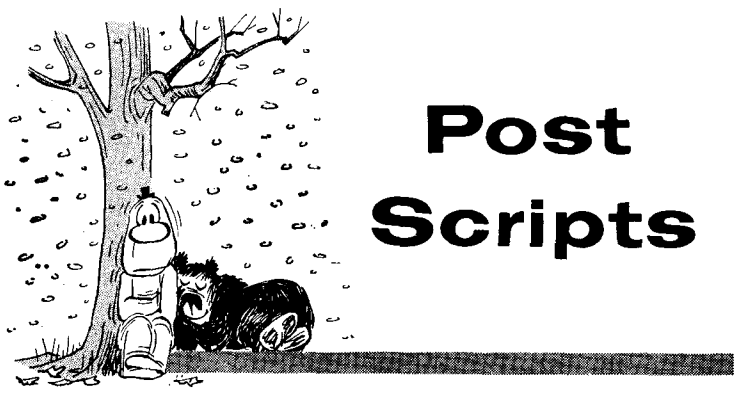

Post Scripts

Present Perfect

This is the beautiful
Silver tray
We gave to the Greys
On their wedding day,
Which the Greys who got trays
That were heaped up in stacks,
Proceeded to give
To their neighbors, the Blacks,
Which the Blacks later gave
To their good friends, the Klings,
Which the Klings later gave
To *our* good friends, the Kings,
Which the Kings who do things
That give people a lift ——
Gave to us as our
Tenth Anniversary Gift!

ARTHUR L. LIPPMANN

Popular Songs

It wouldn't be hard
To make up a list
Of a number of hits
That would never be missed.

STEPHEN SCHLITZER

The Cummerbund

The cummerbund you bought
Last Whitsuntide
Is good as new, but only
Fits untied.
Your mirror shows increased
Rotundancy,
A superabundant
Cummerbundancy.

ETHEL JACOBSON

Letters You'd Better Get Over With

APO 476, S.F.
9 January

Dear Aunt Jo,

Well I guess the folks have "checked you out" on me and everything, nothing much has happened. You would surely like the flowers and everything here it's just like you see in the Movies, like tropical orchids and everything, only Christmas seemed funny. We have been skin diving a lot and a lot of swimming. Say thanks a lot for the nice wool sweater and cap, you can surely knit.....

490 Loma Verde
Palo Alto, Cal.
January 9

Gourmet Goodies Inc.
4 San Bernardino,
Los Angeles 18, Cal.

Dear Sirs,

This Christmas I received a subscription to your Gourmet-Goody-Of-The-Month Club beginning with a 2-lb. can of glaceed fruit which I am returning ~~received/I/don't/I~~ which I am returning. If you have a mild cheese of equivalent value please send instead. Also ~~For~~ for February will you kindly substitute some fruit (not citrus) for the 6 jars of jam, and for March.....

Dey Hall
Jan 9

Dearest Mom—

Honestly what a rat-race it's been every minute since I got back to campus but I had to take a minute off to ask you how you are after that Christmas housejul!! You get a good rest now, you hear? — Incidentally I was just wondering if you have seen that pink skirt of mine around — I know it came back from the cleaner's but I don't have it! — and that champagne half-slip which I know I left in the closet like a dope! I thought the next time you send some cookies you might just bundle everything up together and — —

Jan. 9

Dear Janet and Jack—

I'm writing this because Herb is too embarrassed to phone you — I've never seen him so upset! - and to say we had such a lovely time at the N.Y. Eve party in spite of that little "difficulty". Honestly, I don't know what got into him (except maybe a little too much "holiday spirits"!!) but he certainly didn't mean to imply that you are living beyond your income or anything like that, and I'm sure we'll be able to replace that martini pitcher very soon — I checked Graham and Howells and They ~~Might~~ Think They ...

2015 SW17th Ave.
Portland 1, Ore.

Aphrodite Slenderizing Salon
42 Tenth Ave.
City

Dear Madam:

In June I bought a 40-treatment course from you but only completed 25 of them. I would now like to complete my course and if I can get the same contract rate I would like to take 15 additional treatments too, starting as quickly as possible.....

Jan 9

Dearest Mary and Frank—

You certainly know exactly how to warm a fond grandma's heart! Mwa. Jan 9
that man...!!

Dearest Myrna and George—

You certainly know exactly how to warm a fond grandma's heart! Mwa... Jan 9
that ma.....!!

Dearest Connie and Al—

You certainly know exactly how to warm a fond grandma's heart! When I unwrapped that marvellous photograph of Molly and Martha and Nancy, I.....

PEG BRACKEN

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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"To make the best, begin with the best—then cook with extra care."

Workers removing Campbell Tomato seedlings from ground by hand—in fields outside Cairo, Georgia

Campbell Quality starts 15 miles from Cairo, Ga.

We start tomatoes right and pamper them all the way to your table

The Campbell Tomato begins life under conditions as near perfect as possible—warm climate, sunny skies and virgin soil.

In the area around Cairo, Georgia, for instance, where spring comes early, some new land is cleared each year so our baby tomato plants can grow strong and sturdy in rich soil that's never used more than three years in a row.

The best beginnings for the best tomatoes

After they've soaked up enough sunshine and nourishment, 6-to-9-inch seedlings are tenderly removed from the ground by hand. Then they're packed in wet moss for a fast ride to the North in temperature-controlled trucks. Often, little more than forty hours later, they're in the ground again in their new home ready for their second stage of growing.

All this early care and pampering has just one object in mind—to produce better tomatoes for our chefs to work with.

We keep an eye on value, too

And it helps us bring you more value, too. For instance, this method of producing seedlings means less risk of crop failure from a northern freeze. It means healthier, better quality plants—a better yield earlier in the season when tomatoes grow brighter and better flavored. And this means tomatoes of more uniform quality, too. At Campbell's nothing is too much trouble if it means better eating—and if it helps us keep our prices down so we can bring you greater value.

It's all a part of the Campbell philosophy: "*To make the best, begin with the best—then cook with extra care.*"

- Soups
- Frozen Soups
- Tomato Juice
- Pork & Beans
- V-8 Cocktail Vegetable Juices
- FRANCO-AMERICAN Products
- SWANSON Products

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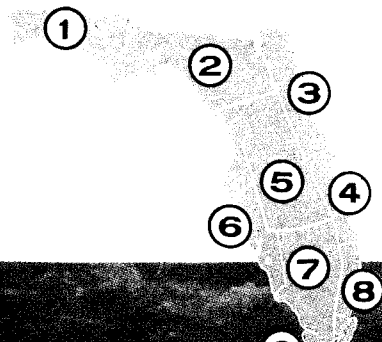
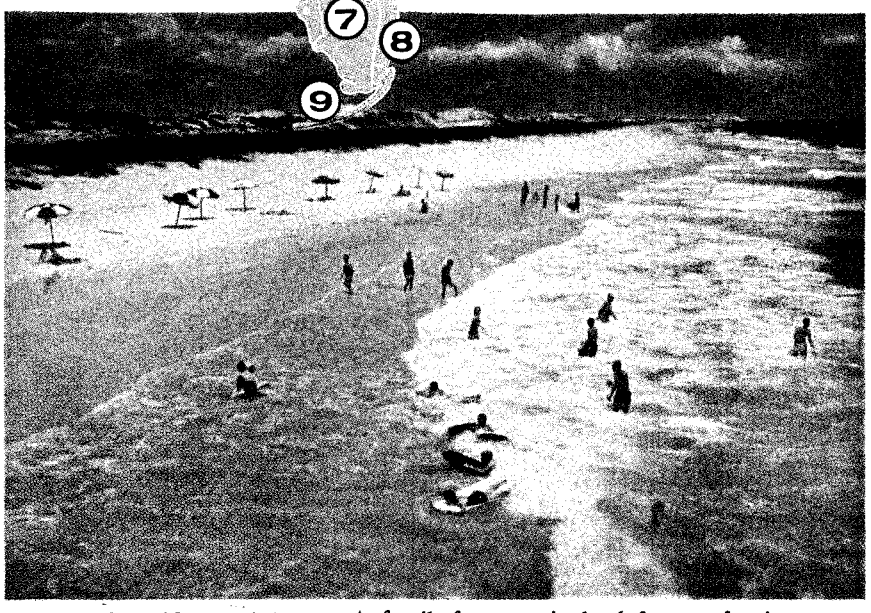
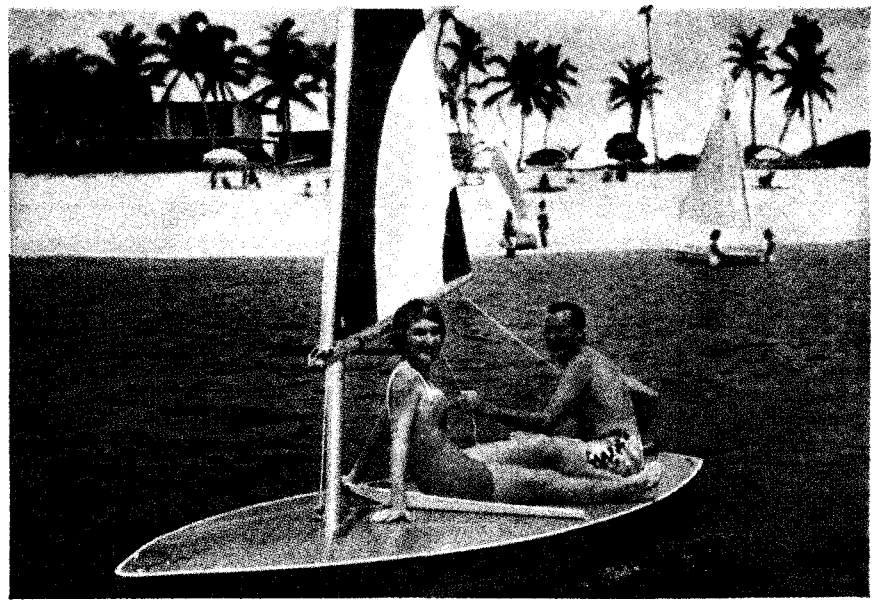


How well do you know the



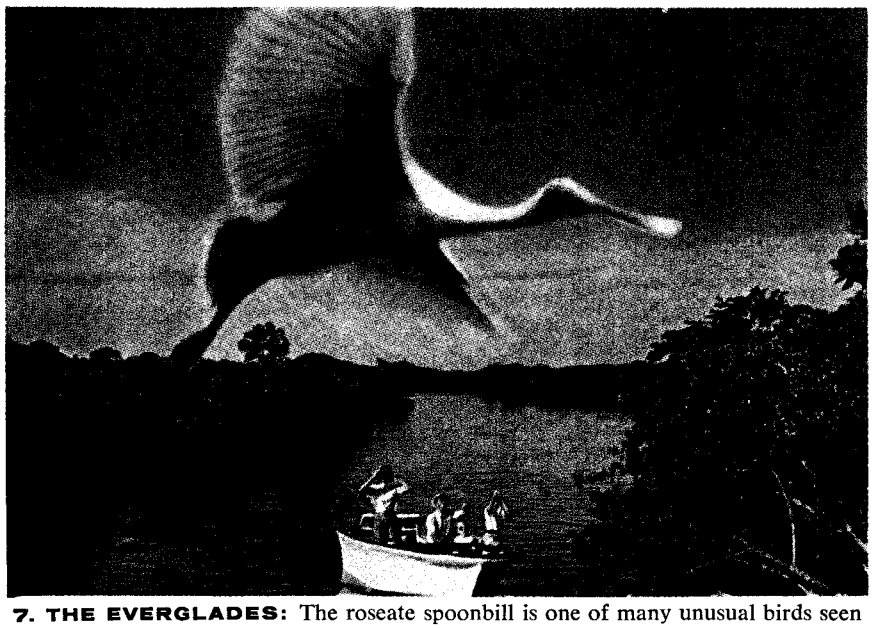
1. NORTHWEST FLORIDA: A family-fun vacationland famous for its sugar-white beaches on the Gulf of Mexico between Pensacola, Fort Walton Beach, Panama City, Port St. Joe. Fine bathing, boating, fishing. Take scenic drives, see historic sights.

2. NORTH FLORIDA: Meet spring this winter at Killearn Gardens State Park near Tallahassee. Visit Stephen Foster Memorial and Carillon Tower at White Springs on the Suwannee River. Good fishing in this region; in the Gulf, on lakes and rivers.



4. INDIAN RIVER: Water sports are tops here. Calm rivers and sounds for sailing and power boating. Deep-sea and tidewater fishing. Long stretches of uncrowded beach. See the missiles at Cape Canaveral. Stay in modern resorts at modest cost.

5. CENTRAL FLORIDA: Count on big and varied pleasures here. Thousands of lakes for every water sport, much family fun. Golf on rolling courses. See endless orange groves, water-ski shows, crystal springs, rodeos. Fish for sporty black bass.



7. THE EVERGLADES: The roseate spoonbill is one of many unusual birds seen in this vast wilderness. Audubon tours take you to the rookeries. Drive the Tamiami Trail through the heart of the Glades. See Seminole Indians, rare plants and wildlife.

8. LOWER EAST COAST: Luxury living in glamorous resorts fronting palm-lined beaches and casual family resorts for budget holidays are yours in this region. Many sights and spectacular attractions. Miles of boating waterways. Great deep-sea fishing.

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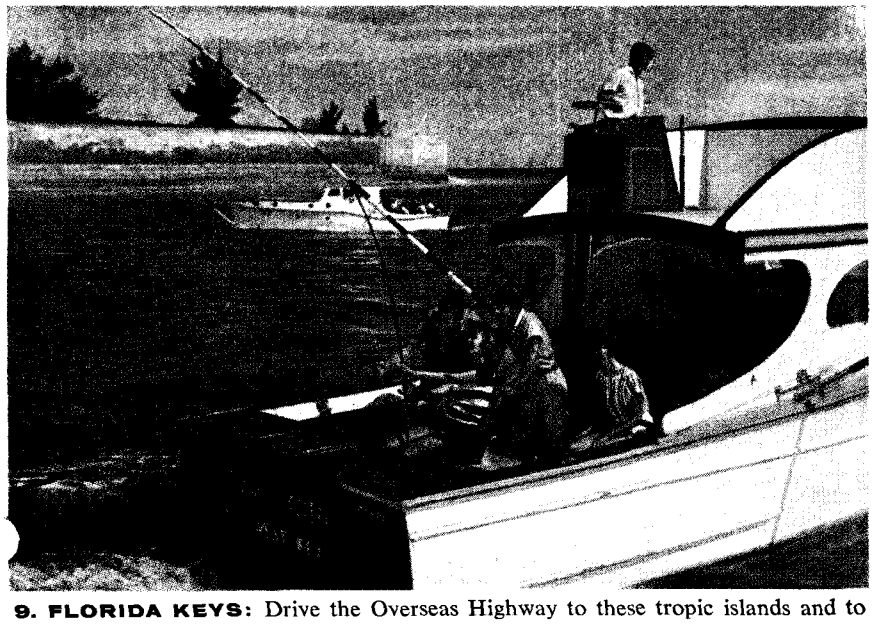
nine vacation regions of Florida?

3. UPPER EAST COAST: Florida fun starts here on the Atlantic shore between Fernandina Beach and New Smyrna Beach. Gateway to this popular region is exciting Jacksonville. A stay at Daytona Beach is a must. So is a visit to historic St. Augustine.

6. WEST COAST: Take it lazy in the sun on white-sand beaches that stretch from Clearwater to Naples. Placid Gulf surf is irresistible. Visit St. Petersburg, Tampa, the Ringling Museum at Sarasota, Fort Myers' and Bradenton's idyllic islands.



9. FLORIDA KEYS: Drive the Overseas Highway to these tropic islands and to world-famed deep-sea fishing waters. Relax along the way in handsome motels, many with pools and small boat facilities. At land's end you are in charming Key West.

Take a minute to read these interesting highlights—then get full details by mailing the coupon for the FREE Florida Vacation Guide book!

Have you a dream vacation in mind? Like to know the perfect place to have it happen—real soon and economically? You'll find the ideal answer in the nine vacation regions of Florida.

Yearning for a lazy bones holiday on a tropic island where the sun is warm and the surf caresses? Get away to the Florida Keys. Or relax on West Coast isles just offshore from Fort Myers, Sarasota, Bradenton, St. Petersburg, Clearwater.

Want a fast-paced frolic where the fun never sets? You'll love the life at Miami Beach, Hollywood, Fort Lauderdale, Delray Beach, the Palm Beaches—all the other dazzling resorts that adorn the palm-lined Lower East Coast.

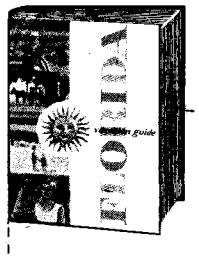
Time to take the youngsters on an excursion into history? Show them America's earliest historic shrines at St. Augustine on the Upper East Coast. Let them learn, firsthand, the Spanish-Colonial heritage of Northwest Florida at Pensacola.

If you're a fishing fan, dream-size catches await you in all Florida waters. Don't miss the thrilling strike of big scrappy bass found in hundreds of Central and North Florida lakes.

Fact is, there's much more to tell you than we have room for here. But the *free,* new Florida Vacation Guide book gives full details. Read about it below, then mail the coupon today for your complimentary copy. And come visit Florida soon.

Florida

YEAR-ROUND LAND OF GOOD LIVING



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Violence on the Plains

Would they at last learn the real story behind a crime that had divided the countryside?

By CHARLES O. LOCKE

"The judge's name is Mead," Tom Turner told Amelia. "He's supposed to be a pretty square fellow."

The hearing would be the showdown between the rival cattle empires of Amelia Rankin and Hurd Patchem. Patchem hated Amelia for fencing off part of the range for farming. A short time back his men and a group led by Johnny Blaine attacked Amelia's ranch. In the dark, Amelia's cowhands mistook a detachment of United States Army cavalry for the marauders and fired upon them. It was this offense which brought Mead, a Federal judge, to Texas.

But Mead was also determined to look into the continuing violence and put a stop to it. Thus the shooting of Johnny Blaine's father by Red Johnson was a matter sure to arise during the course of the hearing. Another was the murder of Hurd's son Willy, brother of Lester Patchem. Lester, too, was involved in the hearing—not legally but emotionally. His loyalty to old Hurd was strong, but so was his love for Amelia's daughter, Mary.

CONCLUSION

At nine o'clock the side door opened and Judge Mead came in and stood by the desk. Otwell, hurrying from the rear of the room, was tardy. He asked for silence. "Hear ye, the Honorable Judge Thomas L. Mead of the Federal Court of the Southern District of Illinois on special business in the state of Texas. Those who have business with the court will draw near and be heard."

As Mead sat down, Amelia watched him carefully. He was a rotund man of middle height, with a clubbed mustache, stiff black hair and restless eyes. To Amelia his fat hands, moving rapidly among papers on his desk after Otwell had helped him unpack his satchel, seemed like small, active birds.

He began to speak: "I am empowered by the Attorney General's Office of the United States, acting in concert with the War Department, to hold an investigation into the facts which have bearing on an unprovoked assault on Federal troops made by employees of a cattle ranch belonging to Mrs. Amelia Rankin on the night of January eighth. Three troopers of the command of Captain George Cleary operating with a detachment out of Fort Griffin were wounded. By deposition in the dispute I am familiar with much of its detail. I believe since the night of the attack on troops Mrs. Rankin has been under virtual arrest, paroled to one Thomas B. Turner, who, I am told, is her attorney. Is Mr. Turner in court?"

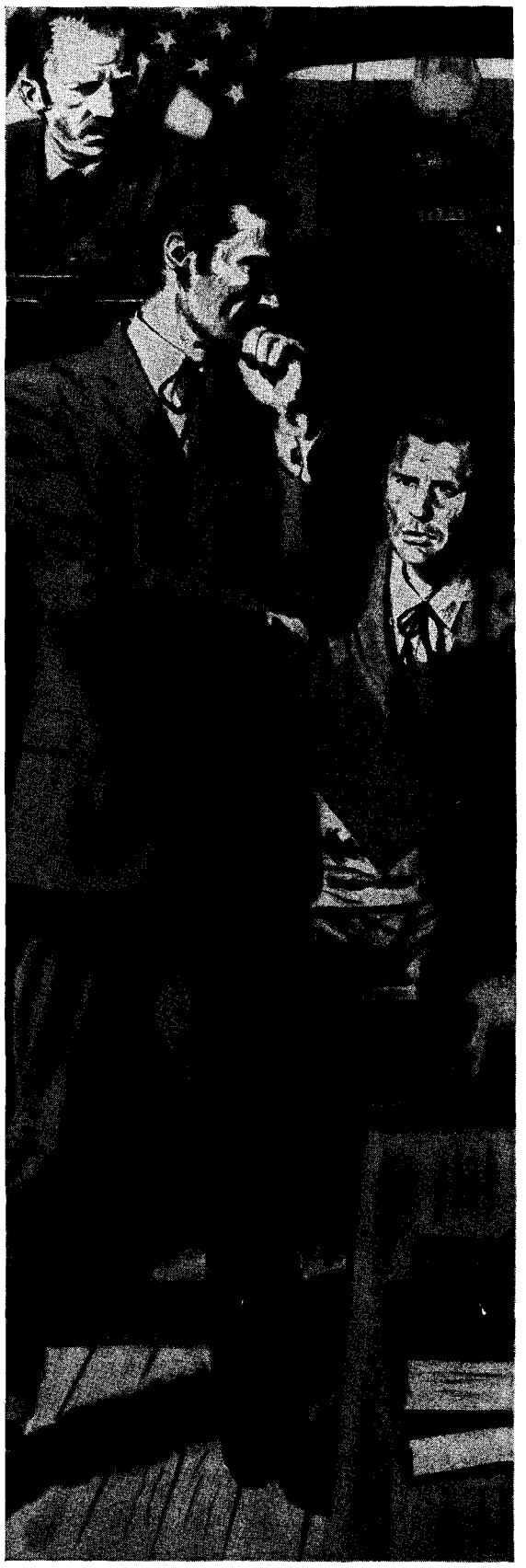
Turner rose and introduced himself and Amelia.

"Does the cattlemen's group which charges Mrs. Rankin with fomenting violence on the range have counsel?"

Black rose. It was the first time Amelia had seen him. He was a large, heavy-paunched man with bulging gray eyes, and he used eyeglasses with a black ribbon. "I am counsel for the associated members."

Mead said, "I have a copy of formal charges brought against Mrs. Rankin by the association. It is rather long, but I suggest you give them orally so all can hear."

Black read from a paper handed to him by Hurd Patchem: "Mrs. Rankin is charged with obstructing the free range; with overfencing her land into free range for the ostensible protection of farmers on her property; with establishing a feudal state on her land, causing farmers to labor for her like peons; with deliberately underpricing both cattle and land to cheapen both to her ultimate advantage; with ignoring the reciprocity use of owned land by neighbors to move herds; with fomenting trouble and strife and even murder on the range, and ordering her employees to resort to the use of weapons to enforce her wishes. The court is asked to abate Mrs. Rankin as an interference to the free flow of commerce with, if need be, total or partial confiscation of her property."



"How many shots were fired?" Turner asked Omstead.

At the word "confiscation," Turner moved suddenly in his chair.

"You wish to comment, Mr. Turner?"

"Only to say that the charges are largely without foundation. Also, don't seem to recall many instances of the Government of the United States confiscating property as a punitive act."

"Confiscation is possible when the property is used against the interest of the public. Then the Government can confiscate"—Mead smiled—"and will."

Turner started to sit down, but looked at Mead and got his nod.

"If your honor please, to save time, I'd like to move for a stipulation." (Continued on Page 42)

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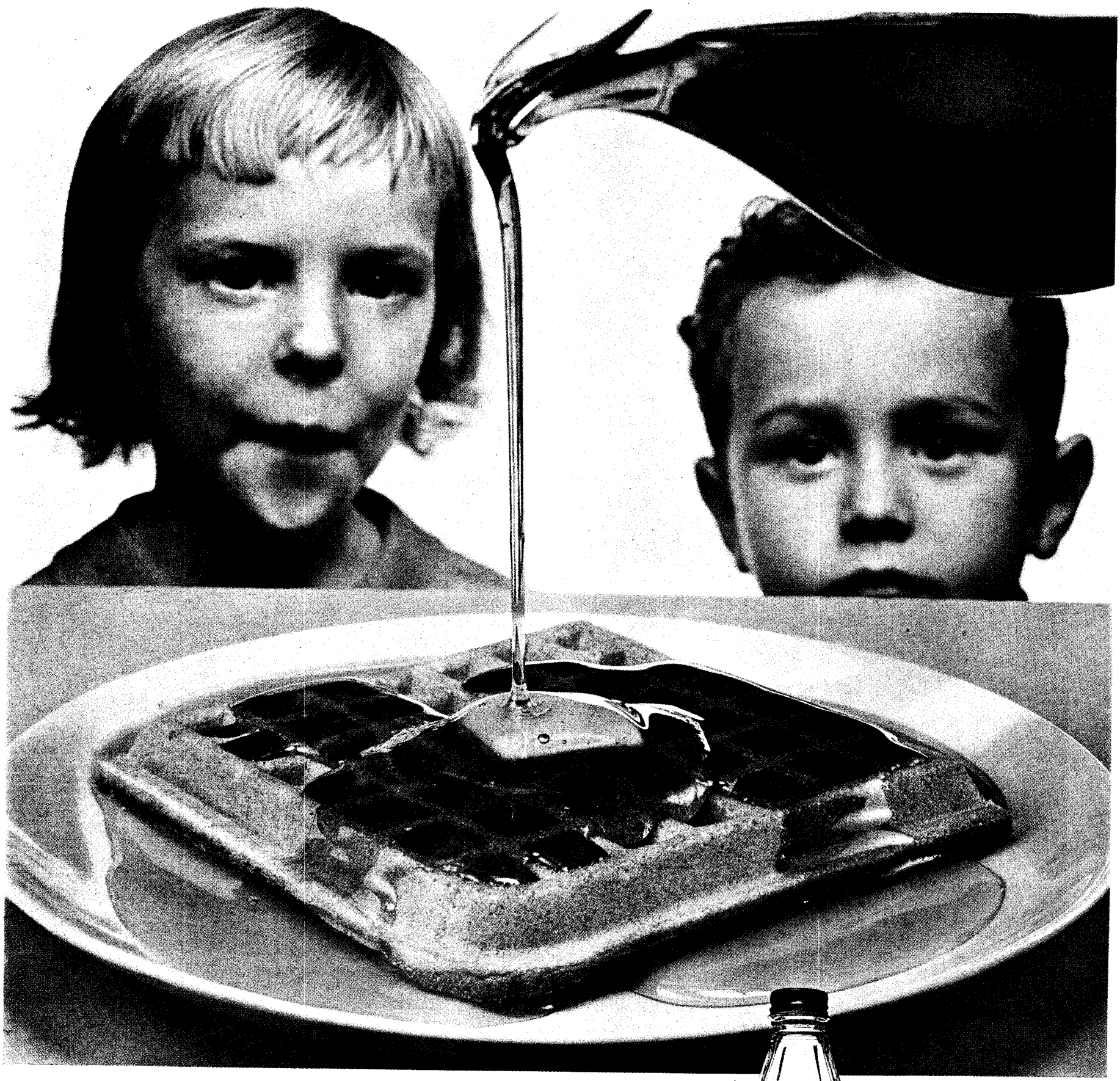

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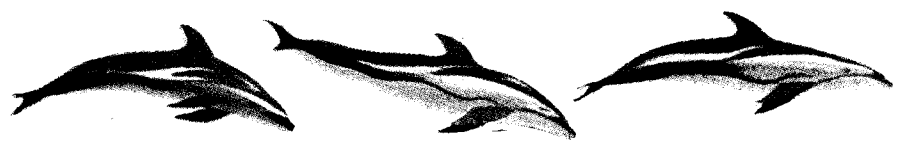

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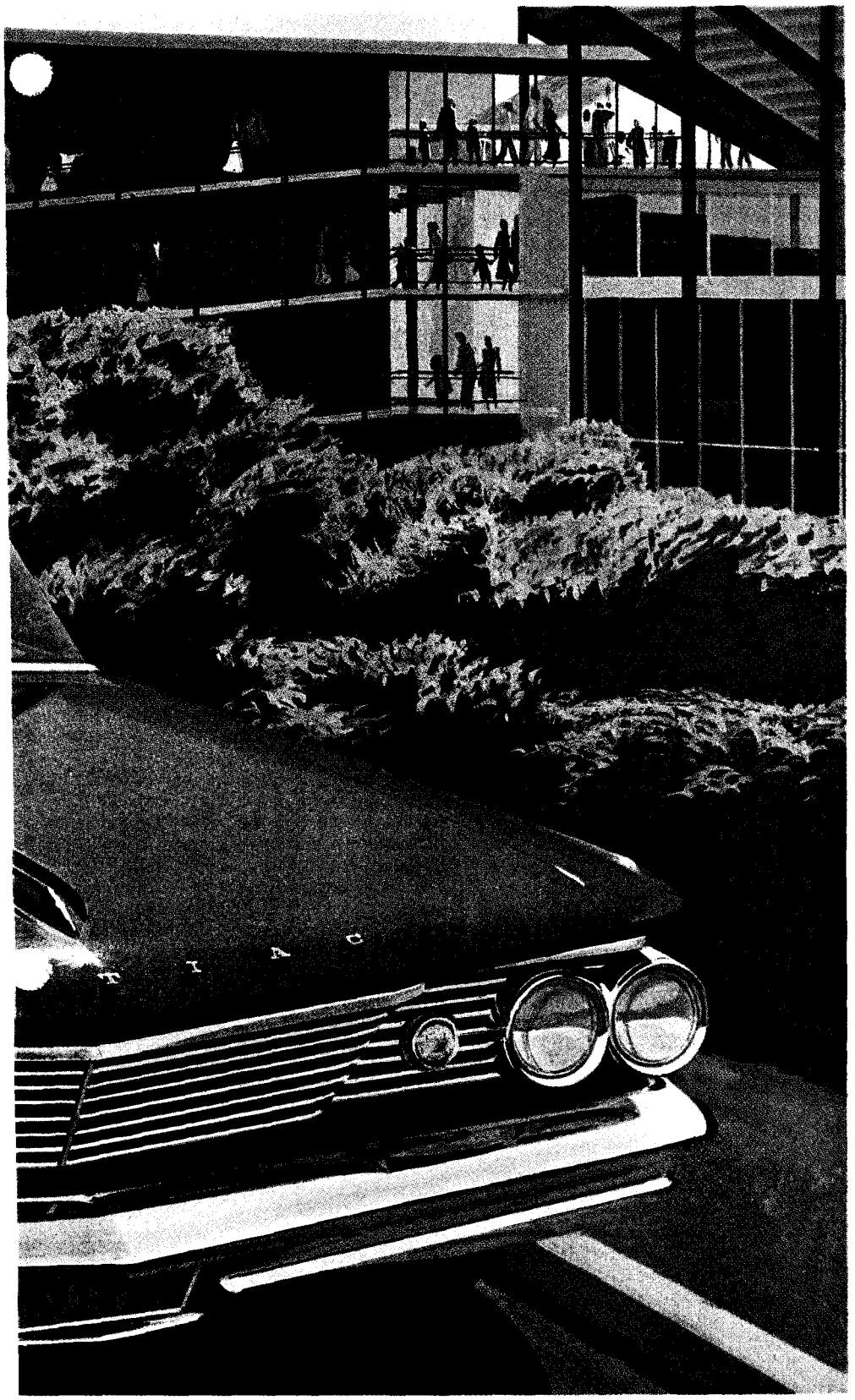

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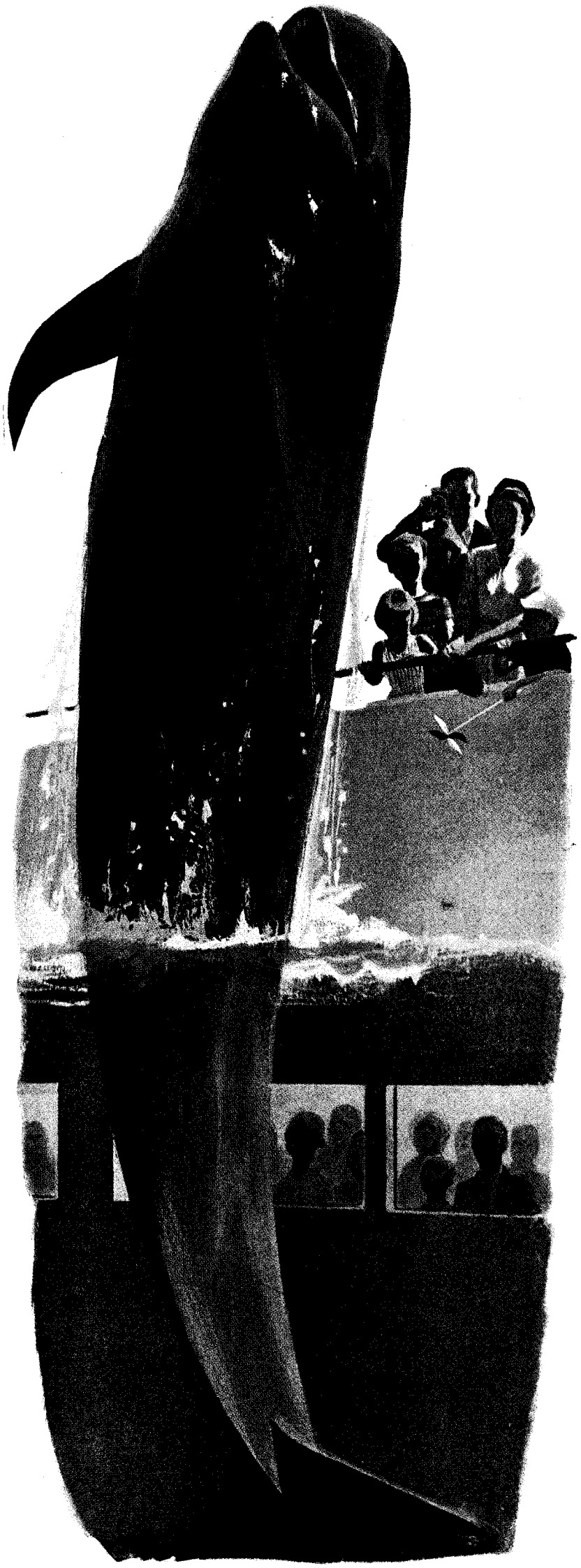

High point of the day—watching "Bubbles" the whale perform at Marineland.

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(*Continued from Page 38*) Mead's face brightened. "Yes?"

"That we start with the admission that troops were shot at and that Mrs. Rankin's hands did the shooting."

"Do you know the implication? That this makes a fine or jail sentence or both almost certain for Mrs. Rankin?"

"I do. But the fact is obvious—or was—and needs no proof."

Black rose to his feet. Amelia saw him staring at her, his lined face sagging, his fingers twitching nervously at the black ribbon. Hurd Patchem looked bewildered.

"Mr. Black, are you agreed?"

"Yes. Does counsel wish to include in the stipulation that the firing on troops was at Mrs. Rankin's express order?"

"No, because it is not true. Mrs. Rankin at the time was on a horse several miles from the scene. The fire which the mob started on her property caused the horse to bolt."

Mead looked surprised. Turner sat down and Amelia pressed his arm.

"I have a feeling that was good."

"Guilty plea without the onus."

"The agreed stipulation," said Mead, "accompanied by the depositions will let me pursue two lines of inquiry and thus move faster. First, to fix the extent of Mrs. Rankin's responsibility for range trouble, if any, including the taking of human life. Second, what the primary cause of the trouble is, which, I am inclined to believe, amounts to trouble over land and cattle, farms and farming and fences and cattle. Are there any objections?"

Turner got up. "If the court please, I would like to call a witness in the first line of inquiry."

"What witness?"

"Red Johnson, the accused murderer of Howard Blaine."

"Is he in court?"

Turner moved to Johnson and placed a fatherly hand on Johnson's shoulder.

"I won't allow this investigation to be turned into a murder trial," Mead said.

"I merely feel that as murder it's important."

"Important!" Amelia saw the anger in Mead's face. "Murder important! You people down here don't seem to think so. You murder people every other day. What is Johnson's status under the law? How did he plead?"

"He hasn't pleaded. He was brought to the Bradford jail at the last minute in a hurry. He did not plead then, nor was he given a hearing. The idea was to get him there. We're rather informal down here, not that I approve of it, your honor. Of course, before he was jailed he was held at the Rankin ranch."

"By Mrs. Rankin in defiance of the law?" Mead snatched at paper on his desk. "Why was that not listed with the other charges? The charges seem to include everything else under the sun. Was this careless?"

"I ask the court's indulgence," said Turner. "Not careless, but careful."

Mead looked at Turner and seemed about to ask him a question. Amelia saw Hurd's face whiten, and Black let his eyeglasses fall lifelessly on their ribbon.

"Pretty plain implication of yours, Mr. Turner," said Mead. "We'll return to it later. Where is the proper magistrate for Johnson to be hailed before to enter a plea?"

"Fishing."

The judge braced his chin against his collar band. "Perhaps this is as good a time as any to explain there will be no jury at these proceedings."

"Following the general lines of an equity hearing?"

"Yes, sir." Mead was examining the back of his hands before him on the desk. "I am, Mr. Turner, somewhat familiar with Southwest juries, and before this investigation ends I suppose I'll increase my education about your sheriffs and magistrates. See that Johnson is brought before a judge. If there is needless delay on the judge's part, I will hold him in contempt of court and arrange that the proper issuance is made against him by the United States marshal at Dalhart. I may not be able to make it stick, but I'll try. However, I had better explain that no decision arrived at here will be in the nature of arbitrary justice. Findings will be subject to review by the United States Circuit Court of Appeals. I would like to hear something about Mrs. Rankin's land and her fences and farms. Both sides are now free to summon their witnesses. I suggest we start with the cattlemen."

The first witnesses included the Bannermans, Catlins, Bill Bates and a dozen small ranchers who operated on the fringe of the larger holdings. Bates testified that Rankin fence had impeded the movement of his herds from east to west. He had figures to show money loss in dieups and starved-down cattle, claiming some of his trouble occurred during northers. The Catlins, claiming reciprocity rights on the use of land for herd movements that dated back to Henry Rankin's beginnings, said Amelia's men were using their land, but they were barred from hers. When the cow hands of both sides were summoned, their testimony in few instances agreed with the previous testimony. Only Snow performed creditably. Mead had to threaten jail sentences to stop denials and name calling.

Mead finally said, "Have William Snow return to the stand," and Bill took the chair.

"As Mrs. Rankin's range boss, what did you interpret as her policy on fences?"

"Worst trouble we had," said Snow, "was about protecting the Jorgenson farm and the cover Mrs. Rankin is trying to work up there to freshen the land. First we put the fence in and the Patchems howled, then the Bannermans and then the Catlins. It's considerable fence. Three times between complaints my men and I went out and changed the fence to Mrs. Rankin's orders. Prove it by the postholes. Tried to please everybody."

"What is your personal conclusion?"

"They don't want fence and they'll maim a steer or kill a man to keep fence down."

Snow left the stand under a flood of denial from the other side. Black was unable to control his group, and Mead gaveled them down.

"I have never listened to such an expertly mixed and perjured testimony in all my experience at law. I would be inclined to say *someone* is lying, if it did not appear that fifty people are lying. After today's session there will be a two-day adjournment. During that time I propose to make a first-hand investigation of facts I wish to know and which are impossible to get from this kind of testimony."

Mead looked at his watch. "We have twenty minutes to adjournment. Will Mrs. Rankin take the stand, please?"

Amelia felt weak in the legs. She stood up deliberately and walked slowly to the witness chair.

"Mrs. Rankin, you are charged, among other things, with starting range trouble. Did you give the deceased Howard Blaine land to farm within the confines of your ranch?"

"Yes."

"Were you aware that a farm within a cow ranch might mean trouble?"

"Yes."

"When you hired Johnson, were you warned against him by anyone?"

"Yes."

"Mrs. Rankin, was a cow hand named Omstead murdered on your property?"

"Yes."

"On the day a cow hand by the name of William Patchem was murdered in the village of Elk Basin, did he travel from your ranch to the scene of the murder?"

Amelia hesitated. "Yes."

Mead leaned back and looked at Amelia. "I do not believe you have helped your case, Mrs. Rankin. But I believe you have told the truth. Refreshing. The hearing is adjourned until nine o'clock in the morning, three days from today."

In Amelia's hotel room, when she and Tom were alone, he praised her as a witness. Lester and Mary came in, and Mary kissed her mother. "You did well, Mrs. Rankin," said Lester. He made some other stiff, formal remarks without commitment; she squeezed his hand, but told him half humorously not to stay too long. Mary stayed awhile after Lester left to hunt up his father.

"I feel sorry for that boy," said Turner. "He's in a state of divided allegiance and he's doing the best he can. That business about hunting up his father is all right, only I know he can't get near Hurd. Hurd'll hardly talk to anybody."

After a while Mary became very quiet and asked to be excused.

Tom was at the marble-top table near the room's small bay window, fixing drinks for both of them, when she asked him the question.

"Do you notice any change in them, Tom?"

He kept fiddling with the bottles and glasses. At last he said, "Yes," and then he turned to her with the filled glasses and she saw his face. He met her glance, drew his eyes away and then back to her. "Married."

She was about to say the same thing, but hearing it from him was a shock just the same.

She tasted her drink and then heard herself saying with quiet, careful deliberation, "I wished it might have been different, but—perhaps it's as well. I'm glad."

Tom sat down. "Amelia, I am too."

"If it just won't make more trouble. I'm sure Hurd doesn't know. I was looking at Hurd in court today, Tom, and he's not the man I knew when Grace and Henry were alive. I used to see the old Hurd in Willy"—she would never be able to speak of Willy again without an abrupt stop—"and some in Lester."

"Now it's all Lester." Tom looked seriously at the booted foot he swung slowly up and down. "Hurd's already a sick, venomous man. Before this thing is over he may be really sick—and that's no threat I'm making. That's just sizing him up for looks."

They had some food brought to them from below, and later as he stood, hat in hand, at the door before going to his room for the night, he agreed to table the idea that Hurd ought to be told.

"Just want to keep you abreast of some other things—my law partner has talked to Johnson in jail. We've got Omstead tacked down and ready to talk; but the question is, will Mead let him testify? If I'm scarce tomorrow, it'll be because I'm snooping as much as I dare without raising a question of prejudice. Also I'm trying to get hold of a canceled check with Hurd's name on it. Good night, my dear."

She felt peaceful after he left and had no trouble getting to sleep. But she woke with a start out of a dream she couldn't remember and could not sleep again. She put on her wrapper and lighted both lamps and then turned down their wicks until the light was dim, and sat by the window that looked out over the town.

Finally she went back and slept till noon and stayed in her room through the supper hour. Tom didn't appear until their meal together. He had had a full day and said that Mead had gone off on his tour of the ranch country with a committee.

"He got hold of Old Man Enright and Bud Parsons from over near Eiler—you know them both a little."

She nodded.

"And then he picked the third at my suggestion."

"Who?"

"Purse Bannerman—he accepted Purse."

He smiled at her bewilderment. "It's a political move, Amelia. May help. Point is, Purse was willing. We may come through yet. Only thing you've got to remember: state courts are one thing, but these powerful Federal judges are another."

Late the next afternoon, after he had been away all day, Tom came in with more definite news. "Mead and his committee must be doing a thorough job of it, because they're not in yet. But we got Johnson before the judge today, and he pleaded not guilty."

"You look tired. Are you going to be away this evening? The reason for my question is—I miss you." She smiled and he kissed her.

"I'd prefer to have your company. It'll be just a little while longer. We may get a quick decision. Black, their lawyer, accuses them of not fully informing him of the facts. That's a serious problem for Hurd. Fighting among themselves."

He started for the door and turned. "Melly, you have confidence in me?"

"Rita just hasn't got it any more."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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She looked at him, amazed. "Why do you ask?"

"Well, I already gave them a big chance to do their worst when I offered that stipulation. Then giving them Purse—at Mead's elbow. But I think I'm right."

"I'd bet on it, Tom."

Amelia was at the washstand, shortly after Tom had gone, when there was a tap on the door; she went there and was astonished to see Jorgenson, hat in hand. He was grinning bashfully, and in her nervousness and surprise she almost shouted at him to come in.

"Thank, thank, Miz Rankin—no, can't set down." He moved her hand like a pump handle.

"Miz Rankin, I go to the court and do not understand nothing so go home now." He held up a folded newspaper for her approving nod, then put it on the marble-top table. From his pocket he pulled a brightly striped candy sack and upended it. Fine, moist dirt—almost as dark as that she had dug up with Tom at Pan Rock—poured out on the newspaper.

"Two yar we have fertilize crop on your hundred-fifty-two-acre piece, plow, use harrow, plant, plow, keeping pushing the green stuff under. One more yar, plant shoestring, up come shoestrings."

He laughed at his joke and her amazement, and lovingly sifted the dirt, shaking his shaggy head.

"But—thank you ——" She was sputtering as she followed him to the door.

"That present for you, Miz Rankin. Now go. Vife in faggon outside."

He went down the hall, calling back cheerful words she could not make out. She walked to the table and stood looking for a long time at the rich black mound.

Amelia decided that word had gone out that this would be the day, for when she and Tom arrived at the courtroom the place was already jammed. It was a balmy day, and the windows were open and every window held the overflow of watchers. The hall they passed through was tight-packed.

As she sat down, Hurd turned to look at her and then turned away; then she saw Joyce Bannerman, not in the second row of seats where he had been the previous session, but in full view in the front row. He was unarmed.

Otwell, the bailiff, looked tired and harassed. Tom whispered to her, "Looks beat, doesn't he? Mead raised Cain about the guns the boys wore, and Otwell's been making them shed them at the door."

Amelia looked again at Joyce and thought he looked insignificant. *Why, that's why he wears those belts and guns,* she thought. *He's insignificant-looking without them and he knows it, so he wears them. He's got a peculiar look. What is it? What is it?*

She saw the clock hand at one minute to nine. The door opened and Mead entered, and Otwell intoned. Johnson came in belatedly, along with the deputies.

Black made a move to stand up and address the court, but the judge signaled him to wait until the room had become quiet. Then he nodded.

She saw Tom slap his leg softly, and he leaned to her and whispered, "Mead's going to let Johnson testify, or Omstead, or both. I'm sure."

Black began to speak. "May it please the court, the witness whose deposition is in the hands of the court is now available—I refer to the witness of question."

"Is he in the courtroom?"

"No, your honor, but nearby."

"Where?"

"In Backus's Saloon."

"Have him brought within the voice of the bailiff."

Turner rose. "Your honor"—he approached the bench and laid a paper before the judge—"I have here a subpoena *duces tecum* for the acquisition of a canceled check for one thousand dollars, which I know is now in the Link Bank of this town. I ask that the writ be completed and served from the bench, if that is the will of the court."

Hurd Patchem stood up and turned his red eyes on Amelia and Tom. It looked as if he were about to leave the courtroom, but his friends surrounded him, talking in low voices, and he sat down.

Turner said, "If the court please, I would like to call Bailey Omstead."

"Omstead is properly a witness for the association members, is he not?"

"Depends on how you look at it, your honor."

"Mr. Black, are you agreeable that the witness be called?"

"Agreeable."

"You wish to question him first?"

"Let Mr. Turner question him if he wants to."

"Bailiff, see if you can find Omstead."

Omstead, thinner than when Amelia had seen him last, was already moving through the crowd in the rear and taking the witness stand and oath.

Turner started the questioning. "Your name is Bailey Omstead?"

"Correct."

"Until last October you were a cow handler working for Amelia Rankin on the Triangle Nine?"

"Yes, sir."

"Did you quit the Rankin payroll about that time?"

"Yes."

"Since then where have you been?"

"Chicago and Kansas City."

"On or about the eleventh of October did you see a quarrel between Howard Blaine and the accused, Red Johnson?"

"Yes."

"Just what happened?"

"Blaine was drawing water off a spur dug in the crick. Johnson told him to stop. Blaine said he wanted water. Johnson said if you want water, make it. They had a fight, and Johnson shot Blaine and killed him."

"Did both men have guns?"

"Yes, sir."

"Will you point out Johnson among the spectators?"

Omstead pointed to Johnson.

"How many shots were fired?"

"Two."

"Which shot missed?"

"The first."

"So Johnson shot at Blaine and missed and then shot again and killed him."

"Oh, no."

"What do you mean by 'Oh, no'?"

"Because that wasn't how it happened. Johnson shot in self-defense."

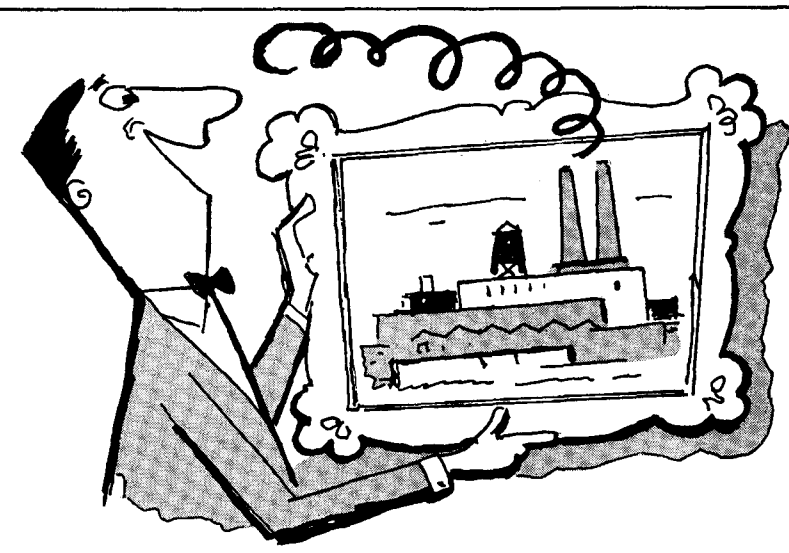
The pause that followed was broken by excited conversation among the spectators, which Mead gaveled into silence. Mead's voice came in quietly, "Let the witness recall that he is under oath."

"How does it happen that when Blaine's carbine was found, it had not been fired, and Johnson's gun showed it had fired two shots?"

"Because Blaine shot at Johnson with Johnson's own gun. He'd have had to jump the crick to get his own. It was lyin' across his sheep coat on the other side. He had took the coat off when he started diggin' in the spur. They had an argument and rassled."

"You mean they fought with their hands?"

"I mean," said Omstead impatiently, "Johnson rassled Blaine and threw him down. When Blaine got up he grabbed Johnson's gun. Johnson told him to drop it, but Blaine shot once. Johnson kicked the gun out of his hands and shot and killed him. My brother Vic was standin' up under a cottonwood and saw it too."



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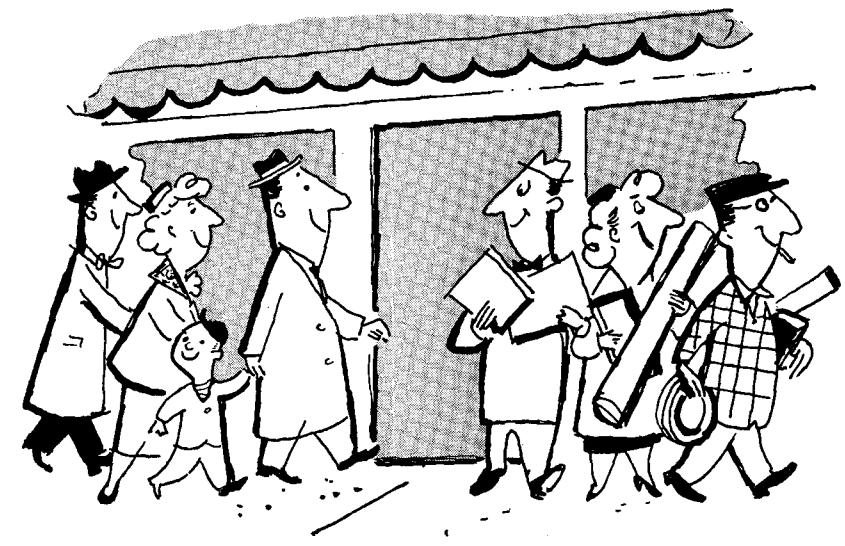

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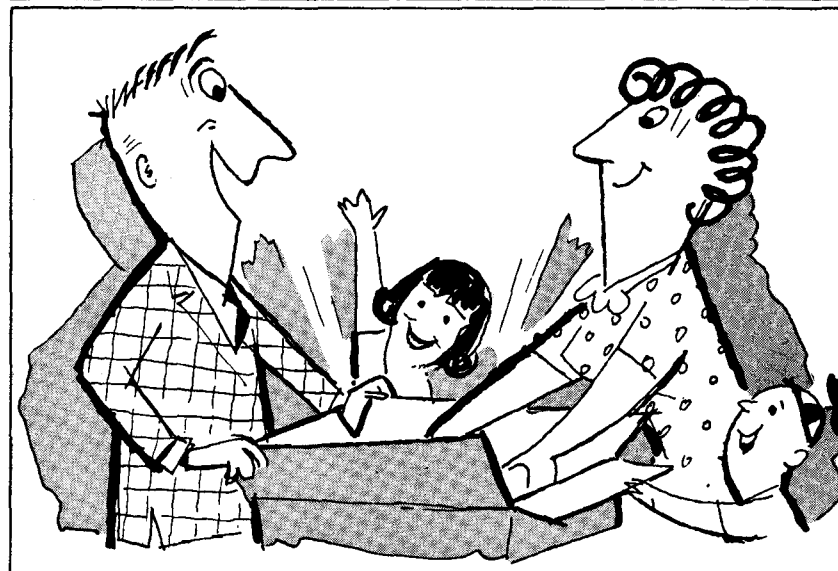

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"Why did you say nothing of the self-defense angle when you were questioned before?"

"I wasn't questioned much."

"It was just taken for granted because of one gun being used by both men that Johnson had done all the shooting."

"I guess so."

"If you had been questioned carefully by a proper authority, would you have told of the self-defense motive?"

"Don't think so."

"Why?"

"Because I didn't like Johnson—nobody on the crew did." Omstead hesitated. "Also, later I was told to keep my mouth shut."

"What did you do after you quit the Rankin ranch?"

"Went to Kansas City."

"What for?"

"To work for Hurd Patchem."

"That is all," said Turner.

Black declined to question the witness. Omstead left the stand, and Turner addressed the court. "If your honor please, we see now that Amelia Rankin's act in keeping Johnson on her ranch was really a shield to an innocent man. Not that she knew. But if she had given Johnson into the hands of men who called themselves the Old Law Mob on the morning after the shooting, Johnson would have been hanged."

Black got to his feet excitedly. "Why, this is an outrageous whitewashing statement, purely in the interest of Mrs. Rankin."

Hurd and the two Bannermans were trying to silence Black, but he went on. "The witness Omstead admits irresponsibility as to both character and testimony. How do we know he's not lying now? Self-defense is the oldest loophole to dodge a murder charge."

Hurd and the Bannermans almost forced Black back into his chair as Johnson leaped up and demanded to be heard.

"Do you wish to make a statement, Mr. Johnson?" Mead asked pleasantly.

"Yes, sir."

"You can make it from there."

"Just want to say the way he told it is the way it happened. My friends"—his sarcasm was heavy—"tryin' to sell me out."

The court was high with excitement, and Mead pounded the gavel.

"That will suffice, Mr. Johnson. I have no desire to repeat the performance of two days ago. All this, I think, has gone far enough. The defendant, Johnson, is not on trial for murder here. I have tried to make that clear before. The facts are plain. Mrs. Rankin's rivals in the cattle trade got Johnson on her payroll to spy for them. But then Johnson killed a man—something they hadn't foreseen. Johnson asked for help out of his scrape. Mrs. Rankin's hands—some of them—carried the messages. But Mrs. Rankin's competitors were not interested in his self-defense statement, because they wanted no trial which would link them to Johnson and the act for which he stands accused. It is incredible, but they waited, hoping that lynch law would exterminate Johnson and cover their tracks. . . . Will Mr. Patchem take the stand?"

Amelia saw the dread in Hurd's face. As he took the stand she realized he was sick, as she had been told he was. His upraised hand trembled as he took the oath.

Mead said, "Mr. Patchem, answer the question—yes or no. Did you arrange for Johnson to apply for a job and get on the Rankin payroll?"

Amelia thought Hurd would never answer. Mead in his mildest voice said, as he had before, "Let the witness recall he is under oath."

The word finally came out—"Yes"—and Hurd stepped down at Mead's nod. The room was quiet. Red Johnson grinned, looked at Amelia and looked away.

She began to hear the ticking of a clock. She looked at the clock on the wall opposite Mead. At the same time she saw others in the room look for the clock and find it. Mead drank from a glass of water and seemed to brace himself; the change in his attitude was reflected by the people in the pews and chairs.

"How far is Newton County from here? Anybody know?"

There were a half a dozen faltering answers, and not one came within miles of another. People began to laugh.

"Well, no matter. Some of you ought to ride over there. There's a man by the name of Howie Duke in that section—farmer—who has his hills plowed in shelves. Terracing, I think they call it. He began the operation in 1882. He's trying to hold on to his land. You can find the same thing in Europe." He paused. "I hope you cattlemen know about the new Brahman stock they're experimenting with down near Houston on the gulf plains. There's a new phrase being passed around

... ...

The Silent One

By Robert Fitch

You say you cannot live
without
My kiss, my love, my touch;
I do not speak and yet, my
dear,
I worship you as much.

You count your feelings by
the stars,
I count mine by the sun;
So go and die your thousand
deaths
While I die but my one.

... ...

in the North: 'the country's natural resources.' We saw the buffalo go ——"

Mead drank from his water glass again. Amelia felt herself growing tense.

"This is censure and reproof for this neighborhood. Civilized people do not carry on this way. People talk of peace on the range country, but there is none. Peace must be enforced, and it appears the Government will have to enforce it. Mrs. Rankin is charged with fomenting disorder and lawlessness, and with a land conspiracy against commerce. I don't believe it. She owns an enormous amount of land, and the rightness or wrongness of this is perhaps debatable; but the fact remains that she owns it. She saw the influx of farmers and would-be homesteaders into the region, and I suspect that as a woman she sympathized with their difficulties. She sold them land when they had money to buy and gave when they had none. She asked their help in planting crops to improve the soil. She also gave land to her employees, not only for faithful service but because she believes land should serve its special purpose—that land good for corn should grow corn, land good for cotton should grow cotton, and that all the land needs cherishing.

"I have the feeling she is right about all this, besides the fact that I am convinced of her sincerity in trying to ease the pressure of range bitterness by giving land to land-starved people. Mrs. Rankin has apparently been conducting a private homesteading operation in competition with the Federal Government; but there is nothing reprehensible about that, because the Government is not in business. In judging her general sincerity I have been influenced largely by the twenty-seven depositions, some of them by her ranch hands, showing that five months ago her cowmen disarmed themselves under protest at her order, in her effort to keep the peace. It didn't work. I have a strong suspicion that Mrs. Rankin is a little ahead of her time. She is a civilizing influence in a preternaturally lawless community and is resented as such.

"In the last two days I have traveled over the land out there and I must say Mrs. Rankin seems to be trying to improve things. I saw lumber for a church she plans, and farms of flax, corn and wheat in her acreage that give more promise than I had expected in places we have come to think of as grazing land. She is experimenting with growing things. If she wants to do this, there is no law against it. And if she wants to give away her land for this or other purposes, it is her land, and she has the right to do it.

"A fine of fifty thousand dollars is imposed on Mrs. Rankin because her hands fired on soldiers. This offense against the United States cannot be tolerated. However, because I have examined the divided responsibility for this action, I have requested that the office of the United States Attorney General deputize a special commissioner to make an investigation and allocate the fine among all property owners whose employees participated in the violent hours that preceded the action. Mrs. Rankin is free to return home. The hearing is adjourned."

They passed down the crowded hall. Tom held tightly to her arm. She nodded and smiled as people grabbed her hand and shook it, hardly recognizing them, not hearing anything they said. She recalled later shaking hands with Tom's partner, and with Shep Conklin, Old Man Enright, Jorgenson, Tuthill and a few other farmers and small ranchers. Across the street in front of Tom's office she could see Snow talking to a group of her hands. Apparently he was explaining the decision to them.

In her room she took off the veil and small hat she had worn that day and put them on one of the marble-top tables. Tom sat down with his long legs out, and she saw that he was dog-tired.

"What do you think?"

He smiled briefly. "Couldn't be better."

As the silence drew out, she said, "Something on your mind, Tom?"

"Yes." He crossed his legs, examining a boot toe. "I've just seen a good judge in action. He taught me a lot, Amelia. No shilly-shallying. No nonsense. You know, the way his mind works—little like Henry's."

"I thought of that."

"Did you now?" He seemed delighted.

She nodded and he walked to the window and stood with his back to her. "Also, Amelia—he was a little like you." He turned quickly. "I've got to go downstairs a minute—see if I can catch my partner. I saw him in the lobby. Right back."

He went to the door. "Amelia, you've done something with all this, whether you know it or not." He hesitated. "Something important."

While he was gone she walked to the window, thinking about what he had said, and saw Mary crossing the street to the hotel. The question again rose in her mind, would Mary and Lester now go to the Patchem ranch to be with Hurd? How could they under the circumstances? She waited for Mary, but Tom was preceding her, for she heard his steps in the hall. His steps were slower. When he came in there was something new in his face. He told her Hurd had just had a stroke on the street in front of Backus's.

During the next weeks Tom shuttled back and forth between the ranch and town. Amelia's arm and its slow healing had become his chief concern, and he worried more about it than she did. He seemed relieved when Tuckerman said she was in the clear and let her shed the bandage.

He was away when one of the Patchem hands brought her the latest of half a dozen notes from Lester, with a postscript by Mary. When he came back that night in time for supper, she showed him the note. He read and reread it and became so thoughtful that she wondered if events had taken some new turn that he was keeping from her.

She wandered to the window and looked at the familiar yard and beyond, where Lambert was fussing as usual about the slowly rising walls of the church. All the joists were up, and a side and a half of the raw walls were finished.

She turned to Tom to meet his eyes. He shook his head with a wry smile. "Can't imagine what Hurd wants to see us about."

"I think we ought to go for the sake of the children."

Turner rubbed his chin. "Repentance?"

"Oh, he'd never feel that."

"But I can remember," said Tom, "before Hurd started drinking, he had a big side to him."

"He was a vastly different man when Grace was alive."

"How about Henry Rankin?"

"Yes," she said, "I think Henry kept him in line a little."

"A lot—if you ask me. But then both of them died, and whisky did the rest."

Amelia hadn't seen the Patchem place for almost three years since Hurd had worked on the improvements, and her breath was fair taken away by what he had put into being. The place, once a painted box on the plains, had become the rambling, California style that she and Henry had coveted.

They drove under the wide gate with the name PATCHEM spelled above it in fir stems with the bark still on, in the style called rustic. Mary came to the steps to meet them, with Lester at her shoulder. Amelia saw she was happy, and the house was the first thing she spoke about.

"It is beautiful, isn't it, mother?"

"A dream." Amelia could see Tom was impressed too.

"But wait till you see the stone porch he has. In the East they call them terraces."

"So I've heard."

They were brought coffee by the Chinese cook in the living room, where Amelia found the trophy heads as oppressive as the ones at home. They talked there almost in whispers as Amelia admired the new Navajo rug.

Lester grinned. "You're just looking at that to keep your eyes off the walls."

Tom said to Lester, "You know Amelia, don't you?"

"Lester," said Amelia, "just one thing. How did he act when you and Mary told him you were married?"

"He didn't say a word. But he seemed—how would you say ——"

Lester turned to Mary. "Resigned. We'd better go out there. He may know you're here and he'll get impatient."

"Just one thing I want to warn you about," said Lester. "It's hard talking to him. You'll have to be patient. He'll say something and then seem to sleep for a little, and then he'll start again. He gets tired easily, of course."

They trailed out to the terrace. Hurd was sitting on a patent chair with a folding footrest. His shoulders, even in the warmth, were shawled. Nervously he kept saying, "I'm glad to see you."

Amelia watched Tom's face and saw that he was as shocked as she was at the

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way Hurd looked. His frame had wasted, and his crossed hands on the blanket were like a bird's claws. His face had shrunk and he had his upper teeth out, so that the continual pursing of his mouth and clamping of his jaw tight against the raw gums gave him the appearance of a much older man. From the time he first greeted them his eyes seldom went back to look at them. When they did they passed over the others briefly and came to rest on Amelia; and she kept thinking, *He's remembering when Grace was alive and we were friends.*

Hurd's hand began fumbling in the inside pocket of his coat and then he looked at Lester, and Lester came and drew out the envelope. Hurd nodded at Lester, who went to Tom and handed it to him; Tom nodded and put it away, and Hurd seemed satisfied.

The sick cattleman said nothing for a long time. But then he began to talk, and Amelia thought she knew why they were there.

"Well, Melly, you licked me." He wet his lips, and his mind faltered a little. "Wanted to give that check to Tom. He was trying to get it. Made it tough for himself. I have nothin' to hide."

He looked at her quickly, and she saw his tough spirit in the light that came to his eyes. The magnificent head with its uncut hair turned. She saw he was gathering strength for the next words. "Glad you came over, the kids being like they are. Shows you have sand and tolerance." His eyes looked at her again. "You have as much sand as I have, Melly. I take my hat off to you. By gum, I'll give you that. Yes, sir." He seemed to mean it.

He stopped and again there was the effort that tired her to watch. He spoke then of irrelevant things in a low voice, almost like babbling, so that she had to lean very close to him, saying, "Yes, Hurd—yes," trying to help him. She suddenly looked at the others and she found them all watching her intently, as if in awe at the old sympathy that had sprung up between Hurd and her for the moment—something she could not explain, but it was there.

She waited. Hurd closed his eyes and seemed to sleep; presently he opened them and throughout what must have seemed a long speech to him, his eyes kept moving from her to the cattle, and then back again. Whenever his eyes met hers she saw the old hostile glare in them, the flash and spark she was familiar with. It was there in the eyes, under the film of fatigue.

"Be a damn fool to ask you to forgive me. You couldn't, any more than I could forgive you. Or apologize. Anything like that would be ——" He stopped and sought for a word.

Amelia helped him. "Silly."

"That's right." He grinned. "I just wanted to let you know that none of this has changed my mind. Not a damn bit. Get those damn nesters off your place, Melly, or they'll be the ruination of you. Take my advice. Don't have any truck with them. Never saw a damn nester in my life that didn't turn into a cow thief. All alike."

She saw he was having difficulty talking and she wanted to tell him to rest. But he got out the last words.

"Get 'em out, Melly. Root 'em out. They'll ruin you. Can't mix up the cows and the plows—the cows and the plows." He seemed to like the phrase and kept repeating it. She had to lean very near him now to hear anything. His eyes were closed and his lips moved, but no sound came. They waited a long time to hear him talk again. Then she saw he was sleeping.

Lester got up and took Hurd's wrist and felt his pulse. He smiled at Tom, who had left his chair. "Strong. Feel for yourself."

Tom took the wrist and held it, looking at the steers on the plains. He shook his head. "He's tough. He may last a long time."

"But I think we ought to let him sleep now," said Mary.

"Yes," said Amelia and they moved quietly into the house.

Mary had some sandwiches ready and they had these and coffee. The children talked to them while they ate. Amelia thought Mary looked well, and Lester seemed already the settled, solid husband. Amelia was shown the upstairs rooms by Mary, and they got settled in Tom's rig an hour before dark.

"He may come around. I honestly hope so," said Tom, picking up the reins.

"There's a very good chance." Lester nodded.

"He's tough."

"Yes."

"Good-by, son."

A little beyond the gate, Tom stopped to use the new cigar cutter she'd given him.

Now that they knew the altered house and grounds better, they could look back and pick out the details from a distance. They could see the terrace plainly, shaded by magnolias on the west, and even see Hurd asleep under his shawl and blanket. They could see the wind lifting a strand of his hair.

"There he is."

"Yes," said Tom.

They drove on, but after the second mile, Turner stopped the team and showed her the envelope. He took out a canceled check and handed it to her.

She looked at it as they jogged ahead. The check was for a thousand dollars, signed by Hurd and made over to Johnny Blaine.

"Hurd decided to pose as a friend of the farmers, just to be sure you didn't get too strong with them. That made it easy for Blaine to get a piece of money from Hurd, presumably to finance the farmers' protective league he was trying to form. Hurd knows deep down he'll never keep more farmers out of Texas; all that talk of his is hogwash. Just the same, Blaine made a sucker out of Hurd."

"I see."

"A hundred—or maybe two—of the check was paid by Blaine to the man who shot Willy."

Amelia closed her eyes. "Are you sure?"

"No doubt about it. I had a witness ready to testify about it before Mead. But it wasn't necessary."

"You think Hurd knows?"

"Well," said Tom, with something like petulance, "I don't intend to ask him. Possibly we'll never know."

The team settled to a dogged pace that ate the miles.

"What a fool I was," she said of a sudden, "trying to soothe Elizabeth with coffin flowers and such. We killed your man, here are flowers for his grave. Must have been crazy."

Tom cleared his throat. "It was an event calculated to make people fools. Her man—that you befriended—shot on land she was sharing. Never heard a thing more complicated. But try to think the good thoughts, Amelia. Not the ones that chill you. Take Willy. In a way he died for the land. Like the poor old man down by Wichita we tried to get out in the flood. He said, 'This land is mine and I intend to stay here and keep care of it.' Lot of people have died for the land. It's a big country down here, part of a bigger one up there, water to water."

In the dark they stopped at Pan Rock, and she got out to feel the thick soil under her feet. "I just wanted to be sure it's still here."

"I understand, Amelia."

She walked to the ridge and could see the red of Tom's cigar below. The low, oppressive clouds to the north seemed to make the near sky brighter and the stars closer, wreathed around the crescent moon of early March. Before her she imagined she could see dark, high-shouldered ghosts of the buffalo moving through lush grass, as she had seen them only once—a remnant—in broad day.

She got back in the seat with Tom, and they started again. She put her head on his shoulder. Tom was right about the right kind of thoughts. They warmed her, and so she continued to think of Tom's cool judgment, of Albright's loyalty, of Snow's competence, and even of the quiet humor of Willy, who, as Tom said, had died for the land. She thought of the others, Howard and Vic. Henry, too, she thought. And suddenly it rose up in her—stronger than ever before—her loyal passion for the land of Texas that flowed under their wheels, its magnificent vastness, sun-scorched, rain-beaten, fruitful and dry by turns, with hills rolling always hopefully and eventfully toward the sun. Part was her land by law, but also it was hers by something deeper than deed ownership; so that if she lost it all—as she knew she well might—it would still be hers, as sure as she could smell it and feel its presence in the dark. It was her land, something eternally serviceable, dependable and strong, the long land, the land of home.

Mad Dog (Continued from Page 29)

in the offing and dirt and papers blew along the street in restless swirls. Here and there in the yellow-brick apartments, windows were open. Housewives and a child or two leaned out to watch the men.

"A white dog, probably with spots on its face. Must be a thousand in the city that fit that description," Bernie said.

"Sure." Mitchell looked tired. "There's one thing a little different about this one, though."

"Yeah?"

"A woman over on Maple," the detective motioned toward his left, "called in about a little white dog earlier this morning. Said some kids were chasing it with sticks."

"That's kids for you. Then they yell bloody murder when the dog finally turns on them."

"The woman wasn't worried about the kids. It was the dog. She saw it before the kids found it. It seemed sick, she said. Kept pawing at its mouth. Frothing some too."

Their eyes met. The fear was always there, lurking in the background.

"What's the incubation period, Paul?" Bernie asked.

Mitchell shrugged. "Who knows exactly? In dogs, it shows up in a couple of weeks, I guess. That's the quarantine period. If the dog's missing, our health department recommends waiting not longer than a week before starting the Pasteur treatments. With face wounds, earlier."

"They're no fun, I hear."

"That's for sure. About fourteen jabs. A lot of people who've had to take the shots say they'd take a chance next time." The detective opened the door of his car. "Well, I'd better start ringing doorbells over on Maple Street."

Bernie glanced at his watch. "I've got some time. I'll drive around a bit. Good luck."

Mitchell dropped into the seat of his car and nodded toward the apartment building they'd just left. "It's the kid in there who needs the luck," he said.

Bernie watched him drive off, then slid into his own car and started the engine. He draped his arms over the wheel for a moment and stared down the dreary street. The only thing on the police blotter that had looked interesting was this, and besides, a kid and a dog were usually a good combination for a news item. Even a switch like this was better than a run of drunks and wife beaters and shoplifters. He glanced up at the apartment again and then eased away from the curb.

A sick dog, he thought. Where would a sick dog, chased by kids with sticks, run to?

He was an old man, how old he never told because there was no one to talk to any more. He lived in the cottage within the weathered fence on which more than a generation of kids had scrawled their rude comments. The inside of the fence he'd painted white, like the cottage, but the outside he'd left to the mercies of the neighborhood. Fathers, plodding wearily homeward, might find under the rude scribblings of their children their own faded remarks about Old Man Cornmiller.

If he was old to them then, he was ancient now. White-headed, lean and stooped, with a gaunt, hard face, Elias Cornmiller had locked the front gate of his house, both literally and figuratively, on that afternoon thirty-two years before when a local bootlegger had run down and killed his wife as she stepped off the curb in front of the house. The fact that she had spoken to the cop on the beat as she left the curb did not shake the officer's testimony that he saw neither the car nor the driver. The busy neighborhood, with its score of witnesses, was equally unproductive. Elias Cornmiller, nursing his bitterness, watched the parade of perjurers through the coroner's box and then withdrew, tight-lipped, from both the room and society.

He came and went by a small gate in the alley. From time to time boys kicked it in or threw rubbish over the fences, but weeks sometimes went by when he had no rubbish to clean up or repairs to make. He lived alone in silence, gardening, cooking and cleaning—and reading. There were shelves of the classics throughout the small house, and during the winter and fall months, when darkness fell early, he could shuffle to and from the branch library with little risk of juvenile harassment.

It had been almost a month since the gate had last been broken in, and even now it was only sprung loose from the bottom hinge. The old man got his box of tools and started down the flower-edged path. It was then that he saw the dog, lying in the bed of violets, head tucked into the angle of the fence corner, panting hard.

He put the tools down on the graveled path and stepped carefully through the marigolds. (*Continued on Page 48*)

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(*Continued from Page 45*) "Get out of here, dog!" he barked. "Go on—get out!"

The dog didn't move. The old man took a step nearer and paused again. "Go on, get out of here!"

The panting stopped and the dog lay still, flattening a little into the soft green leaves.

"Come on, dog! Come on out of there!"

He bent forward and the dog turned its head quickly, baring its teeth. There was a hot, veiled look in the brown eyes and a smear of blood showed, as if from a bruise, at the edge of black spot on the otherwise white head.

Elias Cornmiller straightened up. His eyes went to the sprung gate and then back to the grimy white dog.

"After you, too, were they?" he said. He paused a long moment, thinking, and then turned away and went back to the path. He picked up his tools and went on to the battered gate.

This was a familiar chore and he performed it briskly. He replaced the bent strap hinge with another, used a larger set of screws and then tightened all the others. He checked the lock and then turned back to the dog.

It hadn't moved. He considered it as it lay there panting, and then, frowning, shuffled back up to the house. He turned again at the steps, then went inside and a moment later came back with a small pan of water.

He moved slowly among the flowers and placed the pan near the dog at the edge of the violet bed. "Just for now," he said. "When it gets dark, you got to get out."

The dog had stopped panting at his approach, but didn't turn its head, even when he put the pan down. He went back into the cottage.

From time to time, as the afternoon drew on and the overcast became thicker, the old man stepped out to look at the dog. As far as he could tell, it hadn't moved or touched the water. The last time he thought it wasn't panting as hard.

"You feeling better?" he asked. It seemed strange to have something to talk to here among the flowers. "No collar. Thin as a rail. You got a home, dog?"

He felt something on his head and looked up just as a raindrop splattered on his glasses, another on his nose.

"You come on now, dog," he said. "You get on home or you'll get wet, lying there like that."

The dog only flattened itself lower in the violets as the raindrops fell more quickly. The old man turned back to the house, pulled on his raincoat and found an umbrella, which he opened as he went down the path. He moved slowly toward the dog and placed the umbrella so it gave the animal some shelter. The dog turned its head quickly as the shadow fell over it, flecks of foam on its half-raised lips.

"You're either too sick to care," the old man rasped, "or else you're a mighty stubborn critter."

The rain fell lightly all afternoon. Usually he found it easy to sit in his big leather chair and doze over a book on a day like this, but now he was restless. He kept thinking about the dog out there in the rain. Finally as the early dusk set in he put on his raincoat again, and with an old blanket went outside. The drizzle was steady and there were tiny beads of moisture on the dog's grimy flanks.

"See here, dog," he said sternly, "you're crazy to be lying here like this. You so bad hurt you can't move, or have you just lost heart?"

The dog made a feeble motion toward its mouth with one paw and then dropped its head again.

"Aw—you're making me mighty nervous, dog—and look what you've done to my violets!" The old man squatted down on his lean flanks, and the animal watched him with sudden wariness. "Now look, dog, you haven't touched the water. How about it? Want a drink?" He held the pan toward the animal, and it turned its head away quickly. "Come on. It's good water, same as I drink."

He waited a moment, then put the pan down. The dog slowly turned back to watch him. The old man scratched the back of his weathered neck and snorted softly.

"Doggone it, dog! You got me unhappy in the house, and I'm sure not going to squat out here in the rain with you. You're coming inside."

He spread the blanket alongside the tensed animal and then gently slid his long, bony fingers under the thin body. The lips curled back a moment, but in that moment he had moved the dog onto the blanket and lowered it gently. The dog struggled faintly to get up, then sank back again. The old man gathered the four corners of the blanket, making a sling.

"That wasn't so bad, huh?" He rose and carried his burden up to the house, placing the dog in a corner near the stove. He went back, got the pan and the umbrella and returned to the house, locking the kitchen door.

"Now, sir," he said, "we're all snug and tight here with not a thing to worry about." He hung up his raincoat, refilled the pan with fresh water and placed it beside the dog.

"You know, dog," he said companionably, "it's just about time we got to thinking about a little supper. I've got some chops here, but maybe you aren't up to chops. How about a little milk toast? There's nothing easier on an upset stomach than milk toast, and that's just what I'm going to fix for you. Right now."

But the dog turned its head away from the milk toast too. The man left the saucer.

"Well, I'll leave it, anyway. Maybe a little later you'll try it, huh?" He raised his head, listening to the sudden drumming of rain on the roof. "You hear that, dog? How'd you like to be out there, now? Wetter'n a drowned rat, that's what you'd be. Yes, siree!"

He puttered briskly around the tiny kitchen, preparing his own meal. While the chops fried and the potato boiled and the onions stewed, the old man kept up a running monologue. The dog lay on its side now, drowsily watching his movements with one eye. It half raised its head once at the ominous roll of thunder.

The old man paused in his eating and nodded. "Yes, sir, this is going to be a humdinger of a night. But we don't care, do we, dog? Snug as bugs we are here. You know what I'm going to do? I'm going to save these chop bones. Maybe tomorrow you'll feel like something a little more solid. You go right ahead now and snooze and let your stomach settle, and the first thing you know you'll be fit as a fiddle again."

He carried his dishes to the sink and scrubbed them, carefully putting aside the bones. "I had a lot of dogs when I was young, and they used to get sick once in a while, too," he said, reassuringly. "It's nothing to worry about. You just stay quiet and let old Mother Nature take over. That's the thing to do." He chuckled as he dried his plate.

He checked the dog from time to time during the evening, and when he went to bed he bent over closely. "Asleep?" he asked softly. A brown eye looked up at him. "No? Well, I'm going to leave a light on in the hall, dog, so if you wake up in the night and forget where you are, you won't get scared." He straightened up. "You're going to be just fine in the morning, so don't you worry."

He made two or three trips out to the kitchen during the night. The dog was awake each time, but didn't lift its head. Apparently it had touched neither the water nor the milk toast. "You'll be better in the morning," the old man repeated.

But the dog wasn't. The old man squatted beside the white form, frowning. "Not so good, huh?" He put his hand on the heaving flanks and felt the rapid heart beat. The animal half lifted its head, then sank back again. "Well, look, dog, you can't get well if you don't eat or drink a little something. Not even water. Thing like that'll bring your fever up."

He rubbed his chin, watching the dog's rate of breathing. That, too, was visibly up from last night.

"You got any broken bones, dog?" he asked. "Those kids bust you up some?"

He reached out and gently began to prod the small body. The dog lay uncomplaining as his hands moved over the legs and rib cage and even the tail. When he was through the old man rocked back on his haunches and scratched his neck thoughtfully.

"Beats me. Bones O.K. No cough. Distemper's about all I can remember a dog having." He cocked his white head. "I better get us a book from the library."

He took away the stale milk toast and changed the water in the pan. While he boiled his coffee and fixed breakfast, he considered the problem. It was hard these days to keep his mind right on a subject. He'd noticed it before, but hadn't admitted it to himself because it didn't make much difference. But now, when he wanted to think the thing out, he was exasperated to find his mind wandering every which way.

"Dog," he finally said helplessly, "you could have picked a lot better place to hide, but here you are and I'll see what I can do."

"That should eliminate Buchwald."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

He was surprised to find that the pretty young woman who often helped him at night also served in daylight hours. She came over to him as he peered at the dimly lighted shelves.

"Why, Mr. Cornmiller—good morning! Is there something I can help you find?"

"Dog books," he said. "Books about sickness in dogs. Ought to be along these shelves someplace."

"These are mostly just pet stories. We've got a Veterinary's Manual—that's what you want probably. It's over here." She led the way down the aisle. "I didn't know you had a dog."

"Not mine," he said.

She found the book. "I don't know if it'll help you any."

He opened the thick volume and peered at the small type. "Better take this home to my reading glass," he said. He handed it back to her. "You check it out, please?"

There was a car in the alley and a man knocking at the gate when he turned the corner. Elias Cornmiller scowled when he saw the license and peered sharply at the man from beneath his shaggy white brows.

"You looking for something?" he demanded.

"I'm from the police department." Paul Mitchell smiled. "We're looking for a dog. A small white dog. Some kids said it was in this alley yesterday. Have you seen it?"

The old man unlocked the gate and stepped inside. "Good job for you perjurers—chasing dogs. Let the hoodlums and the juvenile delinquents run loose; let 'em kick in my fence and break my windows and throw garbage on my flowers, but hunt down all the dogs. That's what we pay taxes for—dog catchers." He tried to slam shut the gate, but Mitchell's foot was in it.

"You didn't answer my question."

The old man glared balefully up at the detective. "You're trespassing," he snapped. "Get yourself a search warrant if you want to come trespassing. Now, take that big flat foot out of there before I plant this iron bar in it!"

He picked up a wrecking bar resting against the fence, but the detective withdrew his foot. The gate was slammed shut and locked.

The dog hadn't moved in the time he'd been gone. It lay on its side, panting heavily. From time to time it made a feeble motion with its front paw toward its mouth, but that was all.

"Don't you worry, now," the old man said, patting the thick volume. "I've got the book right here."

He got the big reading glass he sometimes found it necessary to use when the print was very small, pulled a chair up to the kitchen table and read aloud the table of contents. All the diseases of the universe seemed to be covered.

"Dog," he said, "it looks like you're lucky even to be alive!" He shook his head bewilderedly; then brightened. "Symptoms. Now, we're getting somewhere." He perused a long list. "'Loss of appetite.' That you got, all right. Here! 'Difficulty in swallowing.' That's the one. Now, we're going to find out what's wrong with you."

He thumbed through the pages and read for a moment. "Inflamed throat." He peered down at the little dog. "You got a inflamed throat, dog?" He pushed aside the book and stood up. "Just let me get my flashlight and we'll take a good look, huh?"

Bernie Hill finished phoning in the details on a store fire. "Anything there for me, Ed?" he asked the rewrite man.

"Yeah. A woman at the branch library on Chestnut called in about your missing-dog story. Maybe got a lead for you."

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"O.K. I'll check it out." Bernie hung up and looked across the room to where Sgt. Paul Mitchell stood before a wall map. "Paul. Have you got anything on that dog, yet?"

Mitchell turned around and pushed his hat up from his forehead with one long finger. "Pouf! Into thin air. A hundred people saw it until that kid got bitten, then nobody."

"Well, I may have something." Bernie relayed the rewrite man's information. "I'll run out there now."

Mitchell headed for the door. "You wanta ride with me?"

Bernie grinned. "I get mileage, remember?"

The reporter got out of his car and waited for the sergeant to park behind him. The weathered fence was gouged and battered, splattered with daubs of paint. Papers, broken bottles and rusty cans littered the base, and the whole atmosphere was one of neglect and abuse. Bernie looked at the narrow flush gate and then at Mitchell.

"How do you get in?"

"Knock until he comes, I guess. He takes a dim view of cops." Mitchell gave a brief rundown on his previous visit and on the long-ago past. "Got a long memory, the old man has. Can't say I blame him. Used to make a lot of complaints—letters to the mayor, the papers and the commissioner, but lately I guess he just takes care of his own." He began a steady pounding on the gate. "High fence like this," he went on, "we'll be lucky if he doesn't dump a bucket of water on us, thinking we're kids."

There was no immediate answer to the pounding. Bernie got into his car and moved it nearer the fence, then stood up on the front bumper. He could just see over the top of the fence. The yard was a surprise, almost tailored in its neatness. He looked down at Mitchell.

"You seen inside here?"

"Just a peek the other day. Lot of flowers."

"Why, man, this is a garden! He's killed himself laying it out. No wonder he gets sore when he finds broken bottles and dead cats in it."

He broke off. The back door had jerked open and the old man stood there, a stout cane in his hand.

"Quit pounding on that fence!" It was a harsh voice, thin with age. The old man came on down the steps and along the path, lifting his cane fiercely as he neared. "Go on, you, get off that fence!"

Bernie smiled. "Mr. Cornmiller, I'm a newspaperman. From the *Globe-News*. I'd like to talk to you."

The old man stopped. His eyes narrowed under the fierce brows, but he lowered the cane a little. "About what?"

"If you'll open the gate."

"I can hear you from here. What do you want to talk about?"

"About a dog. About a little white dog."

The old man turned away. "I don't own a dog."

"Maybe not," Bernie said quietly, "but you've got one here. It's sick. Maybe it's very sick, Mr. Cornmiller. Maybe it's got rabies."

The old man turned back and snorted. "Rabies! Shows what you know about dogs!"

"It bit a little boy, Mr. Cornmiller. If the dog isn't found and tested for rabies, the boy'll have to undergo a very painful treatment. If it has rabies, and the boy doesn't take the treatment, he'll die."

"Kids like to killed the poor thing!"

"I know. They were chasing it, but still the dog's got to be tested. May we come in?"

"Who's 'we'?" the old man demanded.

Bernie nodded down. "Sergeant Mitchell is with me."

"No-good cop!"

"There's good and bad of everything, Mr. Cornmiller. Mitchell's one of the good ones. Will you open the gate?"

The old man hesitated, then slowly felt in his pocket for the key as he shuffled toward the gate. "Bust it in if I don't, I suppose."

Bernie climbed down and stepped inside the fence when the gate swung open. Paul Mitchell paused in the alley.

"I haven't got a search warrant, Mr. Cornmiller. May I come in?"

The old man grunted. "Anybody polite enough to ask can come in here anytime." He turned around and led them toward the house. "Rabies! Witch-hunters, that's what you are."

He paused at the back steps. "Wipe your feet," he growled and then opened the door into the kitchen.

The dog lay on the blanket in the corner, a half empty tin of meat before it, and as they filed into the room, it lifted its dripping muzzle from the pan of water. The tip of the dirty white tail thumped a little as the old man squatted down beside it, and the pink tongue ran out to caress the bony hand that slipped gently along the muzzle. Elias Cornmiller picked up a small, white object and held it up toward the two men.

"Rabies! There's your rabies! Poor little fellow had a piece of bone caught sideways, way back in the roof of his mouth! Couldn't eat, couldn't drink—starving to death and dying of thirst and those kids chasing him with sticks!"

Mitchell bent down and took the bit of polished bone. "Well, I'll be darned," he said. "The poor dog."

The fire suddenly went out of the old man. He stroked the dog's grimy head, looked at Mitchell, then at Bernie Hill and back to the detective again. The thin lips that had been so defiant trembled a little, and the tired blue eyes suddenly glistened.

"He isn't sick, officer. He's just a nice little fellow that nobody took any care of and he likes it here with me. You aren't going to take him away, are you?"

Mitchell straightened up, moved over to the sink and washed his hands under the faucet. He fumbled for his handkerchief, dried his hands carefully and then glanced, almost sheepishly, at Bernie before he turned back to the old man.

"I'm not going to take him away," he said quietly. "He's got to be quarantined for two weeks, though. He's *got* to stay here, Mr. Cornmiller. That's the law. You're responsible."

"Sure. Sure." The old man patted the dog's head softly. "Sure, I'll watch him good." He stood up, looked at the two men and then fumbled for his handkerchief and brushed at his eyes. "Darned old man," he said hoarsely.

"That's no crime, either," Mitchell said gently. He turned to the door. "I'll check in again in a couple of weeks, Mr. Cornmiller."

They stood outside the locked gate. Behind them they could hear the fading footsteps of the old man on the gravel path.

Mitchell drew a long breath. "Well," he said, a little huskily, "you've got yourself a pretty good follow-up feature, Bernie."

Bernie Hill looked off, down the littered, dirty alley.

"You know, I'm a first-class stinker, Paul," he said finally. "I'm not going to write a thing. If that poor dog ever did have an owner, the guy might see the story."

He got into his car and drove away.

THE END

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Forever Voyage (Continued from Page 17)

They sailed that night for the southern isles, a groom with the skin of a tortoise and a bride as lithe as a salamander dancing on the fiery hearth of the afterdeck on August afternoons.

Then, midway in the voyage, a calm fell upon the ship like a great warm breath, an exhalation that collapsed the sails in a mournful yet a peaceful sigh.

Perhaps this sigh wakened him, or perhaps it was Katie, rising up to listen. Not a rat-scurry of rope, not a whisper of canvas, not a rustle of naked feet on the deck. The ship was spelled for certain. It was as if the moon, rising, had said a single silver word—"Peace."

The men, fastened to their stations by the incantation of the word, did not turn when the captain moved out onto the deck with his wife and sensed that Now had become Eternity.

And then, as if she could read the future in the mirror that held the ship fast, she said fervently, "There's never been a finer night, nor two happier people on a better ship. Oh, I wish we could stay here a thousand years; this is perfect, our own world where we make our own laws and live by them. With all this, promise you'll never let me die."

"Never," he said. "Shall I tell you why?"

"Yes, and make me believe it."

He remembered then and told her of a story he had heard once of a woman so lovely the gods were jealous of time and put her to sea and said she might never touch shore again where the earth might burden her with gravity and weaken her with vain encounters, senseless excursions and wild alarms that would cause her death. If she stayed on the water she would live forever and be beautiful. So she sailed many years, passing the island where her lover grew old. Time and again she called to him, demanding that he summon her ashore. But, fearful of her destruction, he refused; and one day she took it on herself to land and run to him. And they had one night together—a night of beauties and wonder—before he found her, when the sun rose, a very old woman, a withered leaf, at his side.

"Did I hear the story once?" he asked. "Or will someone tell it later, and are we part of it? Is that why I've carried you off from the land, so the noise and traffic and millions of people and things can't wear you away?"

But Kate was laughing at him now. She threw her head back and let the sound out, for every man's head turned, every mouth smiled.

"Tom, Tom, remember what I said before we sailed? I'd never touch land again? I must have guessed your reason for running off with me. All right then, I'll stay on board wherever we go, around the world. Then I'll never change, and you won't either, will you?"

"I'll always be forty-eight!" And he laughed, too, glad he had got the darkness out of himself, holding her shoulders and kissing her throat, which was like bending to winter at the heart of August. And that night, in the blazing calm that would last forever, she was a fall of snow in his bed.

"Hanks! Do you remember the calm in August, 'Ninety-seven?" The old man examined his faraway hands. "How long did it last?"

"Nine, ten days, sir."

"No, Hanks. I swear it, we lived nine full years in those days of the calm."

Nine days, nine years. And in the midst of those days and years he had thought, *Oh, Kate, I'm glad I brought you, I'm glad I didn't let the others joke me out of making myself younger by touching you. Love is everywhere, they said, waiting on the docks, underneath the trees, like warm coconuts to be fondled, nuzzled, drunk. But they were wrong. Poor drunken souls, let them wrestle apes in Borneo, melons in Sumatra, what could they build with dancing monkeys and dark rooms? Sailing home, those captains slept with themselves. Themselves! Such sinful company, ten thousand miles! No, Kate, no matter what, there's us!*

And the great deep breathing calm went on at the center of the ocean world, beyond which lay nothing, the dreadnought continents, sunk by time.

But on the ninth day the men themselves let down the boats and sat in them, waiting for orders, and there was nothing for it but to row for a wind, the captain joining his men.

Toward the end of the tenth day an island came slowly up over the horizon. He called to his wife, "Kate, we'll row in for provisions. Will you come along?"

She stared at the island as if she had seen it somewhere long before she was born, and shook her head slowly, no. "Go on! I won't touch land until we're home!"

And looking up at her he knew that she was, by instinct, living the legend he had so lightly spun and told. Like the golden woman in the myth, she sensed some secret evil on a lonely swelter of sand and coral that might diminish or, more, destroy her.

"God bless you, Kate! Three hours!" And he rowed away to the island with his men.

Late in the day they rowed back with five kegs of fresh, sweet water and the boats odorous with warm fruit and flowers.

And waiting for him was Kate, who would not go ashore, who would not, she said, touch ground. She was first to drink the clear cool water.

Brushing her hair, looking out at the unmoved tides that night, she said, "It's almost over. There'll be a change by morning. Oh, Tom, hold me. After its being so warm, it'll be so cold."

In the night he woke. Kate, breathing in the dark, murmured. Her hand fell upon him, white hot. She cried out in her sleep. He felt her wrist and there first heard the rising of the storm.

As he sat by her the ship lifted high on a great slow breast of water, and the spell was broken. The slack canvas shuddered against the sky. Every rope hummed as if a huge hand had passed down the ship as over a silent harp, calling forth fresh sounds of voyaging.

The calm over, one storm began. Another followed. Of the two storms, one ended abruptly—the fever that raged in Kate and burned her to white dust. A great silence moved in her body and then did not move at all.

The sail mender was summoned to dress her for the sea. The motion of his needle flickering in the underwater light of the cabin was like a tropic fish, sharp, thin, infinitely patient, nibbling away at the shroud, skirting the dark, sealing the silence in.

In the final hours of the vast storm above, they brought the white calm from below and let her free in a fall that tore the sea only a moment. Then, without trace, Kate and life were gone.

"Kate, Kate, oh, Kate!"

He could not leave her there, lost to the tidal flows between the Japan Sea and the Golden Gate. Weeping that night, he stormed himself out of the storm. Gripped to the wheel, he circled the ship again and again around that wound that had healed with untimely swiftness. Then he knew a calm that lasted the rest of his days. He never raised his voice or clenched his fist again to any man. And with that pale voice and unclenched fist he turned the ship away at last from the unscarred surface, circled the earth, delivered his goods, then turned his face from the sea for all time.

Leaving his ship to nudge the green-mantled dock, he walked and rode inland fifteen hundred miles. Blindly he bought land and blindly he built, with Hanks, not knowing for a long while what he had bought or built. Only knowing that he had always been too old, and had been young for a short hour with Kate, and now was very old indeed and would never chance such an hour again.

So, in mid-continent, fifteen hundred miles from the sea on the East, fifteen hundred from the hateful sea on the West, he damned the life and the water he had known—remembering not what had been given, but what had been so swiftly taken away.

On this land, then, he walked out and cast forth seed, prepared himself for his first harvest and called himself farmer.

But one night in that first summer of living as far from the sea as any man could get, he was waked by an incredible, a familiar sound. Trembling in his bed, he whispered, "No, no, it can't be. I'm mad! But listen!"

He opened the farmhouse door to look upon the land. He stepped out on the porch, spelled by this thing he had done without knowing it. He held to the porch rail and blinked, wet-eyed, out beyond his house.

There, in the moonlight, hill after slow-rising hill of wheat blew in tidal winds with the motion of waves. An immense Pacific of grain shimmered off beyond seeing, with his house, his now-recognized ship, becalmed in its midst.

He stayed out half that night, striding here, standing there, stunned with the discovery, lost in the deeps of this inland sea. And with the following years, tackle by tackle, timber by timber, the house shaped itself to the size, feel and thrust of ships he had sailed in crueler winds and deeper waters.

"How long, Hanks, since we last saw water?"

"Twenty years, captain."

"No, yesterday morning."

As he came back through the door, his heart pounded. The wall barometer clouded over and flickered with a faint lightning that played along the rims of his eyelids.

"No coffee, Hanks. Just a cup of clear water." Hanks went away and came back. "Hanks? Promise. Bury me where she is."

"But, captain, she's ——" Hanks stopped. He nodded. "Where she is. Yes, sir."

"Good. Now give me the cup."

The water was fresh. It came from the islands beneath the earth. It tasted of sleep.

"One cup. She was right, Hanks, you know. Not to touch land ever again. She was right. But I brought her one cup of water from the land, and the land was in the water that touched her lips. One cup. Oh, if only ——"

He shifted it in his rusted hands. A typhoon swarmed from nowhere, filling the cup. It was a black storm raging in a small place. He raised the cup and drank the typhoon.

"Hanks!" someone cried. But not he. The typhoon, storming, had gone, and him with it. The cup fell empty to the floor.

It was a mild morning. The air was sweet, and the wind steady. Hanks had worked half the night digging and half the morn filling. Now the work was done. The town minister helped and then stood back as Hanks jig-sawed the final squares of sod in place. Piece after piece he fitted neatly and tamped and joined. And on each piece, as Hanks had made certain, was the tall, the golden, the full, rich, ripe-grained wheat, as high as a ten-year-old boy.

Hanks bent and put the last piece to rest.

"No marker?" asked the minister.

"Oh, no, sir, and never will be one."

The minister started to protest; then Hanks took his arm and walked him up the hill a ways. Then he turned and pointed back.

They stood a long moment. The minister nodded at last, smiled quietly and said, "I see. I understand."

For there was just the ocean of wheat going on and on forever, vast tides of it blowing in the wind, moving east and ever east beyond, and not a line or seam or ripple to show where the old man sank from sight.

"It was a sea burial," said the minister.

"It was," said Hanks. "As I promised. It was, indeed."

Then they turned and walked off along the hilly shore, saying nothing again until they reached and entered the creaking house. THE END

"He's real down-to-earth—130,000 acres of it."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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Lonely Tony Perkins (Continued from Page 25)

on playing the awkward, gangling, shy boy forever."

Perkins himself feels this very keenly, and he hopes that *On the Beach* will show him instead as a mature young man. "I think I'm a little sterner, stronger than I was," he says, "a little bit more level-headed, more gathered. Sometimes in a person's development as a public personality strange mutations take place, and a person becomes really different. He can change in appearance, gain or lose weight or marry or be in a television series. But I think I'm still more or less the same person as ever, grown up a little—like the boy in *Friendly Persuasion* or *Look Homeward, Angel*, only he's been to college now and he's a little bit more of a person than he was."

Yet some people who have worked with Tony Perkins feel that he needs to grow up still more before he can do justice to a mature part. Tony himself calls acting "The instantaneous accumulation of past experience. It's pouring boiling water on the instant coffee of what you've already experienced." The question is whether he has yet experienced enough of life to store up the necessary instant coffee.

Perkins has always lived more intensely in a world of his imagination—of books, movies, the theater and games of make-believe—than in the real flesh-and-blood world, chiefly because he has never felt at ease in the intimate give-and-take of close human relationships. "My great problem," he says, "is that I've always felt—and especially since I've become a so-called personality and a celebrity and so forth—that it was all a very exposable myth that I was somebody. I've felt that this was an absurd dishonesty and that if I were close to people, it would be instantly evident and that they would say, 'Well, gee, he's nothing at all. What do we want to see him for?' If I can talk to someone for just five minutes, five vital minutes, I feel I can carry on the myth of being a full person; but any longer and I would be shown up as an empty, worthless nothing."

Tony's feelings of inadequacy became more than he could bear about eighteen months ago during the shooting of *Green Mansions*, in which he starred with Audrey Hepburn. "I'd had a bad day with the picture," he says. "Everything I did was wrong. I couldn't expect them to listen to my suggestions when I was all colorless and shrinking, invisible. I just reached the point where I felt I needed some sort of support on my side of life." In desperation he turned for help to Henry Silva, the picture's villain, and Silva suggested a doctor he knew, an analyst.

"I called from the set," Tony recalls, "and I put all my hopes on the telephone call. I said, 'This is Anthony Perkins; you may have heard of me.' He said, 'No, I never have.' So I thought, *Well, he'll never see me. I'm sunk.* But he said he would see me the following day."

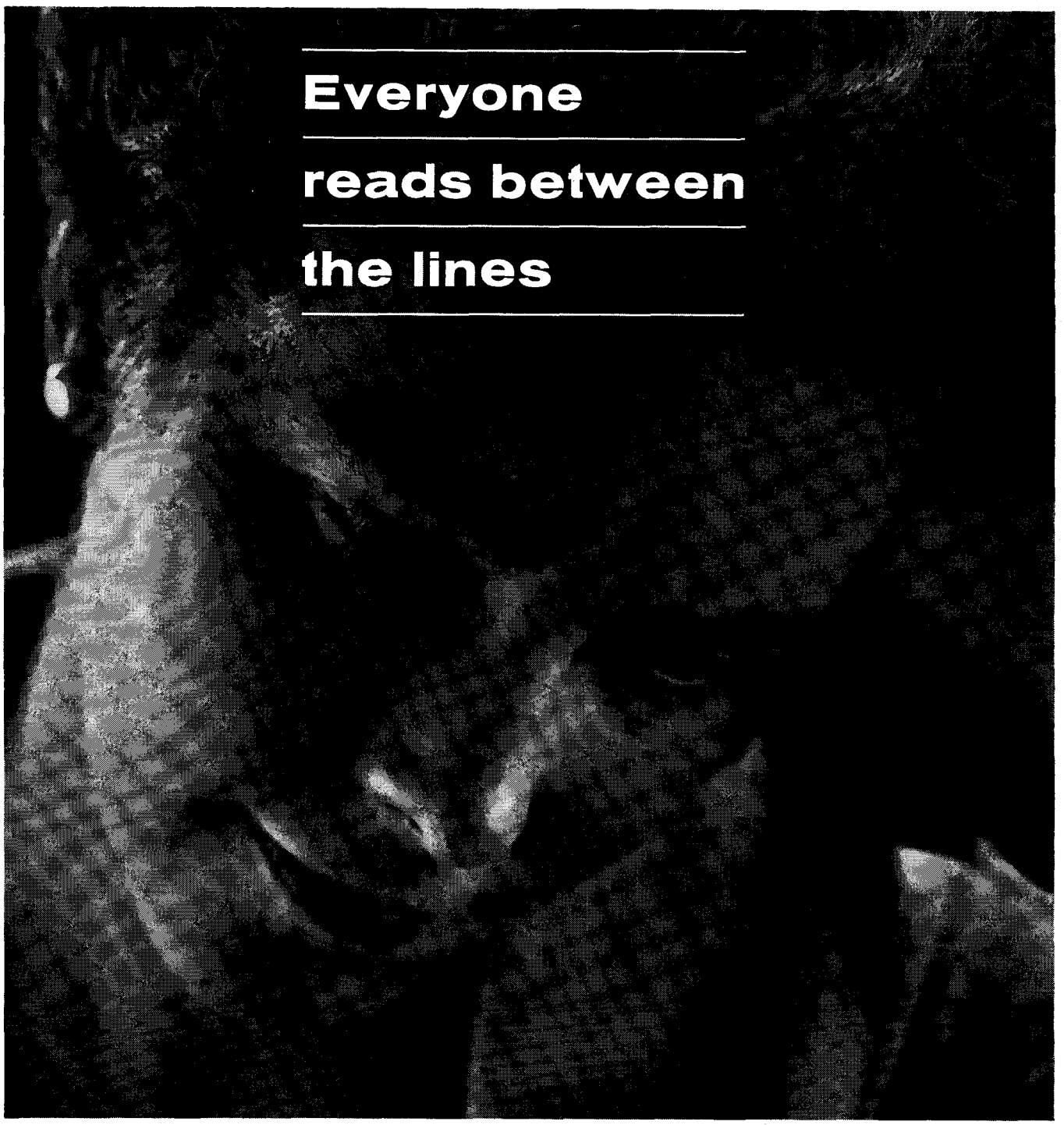
Tony went to the analyst begging, in effect, "Give me a personality." Instead—and much more to the point—the doctor has helped him begin to understand the personality he has. And perhaps the most important thing Tony has come to understand is the part played in his life by his father, Osgood Perkins, one of the fine actors of the '20's and '30's.

"My father died when I was five," Tony says. "We were just in the first stages of our relationship—when you're five, you're just beginning to know people anyway—and when he died it was such a blow to me, such a shock to me, that I talked myself into the feeling that only knowing people up to a certain point is going to be good. After a certain point I feel, *Oh, oh, hold on. I don't want my father to die again; I don't want to be kicked again.* So I can only let a relationship with somebody exist up to *X* barrier. And then I will not go any further."

Short of that barrier, however, Tony can show great warmth and kindness. "He's the kind of a guy who'll always know your birthday," Henry Silva says, "even though you never told him." And Fred Astaire, with whom Tony worked in *On the Beach*, says, "He was terribly, terribly nice to me. He knew that I was concerned about playing my first serious part, and I used to talk to him about that. I had several scenes to play with him, and he'd give me sort of signs of encouragement when he was off screen. I really appreciated it."

Most actors also find Tony an extremely entertaining companion around the set. When he was working on *The Matchmaker* a couple of years ago, for instance, he and Shirley MacLaine took to each other immediately. As Tony says, "In this business, when you like people, you must like them intensely, you must like them right away and you must like them all out, because you're only going to be together for maybe six weeks. You can't wait a week."

"I think Tony's very much fun," says Shirley—"way out of the confines of the kind of fun that everybody is used to. He's got a very vivid imagination; and if something that happens springboards something in his mind, he will go elaborate



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on it—like, from a gust of wind at the door he could imagine he's on the Sahara during a sandstorm. And he brings you along in the gag. But," she adds, "his feelings get hurt if you step out of line."

One day Shirley noticed that Tony had a couple of large fan-magazine pictures of himself tacked up in his dressing room; and she took one and pasted it on the camera, where no one could miss it. "And I drew a mustache on it and eyebrows and earrings in his ears or something," she says, "and he got very upset. I think it's immaturish of him to be mad because I put a picture up."

Probably what upset Tony most about this particular gag was that it dumped him off the make-believe plane by involving something as inherently real and intimate as his own face. He much prefers to leave his real self out of the game, hiding it behind an imaginary personality. And undoubtedly this self-protective instinct goes far toward explaining his reputation—often exaggerated—for eccentricity. As Robert Mulligan says, "I think he gets a small belt, a kick, out of shocking people. It's part of the mask he wears to throw people off, so you don't get to know Tony. You're too busy noticing his bare feet, the rebel hat he's wearing or the stick he's juggling on his chin."

The result of these tactics is that there are probably not more than half a dozen people in the world who feel they really know Tony—and half of them are wrong. Shirley MacLaine realizes she doesn't. "I've never been allowed that precious moment of seeing what Tony Perkins really is," she says. "I don't know what's an act and what isn't an act."

At that, Tony's relationship with Shirley was a good deal more spontaneous than he usually allows himself with girls—because Shirley is married. He is apt to be rather guarded with unmarried girls. He has the idea that his acting would suffer if he were contentedly married or even engaged. "It's a question of a serene mind's making my performance less fertile, less vital," he explains, and his conscience won't permit him to cultivate a friendship which could end in matrimony. Since he is frequently attracted to marriageable girls, however, he sometimes "leaves it to fate" to decide what course the relationship will take. And he's not above giving fate a small nudge.

A year or so ago, for instance, he had gone to a première with Joan Collins, who is both unmarried and, says Tony, "the most gorgeous brunette I have ever seen in my life." When he brought her back to her apartment, she went out to the kitchen to make sandwiches—Tony doesn't drink. "And I thought to myself," he says, "*I would really like to call this girl sometime.* But then I thought, *No, I can't call her. How could I get her to call me?* So I took a pencil and I started writing my phone number on pieces of paper in the living room. I wrote it on her matches, I wrote it on her memo pad, I wrote it inside the script she was reading. And I put 'TP' after each one. Then when I left, I dashed home and I sat there by the telephone and I thought, *Well, this will decide it—if she'll only call me. And I can't blame myself; I'm not pushing anything here.*"

But he needn't have worried about betraying his art. Joan never did call, and perhaps it is just as well. Tony has always been able to ease his way out of romantic involvements—as he did the three times he became engaged while in college. In the last analysis he simply cannot let anyone get that close to his real self.

As if to compensate for his essentially shallow approach to life, however, Tony gives himself completely and passionately to his craft. Acting is, in a way, his outlet for all the emotionalism he otherwise keeps corked up inside; and as such it is the most important thing in his life. "The greatest reason why he'll go on to even greater success," says Stanley Kramer, after working with Tony in *On the Beach*, "is that he cares about the performance he turns in—and it's evident every single second. Nothing is too much. We could rehearse a scene, then shoot it ten times, and Tony would still say, 'Can we do it once more? Do you think it's there? Do you think we got it?'"

Nor is his own performance all Tony cares about, as Joshua Logan discovered when he directed the actor in the still-unreleased comedy *Tall Story* last summer. "Tony was intensely interested in everything about the picture," Logan says, "from the way we were planning to present the titles and the music that would be under the scenes, to all of the actors who played the bit parts."

Tony's interest in acting dates as far back as he can remember. His mother says, "I think from the time he was very young he took it for granted he would be an actor like his father." And Tony adds, "I thought when I was a kid that the reason my parents named me Anthony Perkins was that it has seven letters in each word—it makes a good marquee."

An only child, Tony was born in New York City on April 4, 1932, and had what his fellow actor and childhood friend John Kerr describes as "a very average upbringing for an upper-middle-class city boy." Shortly after his father's death, Tony suffered an attack of tuberculosis which has left him with a permanent low threshold of exhaustion and which has disqualified him for military service. But except for a convalescent visit to his maternal grandmother in Florida at that time, he spent the first ten years of his life in New York, and he still considers it his home town.

Early in World War II he and his mother moved to Boston, where she ran the Stage Door Canteen, although she had never been a professional actress herself. Recalling those days, Mrs. Perkins remembers her son as "far from a model child." She says, "My friends with children the same age thought I was lax about discipline, but I felt that Tony had a unique and creative mind and I wanted to give him every chance to develop it." When he was thirteen, however, she sent him away to Brooks School, in North Andover, Massachusetts. "He was doing poor work in day school," she explains, "and I felt he needed the challenge of being more with men and boys."

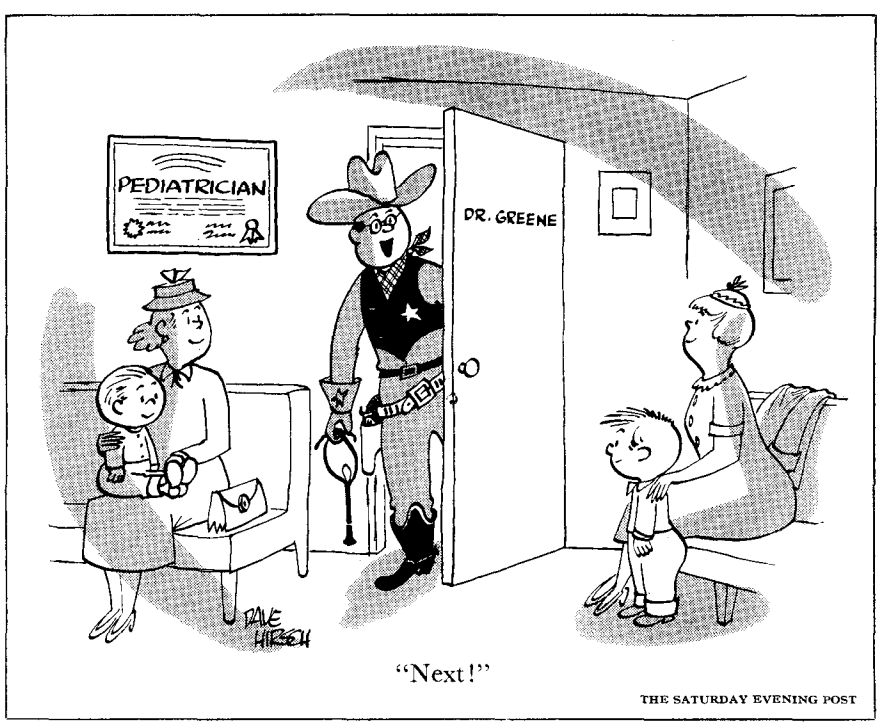
Tony was miserable at boarding school, mostly because he preferred reading quietly in his room to joining in the boisterous activities of his contemporaries. But the summer after his fifteenth birthday his mother finally allowed him to try his impatient wings at acting. Through friends she arranged for him to join a summer-stock company in Brattleboro, Vermont. This he loved. "I painted scenery," he says, "collected props, rang the telephone bells, played the off-stage records. Then I'd run down and sell orange drink during intermissions." Better still, he made his debut as a professional actor, playing a supporting part in *Junior Miss*. One performance in particular haunts him to this day.

"I used to love to see how plays looked that I was part of," he says. "And when it wasn't my scene, I used to dash out and stand at the back of the house and watch. I was watching *Junior Miss* one night. I heard the doorbell ring, and the people on the stage said, 'I wonder who that could be,' and I thought, *Oh, I wonder who that can be.* And then I realized that it was I who was supposed to be there on the stage. It was the eeriest feeling—hearing the bell and watching the door and thinking, *Who can that be?* and then knowing that it was me."

Despite this monumental blunder, Perkins worked with stock companies during every summer vacation from then on, and he feels that this experience—augmented by later work on the Broadway stage—taught him all he knows about acting. "You do not learn about acting from being in the movies," he says. "Movies are made so mechanically. You do the best you can as fast as you can. It's the rehearsal that you're shooting. It's as if the day we first got together for rehearsal, six weeks before *Look Homeward, Angel* opened, we had all introduced ourselves and then the director had said, 'Listen, you know your parts; we're going to open tonight!' And yet that happens in movies every day. In all eight major studios, people get together and open that day."

Tony's first experience in making movies came in 1952, when he was a student at Rollins College in Florida. The summer after his sophomore year he heard that M-G-M was casting a picture called *The Actress*, based on a play in which he had recently appeared in stock, and was testing young men for the very part he had taken. Accordingly, he hitchhiked his way to California and, through the intercession of a friend of his father who worked for Metro, was given a screen test. No glad little cries of discovery were raised at the studio as a result of this, however, and by the time Tony returned to Rollins the next fall, he had given up all hope of getting the part. Then late in the autumn he received a telegram saying, as he remembers it, "How's $350 a week? Arrive December nineteenth."

Tony hastened to Hollywood and completed the picture during his Christmas vacation. It was not a wholly euphoric experience—"I didn't learn anything except to shut up and be there," he says—but he expected great things from the picture. He therefore transferred to Columbia University in New York for his senior year to be closer to the theatrical and television casting offices when *The Actress* brought him to their attention.



"Next!"
THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

The picture opened in October, 1953—"with a conspicuous lack of success," Tony remarks. And despite the tireless efforts of a talent agency, no one seemed eager to hire the fledgling actor who had appeared in it. Finally the next spring, just as Tony's discouragement was turning from dark blue to black, he landed a minor part in one show of a television series. Small crumb that it was to nourish a boy's hopes, it marked a change in Tony's fortunes. Other television jobs followed—he recalls his roles as being "a furious lot of long-haired, desperate, searching, wide-eyed beatniks"—and then that summer he got his first really golden opportunity.

Tony's friend John Kerr was due to leave the cast of *Tea and Sympathy*, in which he and Deborah Kerr—no relation—had been starring on Broadway; and at John's suggestion, Elia Kazan, the director, invited Tony to read for the part. "That part," says Tony, "is the best part written for a young man, ever. It runs the traditional gamut from the height of exhilaration to fathomless despair. It's a beautiful, great part."

But Tony almost muffed his chance. "I remember the afternoon they read him," says John Kerr. "He read with Deborah down in the lounge at the Barrymore Theater, and I sat on the steps and listened. And I was afraid he wouldn't get it because he read kind of slowly and, you know, as if he were afraid to really read it."

"It was like a fraternity initiation, only worse," Tony says. "The lounge was pitch-black, and there were just two lamps, one for me and one for Deborah, and a big couch to sit on. It was so eerie and so awful that I was bloodless."

Nevertheless, Tony did get the part, and he left Columbia a month short of graduation to begin rehearsals. "I couldn't do both," he says. "And rather than go to the registrar's office and get in a big deal, I just picked up my books, took my name off my locker and went to as many classrooms as possible and erased my name off the seating plan. I thought I'd get kind of a kick out of seeing how completely I could vanish without leaving a trace."

Disappearing thus magically from one world, he made an equally effective entrance into another. Both audiences and critics applauded his moving portrayal of the gentle, almost effeminate schoolboy in *Tea and Sympathy*, and by the time the play closed thirteen months later, Tony had established himself as a new actor of great promise.

From Broadway Tony went straight to Hollywood for *Friendly Persuasion*. William Wyler, the film's producer and director, had come East earlier to test new talent for three supporting parts, and Tony was one of the New York actors who read for him. The reading took

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place in Wyler's hotel room while the director had breakfast. "He sat there eating ham and eggs," Tony recalls. "He said, 'Read a couple of scenes.' So I thought, *Jeepers creepers*, and just did my best. I read one of the scenes, and he kept eating. Then he said, 'Have a cup of coffee,' and I figured I had at least a good line on the part. Funny how little things like that mean so much."

Looking back, Wyler remembers, "He was sort of lanky, like Cooper; you would believe him as Cooper's son. And I didn't want a fellow who was too physical. I wanted someone who looked strong in spirit."

After making *Friendly Persuasion*—but a year before it was released—Tony signed a seven-year nonexclusive contract with Paramount, and the studio lost no time in putting him to work. In the next two years he made six pictures, receiving star billing in the last five. Only one of these does he remember with any pleasure. This was *Fear Strikes Out*, based on the true story of baseball player Jimmy Piersall. Tony still considers his performance as Piersall the best of his career.

The role posed a double-barreled challenge. Never having played baseball, he had to learn the game from scratch—and as a right-hander, which he is not. Even more arduously, he had to portray a man building up to, and finally suffering, a severe nervous breakdown. Since Tony had, of course, never actually experienced the pressures of big-league baseball, Robert Mulligan, who directed the picture, pointed out to him that Piersall's anxieties were not really very different from Tony's own. "It was Tony's first starring picture," Mulligan says. "He was being given his first break, first big chance to go somewhere—as Piersall was when he arrived at the Red Sox." Like Piersall, Tony had to make good; yet he knew—and Mulligan reminded him—that any one of a number of things could go wrong and send him back to the minor leagues of show business.

Thus, while Tony played his scenes of gathering torment, Mulligan would be saying to him, "What about this Perkins? Is he really a star? Has he got what it takes? Or is he just a fraud, a flash in the pan?" And Tony, always highly suggestible, would act out his own personal fears, smashing his fist through a closed door, swinging wildly at his "teammates" or clawing his way up the backstop, and the sound track was dubbed in later.

"Tony is deeply sensitive to language," Mulligan says. "He can be emotionally keyed up—as he had to be in that—and it's something very difficult for an actor to do alone. He needs that outside goad. But his response is immediate—fear or anger, he can feel anything very quickly—and real, very real." Tony, in fact, finished the picture so exhausted emotionally that he had to spend two weeks in the hospital.

Aside from *Fear Strikes Out*, however, Tony's career in Hollywood proceeded somewhat haltingly after *Friendly Persuasion*. "They put him in some awful junk," says William Wyler. "Instead of carefully and jealously guarding him as a valuable property—as you would a new car even—they said, 'Quickly! Make a few pictures quick!' They've been intent on making money instead of developing Tony's talent."

Even films from which much was expected—like *Desire Under the Elms* and *The Matchmaker*—proved disappointing both at the box office and to Tony. "Very dry, very lifeless," he calls them both. Before either of these was released, however, his personal reputation had been shored up anew by his triumphant return to Broadway in *Look Homeward, Angel*. For eight months—all the time his movie commitments would allow—Tony played Eugene Gant to capacity audiences. "It's a highly emotional role, requiring a great deal of imagination," says Kermit Bloomgarden, the show's producer. "I think Tony's performance was brilliant."

When he left, the cast presented him with a cigarette box inscribed with the play's cast of characters. Since Tony does not smoke, however, the box remains empty—except for a note reading, "We love you and hate to see you go," and signed by all his fellow actors

In the summer of 1958, following *Look Homeward, Angel*, Tony returned to Hollywood to make *Green Mansions*. He had high hopes that this would be the hit picture which had eluded him ever since his elevation to starring parts. He also hoped for at least a modest red-carpet reception from the studio now that he was a star. Instead, he wasn't even allowed through the gate.

"I went to the casting gate," he explains, "because that's the gate I went through when I was in *The Actress*. So I said, '*Green Mansions*. I'd like to go through.' 'What's your name?' 'Tony Perkins.' 'Tony Perkins? Are you a native bearer?' 'No, I'm a featured player.' I just didn't want to say, 'I'm the star. Let me in or I'll have you fired.' 'Well,' the man said, 'you can't go through this gate.' Finally one of the casting directors walked by, and he got me in."

Tony loved working with Audrey Hepburn, but he had "some very heated disagreements" with Mel Ferrer, Audrey's husband, who directed. Tony has always been an actor who wants close guidance from the director, but once he questioned Ferrer so persistently about how he wanted a certain scene played that, since the film was already behind schedule, the scene had to be left out entirely. And, Tony says, "He angrily accused me of deliberately asking so many questions that we lost the scene." Indeed, what made the incident particularly galling to Ferrer was the knowledge that Tony had thought all along the scene should be dropped.

Long before this, however, Tony had resigned himself to the fact that *Green Mansions* would be his sixth starring picture in a row without a hit. As a result he was all the more anxious that *On the Beach* should not make a seventh, and he and Stanley Kramer spent long hours polishing Tony's part before the actor left for Australia in January of last year. The picture is woven from three parallel plots of about equal importance. "Tony had some misgivings," Kramer says, "because his wasn't *the* starring role." And Perkins wanted to be very sure about his own part. "With a relatively small part," Tony says, "every word has to be just right. I worked harder on this script than any other script I've ever worked on."

During these sessions he found Kramer warm, friendly and co-operative. Thus he was thoroughly disconcerted to discover that in Melbourne the director had become "gruff, short, sarcastic. I thought, *God, I've made the mistake of the age*. It was like some old boarding-school story: When the mother comes, the man rubs his hands and says, 'Yes, we're going to be wonderful friends.' Then just as soon as she leaves, it's into the pits with the seven hundred starving urchins."

But if Kramer's disposition was testy he had ample cause in the special problems posed by shooting the picture in Australia. One of these involved the necessity of setting up police barricades to keep the streets empty for scenes showing a lifeless city. The police were happy to oblige, Kramer explains, but the rest of the townsfolk "resented interference with their inalienable rights to cross the street and shove the cops around." Probably the Yankees' popularity reached its lowest point on the Sunday when one overofficious member of the constabulary refused to let a minister cross the street to get to his own church, delaying services for forty minutes.

Equally annoying for Kramer and his companions was the Australian insect population. January is midsummer in Melbourne, and the flies were out in force, especially on the beaches where certain scenes had to be shot. It became necessary, in fact, to hire a man with a machine which sprayed forth large clouds of fly repellent. "And for thirty seconds thereafter," says Tony, "the flies would be stunned. So the order of the day would be, 'O.K., everybody ready. Hand on switch. Fly man!' And then, *swoosh*—you couldn't see your hand in front of your face. There would be a deathly silence, a few coughs, and we would wait for this stuff to drift away; and then, *zing*—we would do the scene and hope to get through before the flies came back."

Most trying of all in some ways was the fact that their sound stage for interior scenes had been improvised from a building at the local fairgrounds formerly used to show livestock. It was impossible to soundproof. This proved to be all the more unsettling because a few hundred yards away was the city's harness-racing track, and nearer still, much of the time, was Billy Graham. Many an otherwise unblemished take was ruined by the shouts of repentant sinners and unrepentant horse players. Only once were the tables turned. In one scene Fred Astaire commits suicide by locking himself in his garage and revving up the engine of his beloved Ferrari racing car. This makes quite a racket in the picture, but it made a great deal more in actuality, and, says Stanley Kramer with unholy satisfaction, "We nearly blew Billy Graham right out of Australia."

Despite such small diversions, however, life proved fairly dull for the film company. They were there for three months and, says Tony, "There was always a slight feeling of wanting to be home." In addition there was little to do after a day's shooting. Night life in Melbourne is almost nonexistent. "Everything closes at six," Tony says. "And they have what is known as the 'Six O'Clock Swill.' People line up with buckets and old hats and shoes and they just pour in the beer and then they sit and drink it—because the lock goes on at six."

Generally Tony had dinner with Donna Anderson, who plays his wife in the picture. "Tony was a tremendous eater," she says. "He kept saying something about a diet he was on, but he would often have five or six helpings of something he liked." And by the time they were through eating, "it was just like the blitz was on," says Tony. "Black. No sign of life. The best fun we would have was to go to Stanley's and play poker. I never played before, but I loved to play. It's not like money when you're playing with pounds; it's just paper. I ended up winning the equivalent of about three hundred American dollars."

NEXT WEEK

THE DIFFERENCE
BETWEEN BLACK AND WHITE

By a Southern White Woman Teacher at a Negro College

THE HANDS
OF CORMAC JOYCE

A DISTINGUISHED SHORT NOVEL
By Leonard Wibberley
With Special Illustrations

OUR URBAN REVOLUTION:
CAN WE HALT THE CHAOS?

The Problems of Decaying Cities
and Burgeoning Suburbs
By Harold H. Martin

BOWLING IS BOOMING

By Arthur W. Baum

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Returning to America, Tony started almost immediately preparing for his part in Joshua Logan's *Tall Story*, in which he plays a naïve and studious college basketball star. "It is a type," says Logan, "that has been used for many years—the schnook. But Tony takes this threadbare type and makes it into something human and believable and completely his own."

Logan feels that Tony's range is extraordinary. "He can be wildly comic, vicious, charming, evil, joyful, innocent, sophisticated, tender and poetic, stupid and bumbling—all these things and many more—at will. All he needs is a little suggestion from the director." So impressed is Logan with Perkins' talent, in fact, that he hopes Tony will be free to play the lead in the film version of Moss Hart's autobiography, *Act One*, movie rights to which Logan has purchased.

That is still a long way in the future, however. Meanwhile, Tony is keeping busy. Late last November he started work on an Alfred Hitchcock picture called *Psycho*, the style of which can perhaps best be described as Hitchcock Macabre. After this, if all goes well, he will fulfill a long-standing ambition to do a Broadway musical. This show, which opens in Philadelphia later this month, is Frank Loesser's *Greenwillow*, and it will be Tony's only singing part except for a television show called *Joey*, which he did shortly after finishing *Friendly Persuasion* in 1955. Tony enjoys singing; and for a while after *Joey* he made records for the Epic label and later for RCA Victor. But he got out of recording because he had to spend so much time promoting his records. "I had one big seller, *Moonlight Swim*," he says, "but to be a recording star you've got to be only a recording star. I think if I had devoted myself to it, I would, you know, be as good as anybody. But it wasn't worth that much to me."

For better or worse, Tony's future seems to lie mainly in motion pictures. If he can make the difficult transition to mature parts, there should be no limit to his success. But, as William Wyler says, "Tony should watch now and be very careful. Audiences are fickle. He should choose carefully. It's hard to look good in a lousy picture."

Unpredictable All-American (Continued from Page 28)

from Cabin Creek." Bolyard himself is a hillbilly from Aurora, West Virginia—population 150, elevation 2650 feet. Many other Mountaineer players have come from road crossings in the hills—they probably are the only basketballers booked into New York who spend their evenings playing pool instead of strutting along Broadway.

As applied to Jerry West, however, the "hick" label had a special meaning. Jerry himself says he was painfully backward when he first enrolled at West Virginia. Today he remains introverted, although he is far from a dullard. He is an intelligent, intense, complicated young man of twenty-one.

Last season West made everybody's All-America team. He was named most valuable player in the Southern Conference. He was an overwhelming "most valuable" choice in the National Collegiate Athletic Association championship tournament, stealing the show from Cincinnati's Oscar Robertson. Yet at season's end he remained in many respects a most unhappy fellow.

At Morgantown, where the university is located, Jerry hides out like a recluse in his apartment or in movie theaters. He shuns campus hangouts, belongs to no fraternity. "People keep asking questions all the time, everywhere I go," Jerry complains.

He speaks with a twang, but so rapidly that his words tumble one upon the other; absorbed in his train of thought, he cracks the knuckles of his long, slender fingers one by one. "In Cabin Creek I cain't go into the poolroom without somebody wanting to buy me a beer. When I go over to Charleston it's really something—people stop me with questions everywhere I go. Sometimes I just don't want to talk to anybody."

Jerry is not by nature a grumpy person nor a snobbish one. It simply happens that he is the foremost athletic celebrity in a state where basketball is almost a holy cause. For instance, Elmer David Bruner, a convict awaiting electrocution in the state penitentiary, offered one of his eyes last season to first-stringer Bucky Bolyard, who is almost totally blind in one eye. The offer was declined—Bucky was, after all, shooting at better than 50 per cent accuracy and could afford to leave well enough alone.

Such examples of West Virginia basketball fanaticism are as profuse as the timber in the hills around Morgantown. In this atmosphere it is little wonder that a young man like Jerry West should suffer inner turmoil. "It's no good, thinking basketball all the time," says Jerry. "That's why I go to see the same movies twice. They cain't get at you in the movies."

Unlike most campus athletes, who are social lions with the coed population, Jerry seldom dated until his junior year. It was then that an attractive brownette named Janey Kane unsettled him when they met in a class. Her secret was simple. "She didn't even know I was a basketball player," Jerry explains.

They began to date, and Janey began going to the games; but regardless of how magnificently Jerry played, Janey remained outwardly unimpressed. Jerry continued to hide out in movies, but not alone.

On the basketball court Jerry West presents a different sort of enigma. He seems unable to play anywhere near his best unless faced with a challenge. If he is being guarded by an All-American, or West Virginia is playing a highly ranked team, or the Mountaineers are trailing by fifteen points, then Jerry will explode. But if the opposition is mediocre, he cannot find his touch.

Fourteen of the Mountaineers' twenty-nine victories last season were come-from-behind rumpuses. Jerry averaged only 22 points in the easy games, but 30.2 in the close ones. He also averaged more points on the road than at home, although home is where the help is—going into the current season, West Virginia had won thirty-three consecutive games in Mountaineer Field House, a cramped, vertical shell in which 6800 screaming fans bear down on the visiting team, creating a bedlam that is frightening.

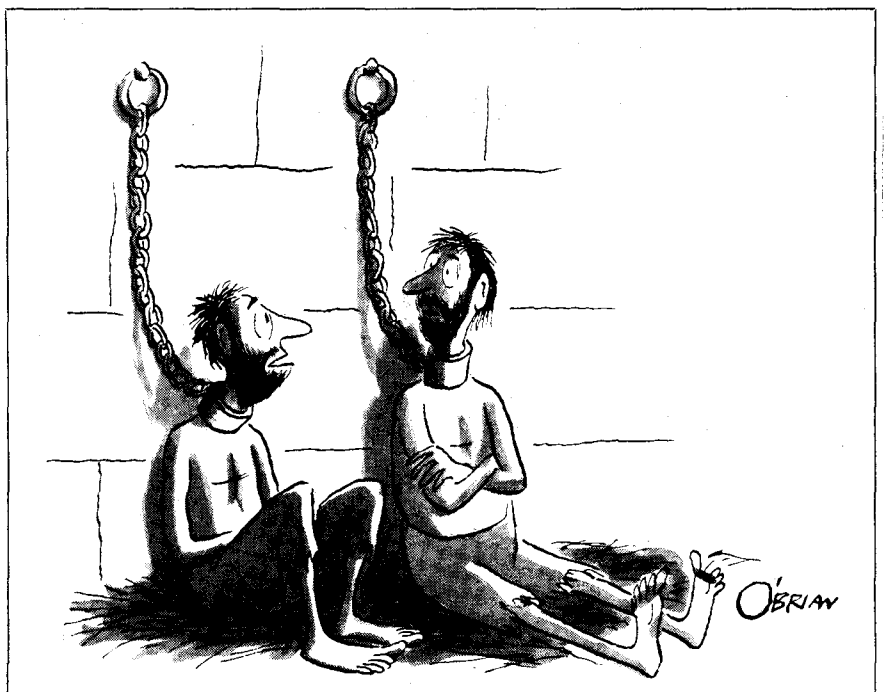
Perhaps the most significant dividend from West's clutch play is the over-all effect it has had on West Virginia University basketball. Until he carried the Mountaineers all the way to the finals of the national championships last March, they had a reputation for being a choke-up outfit. Year in and year out West Virginia had rolled through the so-so Southern Conference as casually as a team of draft horses mows a field. Having won the conference championship, the Mountaineers would then be shipped to Madison Square Garden, New York, to compete in the first round of the N.C.A.A. eastern regionals. And here their season promptly would end.

In 1955 LaSalle eliminated them in the first round. In 1956 it was Dartmouth—Ivy Leaguers, of all people. In 1957 Canisius applied a swift kick to the West Virginia posterior, and in 1958 Manhattan did likewise. Each year West Virginia had excuses, but its reputation for failure in the N.C.A.A. tournament became deeply galling to coach Fred Schaus. Last March, as his team prepared to open against Dartmouth in its annual pilgrimage to Madison Square Garden, conservative Schaus said, "We've run out of excuses. I think this is our year."

Schaus, of course, had Jerry West going for him. Even though West injured a leg early in the Dartmouth game and limped thereafter, he scored twenty-five points in an 82-to-68 victory. West and West Virginia had killed the jinx and were on their way. The Mountaineers fire-engined their way through the playoffs as follows.

WEST VIRGINIA 95, ST. JOSEPH'S 92—Jerry whipped in fourteen points in less than four minutes to help wipe out an eighteen-point lead held by the Hawks with only thirteen minutes remaining.

WEST VIRGINIA 86, BOSTON UNIVERSITY 82—Jerry demolished a Boston lead by scoring eight-straight points in one minute and fifty-nine seconds and had a twenty-point second half.



"We could play twenty questions."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

WEST VIRGINIA 94, LOUISVILLE 79—Jerry registered twenty-seven points in the first half and then, lacking the challenge of stern opposition, took only six shots in the second half.

In the championship game against California he came off the bench under the inhibition of four personal fouls and led a zone press that cut the Bears' thirteen-point margin to a single point. He scored twenty-eight points playing part time.

Although California won out, 71–70, Jerry had erased the choke-up stigma and restored the Mountaineers' dignity as a basketball team. Previously many had looked upon West Virginia as a vaudeville troupe featuring Hot Rod Hundley and four straight men. Dribbling the ball between his legs, spinning it on his index finger and grinning impishly at the opposition, Hot Rod packed in crowds wherever the Mountaineers traveled from 1954 to 1957. He was the box-office champ and, as Coach Schaus will tell you, he was one heck of a basketball player too. But what Coach Schaus won't tell you is that it almost made him sick to coach a team known more for its shenanigans than its technical excellence. In the Jerry West era all this has changed.

West stands just six feet, two-and-a-half inches and weighs a skimpy 174 pounds. Only his wide, athletic shoulders dispel the suspicion of malnutrition. However, his jump shot is deadly, his reactions panther-quick. Most extraordinary of all is his ability to jump high into the air. By actual measurement—and this is amazing for a relatively short player—Jerry can touch the backboard sixteen inches higher than the rim of the basket.

His jumping accounts for many rebounds and also enables him on defense to repulse assaults with a finality that often takes the fight out of the opposition. His defensive trade-mark is the same as that of the giants of professional basketball, seven-foot-one-inch Wilt Chamberlain of the Philadelphia Warriors and six-foot-ten Bill Russell of the Boston Celtics. As the enemy shooter goes up for a shot, West goes up with him and blocks the ball as easily as picking an apple off a low-hanging bough. Moreover, he is apt to come down with the ball and start a fast break to the opposing basket, leaving a frustrated shooter behind.

"We were playing The Citadel last season," Coach Schaus recalls. "One of their guys had had shots blocked by Jerry several times during the game. Finally they had three men coming down the floor and only Jerry to stop them—a three-on-one situation. No, I think it was four-on-one.

"Anyhow," Schaus goes on, "Jerry took the middle man, who had the ball. The middle man passed off to the guy on his left and, as he started to shoot, Jerry switched to him. This was the guy whose shots Jerry had been blocking all night.

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Do you know what the guy did? He got gun-shy. He backed off and did nothing. Jerry had stopped the play cold."

Last season Jerry hit a four-game slump and, as even the best athletes will do, he tightened up. He missed ten lay-ups, he passed badly, he got cranky. Schaus gave him a talking to, but got no results. Finally assistant coach George King took Jerry to lunch one day and said, "Look, you're supposed to be an all-American. Act like one."

In the next game, against Holy Cross, the opening tap went to Jerry. He dribbled down the floor for an easy lay-up—and missed. "Oh, no!" moaned Schaus on the bench, burying his head in his hands. "Here we go again."

Then all at once Jerry's doldrums ended—in the inexplicable manner of most slumps. Once more he was as loose as a marionette. He poured in thirty-six points. Meanwhile, the slump had served, among other things, to show how talented Jerry is at his worst. On three of those four successive off nights he had been high scorer, getting thirty points twice and twenty-three another time.

"That's a lot of points for a slump," it was pointed out to Jerry.

"Yes," he replied, "but I was stealing those baskets. I made only forty-four per cent of my fouls and thirty-five per cent of my field-goal shots."

"That field-goal percentage isn't bad," he was told.

"Well," he said, "I'd been shooting fifty-four per cent from the field."

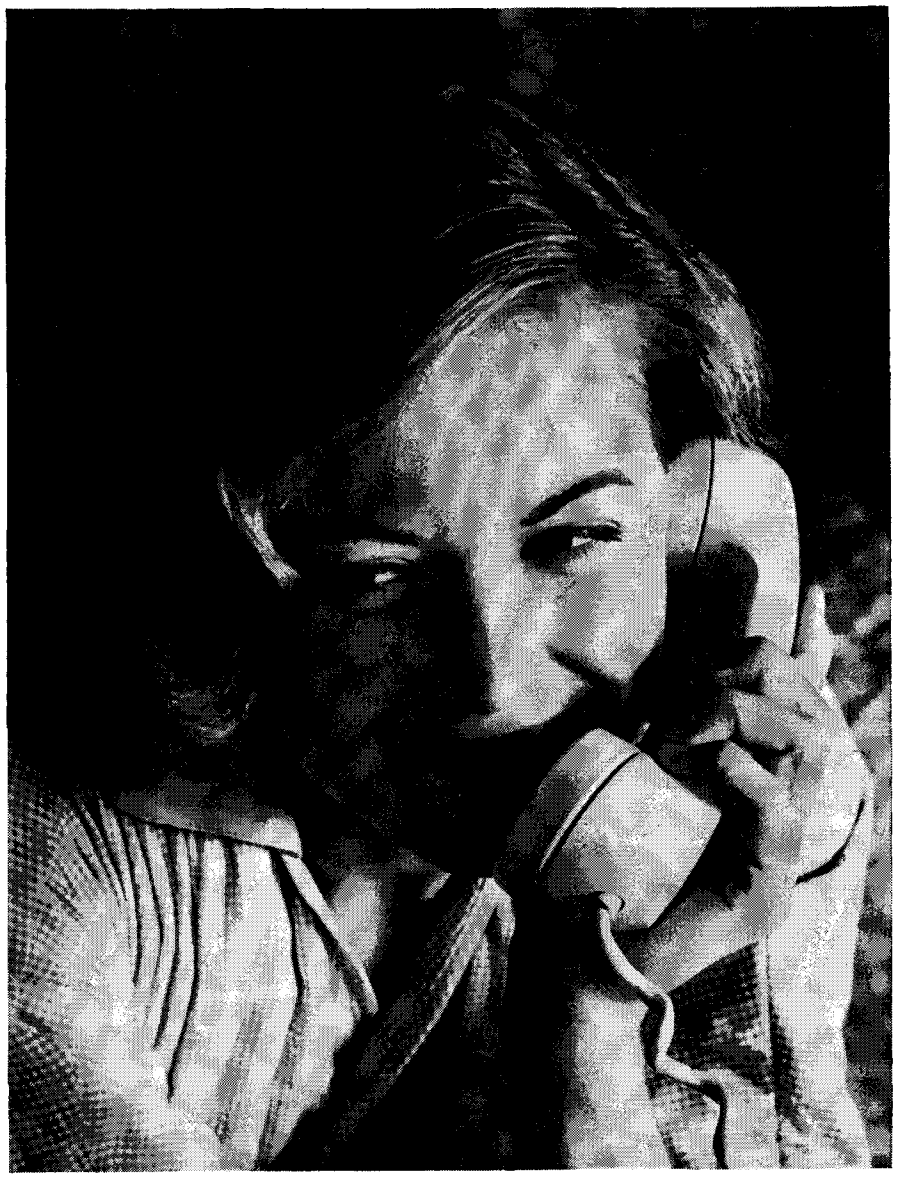
O.K., O.K. And Babe Ruth had a lousy year when he dropped off to fifty-four homers in 1928.

Literally there has been something special about Jerry West from the moment he arrived on earth. Due to the insistence of a young doctor with high-flown ideas, Jerry was born in Doctor Gray's Clinic in Cabin Creek. He was the fifth of six West children, but the only one to be delivered in medical surroundings.

Doctor Gray's Clinic sat next door to the poolroom on Route 61, the main street of both Cabin Creek and Chelyan—pronounced "Shillyun." These two unincorporated villages adjoin each other, but for all practical purposes they are one and the same town. Technically the Wests for the past nine years have lived on the Chelyan end of the community. However, Howard West has never formally recognized Chelyan; he still receives the family mail at the Cabin Creek post office and insists that Cabin Creek is his son Jerry's home as well as his birthplace. Nobody cares to disagree.

Jerry West, the complex All-American, is essentially the product of three family influences. From an older brother, David, who later was mortally wounded in Korea, he got his love of basketball. From his robust, handsome mother, Cecile, he got his high-strung personality as well as his height. And from his rather short and compact father, Howard, he got the discipline that has enabled him to maintain his perspective and his six-and-seven-eighths hat size.

Jerry was introduced to basketball at the age of six by his brother David, who was then fifteen. For years the older boy coached him with the dedication of one who senses a prodigy. When David, who had intended to study for the ministry, died as an infantry sergeant, Jerry felt the loss profoundly. Although he does not make a big thing of it today, his achievements on the court are in part due



You be the Judge

By JOSÉ SCHORR

Papa obtained exclusive custody of the children when he divorced mamma. But mamma, protesting that she couldn't live without the dear little ones, persuaded papa to remarry her. Unfortunately she found she still couldn't get along with papa. One day she moved away, taking the children with her. Papa charged kidnaping and demanded his children back.

"When we remarried we started life anew not only between ourselves but also insofar as the custody of our children is concerned," mamma contended. "Therefore I now have as much right to keep them as my husband has."

"The court originally gave me exclusive custody of the children because my wife proved an unfit mother," papa retorted. "Just being remarried later didn't transform her into a good one."

If you were the judge, would you make mamma yield the children to papa?

• •

Papa lost. The court said that the remarriage ended the custody decree as well as the divorce. It added that in remarrying mamma, papa indicated that he no longer considered her an unfit mother.

Based upon a 1957 Alabama decision.

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Des Moines to Chicago	75¢
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to his determination to justify David's efforts.

Howard West, sitting in his parlor easy chair in T shirt and trousers, felt disposed recently to paint a word sketch of the two other influences in Jerry's life—himself and his wife. Howard at fifty-nine is a salty man of strong convictions. Reared on a farm, he moved to Cabin Creek and worked for a nearby oil company for twenty-six years. There he served four terms as president of a union local and once helped lead a 117-day strike. Since 1947 Howard has worked in the electrical shop of a coal mine. Here employment is so scarce in winter that he cannot go to Morgantown to see Jerry play, lest he lose an opportunity for a day's pay.

But Howard West always has managed to provide for his family and is a man of some standing in the community. "I'm usually emcee of all the gatherings," he was saying, "and I'm supposed to be a pretty good one. But now I've lost my name. I'm introduced as Jerry West's father. I pay it no mind.

"I have seen too many boys who have made a little bit of a name for themselves," Howard went on, speaking without elegance but with clarity, "and got far bigger an ego than their capabilities justified. It won't happen to Jerry. I tell him, 'You may be something up at Morgantown, but you're gonna have to come back to realistic living.' I have never had an hour of trouble from him."

Howard is inclined to brag more about his front porch—"biggest front porch in town, wouldn't trade it for a pair o' Missouri mules"—than about his All-American son. "I've been accused by people of not being enthusiastic about Jerry," said Howard. "Well, I take the position that I shouldn't run my mouth and be obnoxious.

"Anyways, I leave the gettin' excited to ma. She plays the hardest game of anybody you ever saw. We've seen her listening to Jerry's games on the radio with tears in her eyes. If West Virginia is behind, she goes to the kitchen and pretends she's doin' woman's work."

Up the road a piece beyond Cabin Creek is a town named East Bank, where Jerry attended high school. When the East Bank High School basketball team returned from Morgantown with the 1956 state-championship trophy, the town was renamed West Bank for the day in honor of the hero of the occasion, Jerry West.

His high-school coach was Roy Williams, a balding man whose face takes on the happy complexion of a ripe tomato when he talks of Jerry. Williams assigned Jerry to the "B" squad when he originally came out for basketball, but the coach soon saw the boy's potential and notified him of his promotion to the varsity. Jerry begged Williams not to promote him.

Williams explains, "The B squad was scheduled to play Charleston High's B squad. Jerry was a great competitor, and he wanted to beat those city slickers."

Williams reluctantly consented to Jerry's plea, so Jerry played against Charleston High—and broke his foot. "He was through for the season," says Williams, "but he came hobbling to practice every day and kept practicing his shots. You couldn't keep him off the court."

Ever since Jerry led East Bank to the state championship in 1956, setting a state record of 926 points in twenty-seven games, a huge picture of him in his uniform has hung over the entrance to the small gymnasium. Beside it hangs his jersey—No. 12—framed.

Although the reputation Jerry built in high school brought him many scholarship offers, West Virginia University had only one serious rival for his services. Jerry was taken with the University of Maryland campus. But Howard and Cecile West bore down on him with the admonition that he ought not to forget his home state. "I told him he belonged at home," says Howard. "Home means more to a body than anything else."

So in the summer of 1956 Jerry went up to Morgantown to acclimate himself for the September semester. There he immediately became a homesick hick from Cabin Creek. Willie Akers, a blond, rosy-cheeked basketball player from back in the hills at Mullens, vividly recalls Jerry's unhappiness. Willie and a New Jersey basketball player named Joe Posch have since shared an apartment with Jerry, but as Willie tells it, Jerry stayed that summer in one of the rented rooms owned by Ann DiNardi, a Morgantown pharmacist who often has put up athletes.

"Jerry had a job as a water boy with a construction crew," says Willie. "He was to get paid by the hour, but he didn't make much money. Every morning Ann DiNardi would pack him a lunch and wake him up for work. He'd say 'O.K.' Then he'd go back to bed. He'd wake up at noon, eat his lunch and then go back to bed again. He wasn't lazy. He was just real unhappy."

Throughout his freshman year Jerry remained miserable. The students at the university seemed to him too sophisticated, too fast. The faculty seemed cold and unwilling to show him the classroom consideration he had received as a high-school hero in East Bank. In his first semester he drew three *D's*, a development which no doubt shook up Coach Schaus, for Jerry was leading the freshman team to an undefeated season, and the freshmen also were beating the varsity regularly in practice.

Off the court Jerry kept to himself, moped and considered going home. It was fortunate for the West Virginia box office that he did not. Hot Rod Hundley was playing his last season, and Jerry would be needed to replace him as a gate attraction. Nobody knew this better than C. S. (Wink) Simmons, the business manager of the athletic department. However, when Jerry moved up to the varsity as a sophomore for the 1957–58 season, Simmons found himself in the position of a salesman who has a sure-fire line, but is not allowed to talk about it. Coach Schaus, aware of Jerry's retiring nature, did not want him subjected to a publicity build-up.

Less than three weeks after the season got under way, the Mountaineers upset both Kentucky and defending national-champion North Carolina to win the Kentucky Invitational tournament at Lexington. West had not scored in sensational figures, but he had given off enough sparks to establish himself as the new key man. Wink Simmons relaxed.

"When we had Hundley," Simmons later recalled, "people who didn't know a basketball from a pumpkin came to the games. Jerry, on the other hand, appeals most to the *aficionado*. What does he have? Ability, that's all. Yet he rates with Hundley as a crowd-puller."

Jerry's teammates took to him with genuine affection. However, not even this drew West out of his shell. On road trips the players took turns saying grace at mealtime, but when it came Jerry's turn he could not bring himself to do it—he was that self-conscious. Even in his junior year he remained acutely shy. Last semester he got four *C*'s and a *B*, but received a *D* in his easiest physical-education course—folk dancing—because he absolutely could not be persuaded to call a square dance.

Driven by the vision of wealth in pro basketball, Jerry all but knocks himself out on the court. In class he finds no motivation and consequently comes up with grades that are no better than average. Some of his teachers say they know he is capable of better work. "He is emotionally used up," declares Dr. Walter H. Jarecke, an educational psychologist who heads the university's guidance center. "He spends himself in basketball."

When Jerry has played below par, he sinks into a state of mental depression that tears at him until he has acquitted himself. In December, 1958, when the Mountaineers met Northwestern in Chicago Stadium before a crowd of 12,775, Jerry had a poor second half. He fouled out, thanks to Northwestern's Willie (The Bird) Jones, a high-jumping soda straw who discovered how to draw fouls from West. Jones would go up with the ball and seem to hang momentarily in the air, as though on a streetcar strap, until Jerry would slap him. Banished to the bench, Jerry watched his team lose in two overtimes, 118 to 109.

"Jerry couldn't sleep after that Northwestern game," says teammate Willie Akers. "All he thought about was making up for it." Two nights later it was the University of Tennessee that paid.

Tennessee gave the Mountaineers a Hatfield-McCoy reception. Bob Clousson got his head cut, Bob Smith got his mouth lacerated and Jerry himself got a clout on the neck and later required X rays. But he scored forty-four points in a 76-to-72 victory, and Emmett Lowery, then the Tennessee coach, declared, "West is the greatest basketball player I've ever seen."

While Jerry shrinks from the demonstrative adulation that has come his way, he is intensely proud of his All-American status. This becomes obvious when he is pitted against another player of eminence. For example, in a man-to-man duel last year with All-American Johnny Cox of Kentucky, Jerry scored thirty-six points and held Cox to sixteen. He played as though he hated Cox.

The inevitable argument over who is the top college player—Jerry West or Cincinnati's Oscar Robertson—is one Jerry tries to stay out of. Both got off to tremendous starts again last month as their teams ran up early winning streaks before heading into holiday-tournament competition.

When you prod West on the subject, he implies in a hemming-and-hawing fashion that he is unwilling to take second place to Oscar. West has never played against Robertson, but he watched him in the N.C.A.A. tournament, where Cincinnati bowed out in the semifinals, and was his teammate in the Pan-American trials and Pan-American games last summer.

"Oscar is great," says Jerry. "He's got all kinds of moves. He's a good ball handler."

Yes, but what about insinuations that Oscar does not always give 100 per cent?

"Well, in his thinking he's not lazy," Jerry replies, "and maybe he's not lazy. If he wants to play that way, that's up to him. I don't know whether he's loafing. Maybe we both loaf. Maybe we loaf in different ways. I don't think anybody can go all out for forty minutes."

Understandably he is reluctant to offend Robertson, for Oscar once gave Jerry a praise-from-Caesar tribute. "Do you think West is the second-best player in the country?" Oscar was asked. Magnanimously he replied, "He might be the first."

In West Virginia, of course, most folks are satisfied that Jerry West is the very best. When he returned home last June for summer vacation his renown was such that he immediately was offered three jobs in nearby Charleston. Simultaneously he became an automobile salesman, a good-will man for a dairy company and a radio sportscaster. All three jobs required him to emerge from hiding; but, of course, they offered motivation—economic motivation.

The radio show, an eight-minute stint in which he read the sports news of the day, rattled him at first. However, he settled down to a workmanlike performance, even though his native twang, to the alien ear, made the sports news sound as though it were emanating from *Grand Ol' Opry*.

One afternoon last June, Jerry and this writer dropped in at Wade's Poolroom in Cabin Creek. Jerry had time to kill before driving to the radio station, and so we shot three games of rotation. In the first game he racked me up, running the last six balls. In the second game he missed a couple of setups, but again beat me.

In the third game, though, he couldn't put two good shots together. I whipped him and I know why. I was bum opposition, no challenge to him. This was no different from basketball.

As we replaced our cues on the rack, a stocky young man called out, "Hey, Jerry. Lemme buy you and your friend a beer."

Jerry declined and, as we left, he said to me, "See. I cain't even go into the poolroom without somebody wanting to buy me a beer." He seemed terribly distressed.

THE END

"For Pete's sake, sit down!"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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American Disgrace: College Cheating

(Continued from Page 13)

of the University of New Hampshire, told a discussion group that cheating throughout the country "has become a part of the student culture—it's taken for granted."

It has seemed to me, both as a university faculty member and as a citizen, that the matter is of fundamental importance, not only in the educational world but to the country as a whole. Are we becoming a nation of cheaters? If so, whom are we cheating and what are the likely consequences?

Crookedness in politics, in public office, in show business, in commerce, in finance, in sports—all these are old stories to a realistic American public. They are commonly shrugged off as occurring too rarely for real concern, or as the work of an uneducated, pseudocriminal fringe. But large-scale humbug in our seats of higher learning is far more serious. Here we train the nation's moral, intellectual, commercial and professional leaders. Fundamental damage in these vital centers could in today's world climate produce a self-destructive spiral spinning us toward national suicide.

With these feelings at heart this reporter began about a year ago to carry on from where Professor Jacob and his associates left off. Through personal interview, questionnaire, correspondence and survey of the literature, material from coast to coast has accumulated on my desk. It provides a basis for some opinions, not only as to who cheats how often and how, but also as to who has been responsible, and what is demanded to bring it to a halt.

The most common path of academic waywardness is simple copying—plagiarism. Of the many cases in the dossier I select one, from a Midwestern institution, as representative of the attitudes within our educational machinery that make mass cheating possible.

A graduating senior, whom we may call Tom, had been a mediocre student throughout his four years. Required to produce an original paper on some aspect of city management at the close of his final semester, he submitted as his own work a survey of population trends in a certain city. His professor, noting that the paper was better than anything the student had ever done before, became suspicious. A library check revealed that the study had been copied word for word—all but the author's name—from a recent professional journal. The professor ruled plagiarism and failed the student in the course.

Tom appealed the ruling and was given a hearing before a faculty committee. He turned up with a letter from his local clergyman and with two fraternity brothers as character witnesses. The professor involved was not invited. Tom did not deny that he had plagiarized, but asked to be let off on the ground that a failure would prevent him from graduating. The committee ruled in his favor.

It was a major triumph for local cheaters. It served notice to the rank and file of the faculty that even the most flagrant form of academic fraud would not be regarded, on appeal to the governing authorities, as anything very serious. It confirmed student belief that dishonesty would not be penalized even when discovered. As might be expected, cheating is commonplace at this institution.

Two comparable cases occurred at one of the older New England women's colleges. In both instances the guilty students were promptly suspended, as provided by faculty rules, for one semester. These were the only cases of plagiarism reported during a four-year period. The inference—that college and university administrators could put a stop to cheating any time they wanted to—holds throughout the material that has come to my desk.

Why, then, do so many not want to? This question leads, I believe, to the heart of the matter, and must presently be dealt with. But first we ought to explore a little further the various means by which the learning process is diddled.

By far the most common means of cheating is the simple crib, or, in standard usage, illegitimate aid in examinations. Students have written important formulas on sticks of chewing gum, then chewed up the evidence. Scrolls of notes have been rolled into dummy fountain pens, automatic pencils, wrist watches, match covers, cigarette lighters. Data has been written on human skin—palm, or in the case of women students, inside the leg above the knee; and on clothing—dress hems, pants cuffs or sleeves. When tests are given on standard blanks called "blue books," students have smuggled in blanks loaded with basic information; with so many blue books around, the crib is not easily spotted.

Professors who repeat the same tests are easy marks; some cheaters bring their blue books to the examination with their answers already written out. A frequent dodge is the excuse to leave the room during the examination in order to reach a cache of information. A variation of this, worked in a large eastern school which operates on an "honor" system, is for the student to walk back to his room, write correct answers out of the textbook, rush back and turn in the blue book.

These, of course, are all devices of the solitary operator. Gang cheating opens up more extensive possibilities. The principle involved is that someone, either through the possession of a well-informed mind or a good crib, possesses valid information and transmits it—because of fraternal bonds or just to be obliging—to the needy. In one classic case of identical twins, one smart and one dull, the smart one took exams for both!

Often nothing more is required than to hold one's paper so a deficient neighbor can see it. Sometimes, however, intelligence is transmitted to several cheaters through an elaborate signal system. True-and-false and multiple-choice questions can be handled by code. Pen point *up* means true, *down* is false. In multiple-choice, fingers showing at chin level mean number of question; fingers at waist level, number of answer. To prevent leaks some professors are avoiding the duplicating machine, preparing their questions just before the exam and writing them on the board. Cheaters have found the answer to this too. In one system a boy outside reads the multiple-choice questions from the board with field glasses and relays the answers to those near the window by means of hand signals. There must, of course, be a felicitous arrangement of buildings and classrooms for this to succeed.

Even more important than overt cheating, perhaps, is the frame of mind that leads to it. There coexists, side by side with our higher educational system, an actively propagated faith which may be termed "antieducation." Recently in a Boston restaurant I overheard a conversation in which the main tenets of the creed were set forth. A high-school graduate about to set out for college was receiving advice from an upperclassman.

"Now when you get there, remember," the older boy was saying, "books are for the birds, not for the people. What matters is contacts. Get there a couple, three days early, introduce yourself around, become known, get elected to a class office. Plan your courses so you're not always on the books, so you have time to make contacts."

The younger lad protested that he wanted to be an engineer, a course which called for quite a bit of study along a prescribed curriculum.

"Now, Charley, it's your life, but you ought to get engineering out of your head," the upperclassman said. "It's a grind all four years, morning to night, you're never finished. When you're out of college, does anybody care how many books you read? Make your contacts. Then, man, you got a deal that matters, and if you haven't got that, you got nothing."

The speaker was a fraternity man. He was speaking a philosophy which is heard a great deal around the fraternity houses of the land. Pledges are quite commonly advised to take easy courses and utilize every timesaving short cut. This allows more time for "activities," which are cited during rush week to attract more pledges—time to pursue more activities in an endless antieducational undertow. On many campuses fraternity maintenance of files of past examinations, themes and lab notes is a popular chapter project. Many a fraternity man has planned his four years of "study" around their contents.

Rather a sad case has been made, so far, for the ethical standards of the American college youth. There is abundant evidence, however, that our young people are not happy about it. Not only do they have consciences but these are active and in some cases effective.

It should be noted, for example, that after the "framed" episode described at the opening of this article, students began to call at the professor's office, singly and in pairs, sheepishly admitting that there had been quite a bit of cheating that afternoon and suggesting that nobody would mind taking another quiz on the material. Whereupon the professor confessed that he had deliberately tempted them, and there was mutual forgiveness! Similarly it should be noted that it was the conscience-prompted research of the students that finally laid bare the full extent of cheating in the eastern university mentioned.

Sometimes considerable courage is shown in countering a locally prevailing trend. I know of one fraternity on a campus where cheating is common whose members not only do not cheat but who have withdrawn from all the more frivolous campus activities, making it clear that their purpose in attending college is to learn. National headquarters of almost all fraternities profess concern with scholastic performance. Many local chapters have produced impressive records of honest scholarship. And in some places there is an enduring, campus-wide tradition of strict academic honor. The responsibility of an "honor-system" pledge has been accepted by generations of students at a few institutions.

We return then to the mixed situation already observed. Though cheating is widespread, it isn't universal. Though nobody exactly approves, there is no nationally enforced academic standard to prevent it.

The result, reflected in student questionnaires from East and West, North and South, is a heavy burden of guilt and conflict. "The main trouble is we are afraid to talk for fear of losing standing with the other students; we are against it in principle, but do nothing." (East) . . . "Many don't quite like it morally; it's considered like stealing pennies as a child—not really nice, but hardly a criminal offense." (North Central) . . . "Lots of students would like to see something done about it, but will never openly denounce anyone seen cheating." (East)

The reason for cheating most commonly given is that the pressure to succeed, reinforced by the fear of failure, overwhelms considerations of honor. "The student doesn't realize the seriousness of the act or feel he is hurting anyone by cheating; the grade in the course is his dominant concern." (South Central) . . . "You're under great pressure to make grades for social or family reasons; this leads to desperate means." (South Central) . . . "Here's the situation: I have a *B* in the course, my fraternity brother has a *D;* at exam time I'm supposed to be a good guy and let him sit next to me and copy my paper." (East) . . . "Students are put into a society where the emphasis is on grades rather than on character and integrity—since everyone else cheats he must too, in order to hold his own." (South) . . . "The whole stress is on getting that degree, not on learning." (Midwest) . . . "There is always the pressure of fraternity tradition; upperclassmen do it, freshmen take it as 'the thing to do,' the custom goes on decade after decade." (East)

Many students lay the blame squarely on the faculty: "The faculty pretends to be against cheating, but when it's under their noses they close their eyes and pretend not to see. Though cheating here is continuous, I've only been in one class in three years where a test was picked up for cheating—thirty-five students out of 170 were asked to leave." . . . "Faculty is inconsistent—some members are strict, others act as if they didn't know the meaning of the word 'cheat.'" . . . "There is not enough faculty supervision—too many classes are just mass-production educational assembly lines." . . . "The whole atmosphere of the place is so short on intellectual stimulation that nobody is inspired to do more than go along with the crowd—or leave." . . . "I had a test where the professor was standing four feet away from a student who was copying from sheets clipped from the textbook; he couldn't fail to notice, but did nothing."

Does the faculty have anything to say in its own defense?

An associate professor in one of our Southern universities conceded serious administrative and faculty shortcomings, but did not absolve the students. "As a group, students have resisted every attempt to institute an honor system; almost every period before finals several faculty offices are broken into at night by students attempting to steal examination questions."

The faculty, however, had much to answer for: "We take an attitude of: 'There's no cheating in my department, of course, but it's very prevalent in other departments.' Furthermore, the 'lousy' quality of some of the tests we construct invites cheating. And finally, there's the powerful example of what adults are doing—for example, cheating on income tax."

... ...

Auto Biography

Since Junior's learned to
drive the car,
We find the changes mainly
are:
There's generally a lass in it,
But seldom any gas in it.

Stephen Schlitzer

... ...

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Administrative officers, our Southern colleague reported, must share the blame. He cited another example of a college administration supporting the cheating student rather than the faculty member attempting to discipline him. "Four instructors independently observed a youngster cheating on a test. We flunked him in the course. He complained to the dean of students, who sent memoranda of rebuke—*to the faculty members!*" They were expected to be "good fellows" and not be too hard on the students.

A prevailing lack of standards in all fields was cited as the prime cause of collegiate fraud: "Americans seem to have few or no values, especially those of self-control, by which to live. For example, there were recent news stories of price-fixing by large corporations, as they submitted identical bids on a public-works project. This seems to be perfectly acceptable behavior unless there is a specific law against it. Our shenanigans and double talk are observed by young people."

Another professor, who has had experience at two Midwestern state universities and now teaches at an Eastern school, finds at least part of the trouble within the faculty and administration. "Many studies have been done showing how widespread cheating is. There have been cases where school officials hush them up for reasons having to do with politics and the good university name." Professors as a class, he thinks, are not really exercised about the matter: "They often say, 'Let them cheat. The ones who came for an education will get it anyway.'"

A department head at a small Southern junior college dissents: "The faculty here is genuinely concerned; several meetings have been given over to discussions of the cheating problem." He finds student anxiety stemming mainly from lacks in the precollege educational background—and the cheating stemming from the anxiety. A dean at one of Ohio's many large coeducational colleges, reporting on a faculty-student conference, rated the causes in about this order: "Lazy students, lazy professors, importance of grades over knowledge, pressure to get into professional schools."

The dean of students at a big Southern university confesses faculty uncertainty: "They are skeptical about methods of apprehending offenders." As for the main cause of cheating, he tosses responsibility back on the student: "Poor background, lack of a sense of honor and personal integrity, lack of ability to do college work."

Professor Jacob of Pennsylvania, whose book has been previously mentioned, splits the blame between faculty and student. He finds the prime causes of cheating to be "overemphasis on grade-exam procedures and a widespread student tradition of tolerance toward the practice."

Now we are ready for the inevitable question. What have I to say on my own account? As a member of a university faculty, it would be strange if I had not formed some opinions.

Professor Jacob's book contains an interesting chapter titled, "The Peculiar Potency of Some Colleges." In it he notes the extraordinary effectiveness of some institutions in producing superior graduates, and the high academic morale that prevails on their campuses. Students in one place "have a high regard for their college education and do not cheat." In another, "the touch of the institution's special influence has been felt." Students of a third would "like to make a contribution to society for which they would be remembered." At a fourth, "love of people and altruism became the pre-eminent values for seniors." What can be done, Professor Jacob wants to know, to inspire more of our colleges and universities to such high attainment?

In reply I would suggest that a university, like a person, ought to stand for something. Each of the "peculiarly potent" schools stood for a high intellectual and moral precept. At such institutions short shrift is given to cheaters, and faculty members are not reprimanded or reversed on appeal, when they deal firmly with them.

The first step in a school concerned about its cheating, I would think, should be to ask itself what it stands for. Does it rest its reputation on having the biggest enrollment in its state? As fielding the best football team? As offering the greatest variety of courses? As having the handsomest fraternity houses and the most luxurious student-union building? None of these things, I suggest, offers the kind of challenge required. The school must assign itself some inspired goal, some lofty set of aims which has won the passionate loyalty of a dedicated faculty. These aims, whatever may be their specific nature, should have their roots in an undeviating allegiance to the truth.

The practical, national importance of truth is, I think, too little recognized. I am speaking now, not of ideals that tend to become fuzzily poetic, but of the hard-headed business of getting along in the job of being a nation. Because so many trades yield success with few demands on precision, we have come to think that shading things a little to one side of the truth doesn't greatly matter.

This is to lose sight of the fact that we must depend more and more in our nationally crucial ventures upon accurate knowledge. For example, the lessons of history, correctly interpreted, are vital to the national safety. But if our historians are sloppy workmen, who will tell us of such things? The space age demands rockets that will work, and these are not produced by designers who won their *A*'s in math by cheating. The surgeon at the operating table needs knowledge, not just a grade. There is an ever-increasing number of fields where fooling with the truth, either through incompetence or fraud, can produce disaster. If the repositories of knowledge have grown careless about the truth, we are undone. It is somewhat as if a nation backing its currency with gold discovered that its vaults contained only pig iron.

The same regard for truth that produces intellectual greatness can also reduce the anxiety that apparently drives so many students to cut corners. The new national demand of a college diploma for every child is bound to bring some disappointments. Not everyone—as shown by a national dropout rate of 60 per cent in four years—is capable of winning a university degree. Accepting one's limitations is surely one form of accepting truth.

Surely those honest ones who failed in college have a right to leave there without feeling that they have failed in life. Some of the most exalted chapters of human history, they should understand, have been contributed, and are still being contributed, without benefit of diploma. There is vital work to be done that does not require a college degree.

But those who have chosen to strive for this honor, and those who bestow it, need to understand the gravity of what they are doing. Knowledge is the true currency of our time. The college diploma is one token of knowledge. If, through cheating, it is turned counterfeit at the mint, we are bankrupt.

THE END

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Kellogg's Special K with milk is one of the few good protein foods you don't have to cook

Gives you the protein you know you need at breakfast —more than any other leading cereal

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New mothers and everyone else on a high-protein diet find Special K with milk a convenient source of extra protein. This combination is quick to fix and inviting to eat at breakfast or bedtime. Easy to digest, too.

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Head Man (Continued from Page 21)

"He came alone, not even a secretary," Toal said to Miss Gates, whom he had reassigned to General Stenographic. "They'll surround him, won't they?"

"Perhaps not," she reflected as she studied his picture in the paper. She was a thoughtful girl, wearing medium heels and a gentle shrewdness. Sam Toal wished he had an office for her, so that people couldn't stare at the girl who had taken such a demotion. But he admitted that Jennifer Killian had the savvy that now would be needed on the fourth floor.

The papers blew off Miss Killian's desk just outside stripped-down office No. 1 every time Gardella opened a window to throw out a match. She put an ash tray on his bare desk. He nodded his dark head.

"Miss Killian, stay a minute and tell me something."

She knew the moment had come. Of her he would ask searching questions about who was who. But to side-step the personal, she could take refuge in the official table of organization. She got a copy, returned to his office and sat down. But still she was unprepared.

"Miss Killian, who had your job before?"

"Why, Miss Nelda Gates."

"Where is she?"

"Uh—reassigned. General Stenographic."

"Why?"

"Well, Mr. Keyes felt you'd want ——"

But he was instantly on his way out of his office.

The people in General Stenographic were surprised to see him. Sam Toal rose. But after a brief inquiry Gardella walked directly to the desk of Nelda Gates. "Miss Gates? I'd like you to return to your original job." He stared at her.

She was startled. "I'm honored, but I don't think I want ——"

"To go through it again? You won't. It'll be different this time."

By the third day of working with Gardella, Miss Gates was at sea. He seemed to know what a tough job he had and how fast he must act, but he didn't seem to be doing anything about it—anything sweeping or strategic enough.

The two presidents before him had failed, but at least during their initial period of grace, with the momentum of newness, they made themselves felt—established headway. This Mr. Gardella, though, had no instructions for her.

She came in with a stack of papers. "Mr. Gardella, I happen to know the importance to you of the first stockholder meeting. Mr. Keyes and Mr. Daneceau will have already begun preparing their part in it. I thought you'd like to begin your ——"

"Thanks for what you're trying to tell me, Miss Gates. But I already know."

She doubted if he had ever known a Keyes. Tall, commanding, he looked in every motion as if he ought to be the president. A strategist-type executive, his mind was a knife that sliced to the very "either . . . or" of a problem, so that formerly complex matters seemed suddenly simple—while he was in the room. Industry-wide his name was power. Wherever he sat in any meeting seemed to become the head of the table—especially on the fourth floor at Ardco.

What jarred Miss Gates was the nearly telepathic remark from Gardella. "I know about the Keyeses, Miss Gates. One near the top of every outfit, more or less. This one just happens to be more."

This Mr. Gardella had a way of stripping off centuries of civilization, reducing all matters to "for" or "against." It was so contagious that she said, "Perhaps. But even so, there's Mr. Daneceau."

"Been watching him too. He's the crowd pleaser. Pushed his way up with a series of bold strokes. Loyalties will run deep for him all through this outfit."

She was surprised. But he couldn't know how deep.

The congenial, intense Daneceau had bulled his way up on opposite merits from Keyes. Where Keyes was an intellect, Daneceau was a fighting flame. He'd had the nerve, when the company was on its back, to barge into Trenton Manufacturing and secure their orders with fantastic promises—which he then inspired all echelons of Ardco to deliver. He knew Ardco was his, and with reason—a formidable man.

"If you really knew about them, Mr. Gardella, you'd—you'd ——"

"Maybe they'll co-operate with me right off, Miss Gates. I'm a good fellow."

"Well, sir, your predecessor was also."

"True. But he tried to outflank 'em. Tried to personally enlist the loyalty of the sales force over Daneceau's head."

"But the man before that ——"

"Tried to bind the stockholders to him over Keyes' head."

"What's your plan, sir?"

"To run this company *through* Daneceau and Keyes. Have they acknowledged my two-o'clock meeting with them Thursday?"

"No, sir, but I could be more helpful if I knew the subject."

"They'll know it. The subject is, 'I'm going to take over.'"

To her puzzled look he grinned, "Don't try to explain it for me, Miss Gates. I don't send my women out to do men's work they're not being paid for."

"Then why did you call me back to this job?"

"Don't want my back exposed, for one thing."

"You don't know any more about me than about Miss Killian."

"Less. But I knew Miss Killian at a glance."

"The other reason, Mr. Gardella?"

"You had this spot when Old Man Strock was running the place. I might need you to tell me how he did it."

"A junior executive might better tell you, sir."

"He'd give me *his* theories. You'd give me Strock's."

She didn't answer. He said, "Well, wouldn't you?"

"I don't know that I'm getting paid for that, sir."

Joseph K. Gardella was puzzled. He heard the chuckle of a ghost as he prepared to take over Ardco, Incorporated.

Gardella had taken over before, many times. This time should just be rougher. As always the problem was only to find the key—then turn it.

At seventeen he had found a key to higher education. At the dinner where they handed the All-Eastern Massachusetts High Score Trophy to young Gardella, a sports writer from the Boston *Transcript* leaned over the writer from the *Globe*. "Another sharp kid gone to hell. His hat'll never fit again."

But the *Globe* writer didn't take his eyes off the most penalized, most vicious young quarterback in the league.

The *Transcript* writer went on, "Shame. Seventeen and had his biggest moment—already."

The *Globe* writer said, "Not so sure—this case." He was noticing that when they handed over the trophy, this boy didn't glow with the usual becoming modesty and joy. He looked, the *Globe* writer thought, as if he had just tossed the trophy into his bag and walked out of the room.

Gardella was the only one in the room who knew what he had really won—the trophy was the key to a scholarship to a top prep school. His father, Anthony Gardella, Department of Roads, didn't even know what a prep school was.

Since then young Gardella had put many trophies into his bag and traded them up. Today he was highly touted as epitomizing the new school of young professional management. The business press said, "with *distinguished* success"; the trade talk phrased it, "with *brutal* success."

But at his first meeting with the two operating vice presidents at Ardco he was up in his own weight class—and giving away a few pounds at that.

The meeting seemed rigged against him three to one. The third man was not in the room—only his influence.

Gardella had called the meeting with Keyes and Daneceau for two o'clock, expecting them in his office. But instead Miss Gates informed him they were waiting in the conference room.

So he walked into their presence almost like a job applicant. Keyes pulled out a side chair for him, but Gardella bypassed it for the head of the table.

The awkwardness came when Gardella moved to pull his chair up to the head of the table. It was bolted to the floor—far out from the table.

"That's why I thought you'd prefer this chair," Keyes said.

And Daneceau explained, "You see, when Old Man Strock left us, there was a little impromptu ceremony. Grateful employees bolted his chair down where he always sat."

"Notice the desk clock calendar, too," Keyes added. "They soldered the hands fast at five P.M., January fifth—the Old Man's last hour on the bridge, so to speak. The idea was that nobody'd fill that chair—you know, sentimental. Custom's been honored around here though by—uh—the last two."

"Uh-huh." Gardella moved to a side chair. It was impossible to sit nearly three feet from the table without feeling like a pygmy. "Gentlemen, now that you've had time to study my written list of suggestions for future operations, I'd like to discuss them."

Gardella noticed Daneceau reach for his copy and scan it as if for the first time. Keyes went to crosshatching on his.

The pointed lethargy showed Gardella what he was up against. Abruptly he laid aside his own copy of the memo. He waited until the silence compelled their attention. Without raising his voice, he ripped the lid off. "Gentlemen, how's it going to be?"

Keyes' mask arched. "Why, what do you mean, Mr. Gardella?"

"I mean"—Gardella leaned forward—"rough or smooth? You can have it either way. But I want to hear you say it. How's it going to be?"

Gardella waited.

"Put it this way, Mr. Gardella"—Daneceau thumbed the memo—"sweeping production recommendations like this after two quick plant tours mean you must want my resignation."

"You know damn well that's just what I can't afford!"

"Then the bargain price is autonomy in my own areas of responsibility without the interference of ——" He fluttered the memo to the center of the table.

Keyes slid his over on top of it and stood up. "If we can have that, I feel that we could—that is, I'm sure the company would show a good last quarter at the annual shareholder meeting—uh—a period coincidental with your first three months in office."

Left alone in the conference room Gardella moved to the head of the table and sat down in W. W. Strock's great chair. He found himself facing a portrait of Strock.

Miss Gates opened the door and walked in swiftly. She stopped, surprised to see him. Then, as if scraping up pieces of a broken cut-glass pitcher, she gathered up the eloquently discarded memos.

She started to speak, but instead she left.

A. C. Daneceau, though he had left his carbon on the conference table, had previously had it photocopied for his top three men, now assembled in his office.

Daneceau sat down at his desk and said, "Well?"

He looked over at the daytime superintendent, who grinned, "Well, Dan, right away his first suggestion I feel is off base. How can he right away call our manufacturing uncompetitive because we're buying too-advanced components?"

"Uh-huh." Daneceau turned to the night super. "Yours?"

"I feel the same, Dan."

"Uh-huh." Daneceau turned to his special assistant. "Sam?"

To avoid a mere me-too, Sam said, "How can a man make a decision like this—little as he's seen of the operation?"

But Daneceau snarled, "I'll tell you how. Because he knows his stuff! All he had to do—I see it now—is walk down that line. He wouldn't hear a single rivet gun, wouldn't see a single metal slitter—only welders, bolting jigs and fastening operations. He's right. We're only assembling."

His assistants swallowed.

Daneceau bellowed, "Go study that memo! I mean study!"

Nelda Gates was a perceptive woman. Within the next month she was already sensing the unguarded courtesy toward herself which foretold doom to Mr. Gardella. The defeat of Gardella's first moves by Keyes and Daneceau was changing from a fourth-floor undercurrent to plant-wide gossip.

She determined to demand a permanent company assignment which would not be nursing a series of try-out presidents. But when she saw Gardella thoughtfully staring out his window, she yearned to scream, "Don't turn your back like that! And don't just sit there!"

For the fact was that whenever Miss Gates saw the tawny back of his neck only slightly civilized by the barber, she had a disturbing flash of how it would fit inside the crook of her right elbow.

As he swiveled, she placed before him Keyes' outline for the stockholder meeting. "I thought you'd want to study it," she said.

But he studied her instead; so she explained, "It puts Mr. Daneceau on the podium explaining some changes *he* brought about in production. Less component assembly, more basic manufacture. I thought you'd want to see if the agenda is arranged to the best advantage of—of everybody, so as not to be taken by surprise."

"Thanks, Miss Gates. But the key is not there."

"More likely than out your window, isn't it, Mr. Gardella?" She noticed that even while his Rome was burning, his eyes had time to sweep her length with a flicker of calculation that put them alone in a forest for a moment. "Are you sure there is a worth-while key then?" she asked.

"Always is," he said. "Just never took me so long to find it before."

He concentrated on her until she colored and turned up her collar. "Perhaps you never looked in such unlikely places?"

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"Nothing unlikely about it." He grinned and shoved the meeting agenda back at her. "Old Man Strock hid that key when he died. But he couldn't have hidden it from you. Miss Gates, I'm going to ask you for that key."

In the throbbing silence he rose, with his fists on the desk, and leaned toward her. Finally she shook her head. He sat down. "Fair enough," he said. "You're not getting paid for that." She gave him no comment, verbal or facial.

"All right," he said. "I guess I'd better swallow my pride and go ask the board for help."

"What will you ask them for, Mr. Gardella?"

"Leave to fire Keyes and Daneceau if I want to—and the board to back me up if I do."

Her head was bowed, and though her voice was soft her words were shockingly hard. "And you're one of those enlightened new managers—that leads and inspires. But in the showdown you finally need the big stick to hold in your hand."

"Didn't say I needed it. Said I *wanted* it."

"Then let's admit you schoolboy managers can't cut it without the power of the ax."

"How did you get so gentle, yet so tough?" She looked up at him until he felt himself shrinking. "Then why not tell me what Strock used?" he said. "It got results."

"But it was wrecking the ship."

"Suppose by accident I find his secret," Gardella said. "Then it'll wreck anyhow."

"You won't. He didn't want anyone to find it."

Gardella rose. "O.K. If I can't have Strock's key, then I'll have to ask the board for some authority. What would Strock say to that?"

Gardella put on his hat and walked out into the corridor. He was shock-stopped by her delayed answer which spun him in his tracks.

"Mr. Strock would say that authority is not something they can give you. It's something you take."

Gardella returned and took off his hat. "Of course." She backed up a step. He said, "But I will find Strock's key—if I have to open every closet in this town."

"You make it sound like a detective man hunt."

"Thanks." He reached for a pencil. "Thanks for saying that. That's exactly the method I should have been using."

He handed her the pencil. "Get me W. W. Strock's former daily itinerary—every place he went, his lunch place, his gas station, his tailor, his clubs." He listed the stops a man makes in a month.

With the list in his pocket Gardella went hunting. The things he learned about Strock focused into an image of a strong man about town—a prime mover of affairs in a city of 100,000 people—but no X ray of *how* he moved affairs. None, that is, until he went to see Sneider, the tailor.

"Strock? Don't remember. I got a lot of customers."

"Try."

The tailor pinch-thumbed through a fat book of fabric swatches, muttering, "Strock." Then his finger stabbed a rugged English tweed. "Yah, there he is! Strock! Three button, size forty-six. Ach!"

Gardella watched the tailor's face suddenly frost over.

"What you expect to learn of a man from his tailor? That it takes over three and a half yards to camouflage him? No vest? What?"

"Something about his brand of leadership—that makes men bolt down his chair when he's gone, out of affection," Gardella said. "He was pleasant to work for?"

"Huh! What's pleasant?"

"All right." Gardella resigned and pulled open the door. But he shut it again because the tailor asserted, "Just the same, I kept his trade for every suit but two!"

"Why is that so great?"

The tailor pointed across the street to a store front that read A. LANDERN—TAILOR. His hand shook more than his voice. "You think Strock ever let me forget—right across the street—my competitor. Always he tells me how A. Landern puts the full lining, the hand-stitch lapel, the more selection of goods!" Sneider grew excited. "Always Strock tells me about Landern. Landern he tells about me. But I kept his damn business!"

Gardella leaned against the counter to hear more, but Sneider said, "The price of goods leaves no more talking time."

Gardella opened his wallet. "I'll buy some talking time."

"My living is not words—suits."

"Then make me a suit," Gardella said. "Talk while you measure."

Sneider studied Gardella's build with appreciation and reached for the tape. "Talk about what?" he asked.

"About Strock's two vice presidents—Keyes and Daneceau."

At Ardco, Nelda Gates was wondering fervently how a man could get to be president without the minimal smartness to stay in the office and observe Daneceau and Keyes in the flesh as they brazenly prepared for the critical stockholder meeting, polishing their personal results to a fine gloss at the expense of the newcomer.

She had just seen the board chairman's wire to Daneceau.

YOUR WISDOM IN BEGINNING CONVERT PRODUCTION LINES TO MORE BASIC MANUFACTURE, LESS COMPONENT ASSEMBLY, CAN MAKE THE WHOLE DIFFERENCE IN OUR COMPETITIVE POSITION THIS YEAR. CONGRATULATIONS.

Nelda Gates knew that "wisdom" had been born in Gardella's initial memo. But she also knew that the powerful thing about A. C. (Dan) Daneceau was his disarming, loud honesty. He bragged so loudly and openly, it passed for modesty.

Nelda Gates now watched him put the telegram into Rathgeb's hands and laugh. "I want you to know what a genius I am. Also I know you're writing the board chairman's stockholder speech. I think he'll want to get this thought into it. The wire gives me a heck of a lot more credit than I've got coming," he grinned. "But that's what I need."

Nelda Gates was torn between anger at Daneceau and disgust for Gardella.

Gardella watched Sneider throw open the swatch book and point to a mauve flannel. "Keyes," he said. "Right there. Forty-four waist. That's all I know of him. A quiet man. No talk."

"Show me the suits he bought before that one."

Sneider pointed out two expensive suitings, then an economy sharkskin. "There's one four years ago—cheap goods—waist thirty-two."

"Thirty-two—just four years ago? And now forty-four?"

"Yah," Sneider said. "Und now—a different man. Before—nervous, mean. Now—relaxed, fatter, an easy customer."

"And four years ago Strock ——"

"Was buried. Yah."

"How about Daneceau? Did he put on weight, too, since Strock—left?"

Sneider shrugged, "Yah. They got fat together—after Strock left."

"Thanks. Thanks, Mr. Sneider."

Gardella went back over the same trail now to eleven of Strock's tradesmen and personal suppliers. This time he looked across the street from each supplier, sometimes figuratively. Then he went back and studied the portrait in the conference room before returning to his own office.

Nelda Gates stared at him with a quiet awe. "You found it—the key."

"Looks like it, Miss Gates. Will you tell me if I'm right?"

"No."

"Then I'll have to assume I'm right."

She looked crestfallen. But he began giving instructions.

"First, our architect will be sending out some rough architect's sketches of two modern plants. Under one it will say ARDCO PLANT NO. 1, CONSUMER DIVISION—DANECEAU. Under the other it will say INDUSTRIAL PRODUCTS DIVISION—KEYES."

"But we aren't divided into those two divisions, Mr. Gardella."

"Not yet. See that the drawings get here by Thursday. Set up a meeting then at two P.M. with Daneceau and Keyes and myself."

She neither replied nor moved to leave. After a long silence she said, "It will be—brutal. Just like ——"

"Like what, Miss Gates?"

"Nothing."

"Just like in Strock's time, Miss Gates?"

"You'll do anything, won't you? To everybody!"

"My job is to break a couple of mean broncos, or get myself thrown—right, Miss Gates?"

"True, did you expect Shetland ponies? Daneceau and Keyes are tough, but they've fought a tough fight for this company. They deserve better than a bear pit."

"Why do you expect more of me than of Strock?"

"I don't—any more."

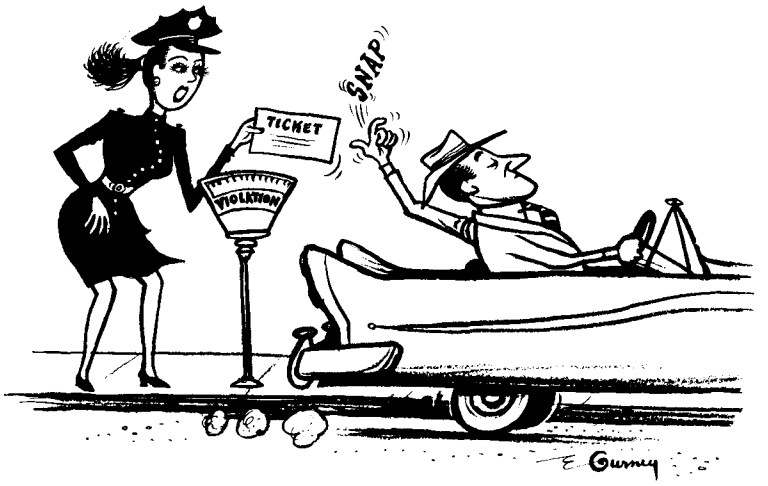
He shrugged. She stepped back and studied him as if a ten-foot pole would be too close. He colored, but took it.

Next morning the things on top of her desk had been straightened with such a neat finality that it left a hole in the room. But what surprised Gardella more was the way her vacant desk took the shine off the morning and made it feel like five-thirty P.M.—like opening the door to his empty apartment.

The kind of respect that Nelda Gates had among the women in the Ardco offices was not affection—nor envy. But they knew she carried in her head more certain knowledge of Ardco's future than could be found in both coffee shops.

Yet Nelda herself was at this moment the most delicious coffee-conversation topic in the main office. She had asked the personnel manager for a new assignment and was seated at a spare desk typing overflow work from the lab.

Suddenly, to cover the staring curiosity, every typewriter in the room accelerated. Nelda Gates looked up. Gardella



You be the Judge

By JAMES A. EICHNER

To free patrolmen for man-sized duties, the police chief hired nineteen-year-old Sally as a traffic cop to check parking meters and ticket violators. When a motorist rejected her ticket and drove off, Sally charged him with ignoring a traffic summons and insulting a police officer.

"Legally, Sally is a mere child," the motorist argued in court. "A summons from a child means nothing. Until she becomes twenty-one, she is not competent to be a law officer."

"Age has nothing to do with it as long as the officer has the mental capacity to do the job required," the prosecutor replied. "Sally was an accredited policewoman and should have been obeyed as such."

If you were the judge, would you convict the motorist?

• • • • • • • • • • • • • • • • • • • •

The motorist was convicted. The court held that anyone over eighteen may serve a civil summons, and opined that Sally was fully competent to "evaluate the facts and to testify on the charges." It added that "any minor, except a child of tender years who can't understand the nature of an oath, can testify as a witness."

Based upon a 1959 New Mexico decision.

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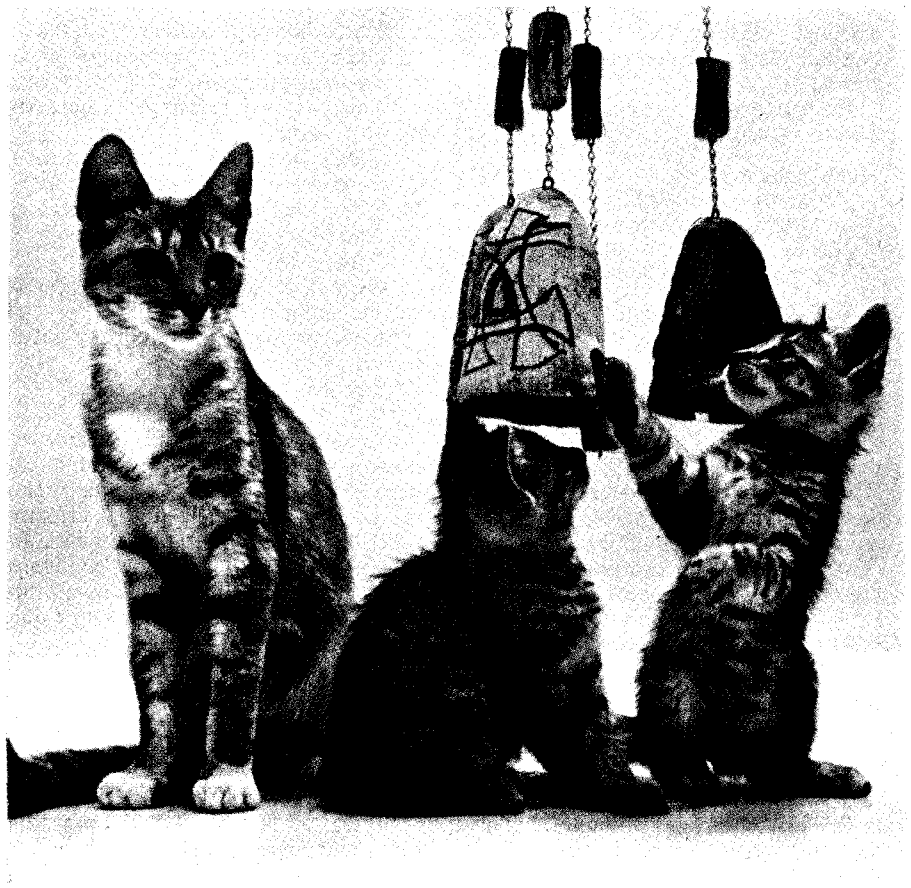

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Because health and regular balanced nourishment go hand in hand, cats who are fed Puss 'n Boots every day do more than just "keep the doctor away." They positively glow with health, beauty and well being!

Every nutrient a cat is known to need is provided by Puss 'n Boots' variety of healthful ingredients: fresh-caught whole fish (including the protein-rich fillets, natural oils, minerals and vitamins), selected whole-grain cereals, and added Vitamins B_1 and E. So to keep your cat sunny with health and happiness, feed Puss 'n Boots at least once a day—every day for lifelong nutrition.

ALL THIS NOURISHMENT—EVERY DAY—IN EVERY 8 OZ. CAN

SUNDAY
MONDAY
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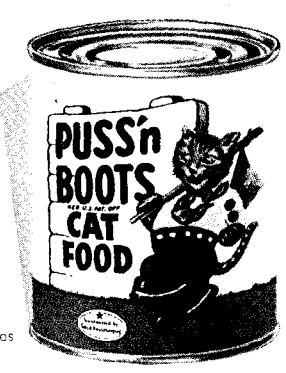
A can of Puss 'n Boots has *twice* as much calcium—for strong bones—as a 10 oz. glass of milk.

There is as much protein in a can of Puss 'n Boots as in *four* fresh whole eggs.

Puss 'n Boots contains *two* times as much blood-building iron as a cup of steamed spinach.

There is as much riboflavin, for healthy eyes, in Puss 'n Boots as in an equal serving of lean raw beef.

Plus other vital nutrients essential to your cat's well-being.



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Once a day—Every day—for lifelong nutrition

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Coast Fisheries Division of The Quaker Oats Company, Chicago 54, Ill.

was threading between the desks—toward her.

"Why?" he said quietly.

"Anyone can referee a dogfight. You were supposed to harness them."

"Why do you care how I run it?"

"I don't know."

"Worried that much about the company?"

"I doubt it," she said. "I'm no thirty-year man."

After an awkward while he said, "We'll do it your way. Get Keyes and Daneceau for the harnessing meeting Thursday."

"They're out of the city."

"There are phones."

"How are you going to do it?" she asked.

"That's *my* job, isn't it? I've agreed it'll be your way."

"Why should you respect my idea of the right way to run a company?"

"I don't. But you do know the right way to run a life."

By persistent use of the phones and the secretaries of Keyes and Daneceau, Nelda Gates found that Keyes was en route from Kansas City to Milwaukee to Chicago.

By evening she knew that Keyes had ignored the message she had waiting for him in Milwaukee. But she planted another one for him in Chicago. Daneceau she located in Trenton, New Jersey.

The whole fourth floor was aware that something was up. To pull Daneceau away from the company's biggest customer just for an internal meeting was a pure show of muscle which would test the president right away. And to pull Keyes in from Chicago for a brief internal meeting would have been enough to hang the preceding president.

The news that Keyes and Daneceau *might* be returning prematurely to the office shook up a flurry of activity among middle management, who had been counting on their longer absence.

But Rathgeb told his section, "No crash programs. I say Keyes won't show for Gardella's meeting."

Into the advertising section just then came Jennifer Killian. "I thought you might be expecting Mr. Keyes Thursday, Mr. Rathgeb. But he has just wired that he's tied up with stockholders in Chicago."

Rathgeb smiled. "Thank you, Jennifer. What about Daneceau?"

"Detained at Trenton Manufacturing."

"Does Gardella—Mr. Gardella—know?"

"By now I should think so. Nelda just went into his office."

Within minutes twenty pairs of eyes were staring at the closed door to office No. 1. Inside, Gardella leaned back and grinned at Nelda's defensive blush. He said, "See?"

"But you'll admit both their excuses are valid."

He shrugged. "We tried it your way. Now mine. Send them this wire."

As she studied it her face fell. "Why, it's an invitation to be in a ——"

"Dogfight, you called it before."

She looked through him.

"All right. But I tried your way!" he snapped. "Now I'll use anything. They are. Keyes is out right now building himself up with the stockholders! Daneceau makes a personal and secret possession out of our biggest customer."

Nelda Gates walked to the switchboard.

On Thursday morning there was a formal coldness between Gardella and Miss Gates. He knew that by now she would have heard whether Keyes and Daneceau had been reported back in town or on their way. But she didn't enlighten him. She knew he wouldn't ask her and couldn't ask anyone else.

On his part, he ordered her to send for a cold chisel and hammer. He took the tools into the conference room and closed the door. Loud noises were heard, but he emerged without explaining.

At two-fifteen P.M. Joseph K. Gardella looked at his watch to make sure he was a few minutes late. As he walked out of his office, a glance at the closed conference-room door told him no more than the laboriously innocent faces in the outer office.

He walked to Nelda's desk. "Miss Gates, I'd like you at the meeting also."

"What should I bring?" she asked stiffly. "Notebook?"

"Just your ultrasensitive conscience."

The whole outer office was suddenly extra busy. As Nelda walked beside him toward the conference room, he asked quietly, "Well, did they come?"

"You sent for them," she said. "By your method."

He put his hand on the conference-room door and shoved it open. They were there.

As he walked toward them he scanned a paper in his hand, thereby cutting off any greetings or small talk.

At the head of the table he sat awkwardly in Strock's great chair which was stationed so far out from the table.

He saw that they had been examining the architect's renderings of two new plants. They were actually old drawings which the architect happened to have of plants built two hundred miles away. But the Ardco name had been quickly substituted. One was labeled INDUSTRIAL PRODUCTS DIVISION—KEYES, the other, CONSUMER DIVISION—DANECEAU.

Nelda Gates read the faces of Daneceau and Keyes, who were intent on the drawings. She was shocked at the electric tension which had already built up in this room, like in the old Strock days. And the two men suddenly looked old to her.

Gardella let the tension build. He gave them silence to grasp the picture of two independent divisions competing directly for profit credit. He saw Nelda Gates look at Keyes, who was looking at Strock's portrait. She saw Keyes catch her at it and flush under the raw sympathy she hid too late.

Daneceau finally shattered the pressure, "Look! If we're going onto this kind of a basis, you've got the plants switched. I've got to have the one with the larger bays—and the proximity to railroad siding."

Keyes snapped, "Like hell! That's got to be my—that is, the industrial division's plant! I'll demand that the ——"

Gardella's voice cut the air quietly. "Your demanding days are done. Both of you."

Now as they watched him, their faces could not mask their amazement—because after looking up at Strock's portrait, Gardella, incredibly, was actually pulling Strock's chair right up to the table. It moved!

Their eyes next swept to the clock which formerly had been soldered still at five P.M. Instantly they saw the clock read two-twenty-two; the date on the calendar was today's. Involuntarily they looked at their watches and then back at Gardella. Sitting up close to the table, he now loomed large. Suddenly authority fit him quietly like his brown herringbone.

"The plan you see before you can be quickly put into effect any time at my discretion."

He was interrupted by the glassy stare of Nelda Gates, who looked at Strock's portrait. She saw thirty-four hundred men split into bitter halves, driven against each other by two driven men. She saw

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machinery driven, without time for lubrication, by a constant turnover of replacement personnel. She saw the development lab become again a mere test lab for finding cheaper and cheaper raw stocks.

She saw Ardco salesmen fighting for still lower prices to offer in place of product superiority as two competitive engines in men's clothes each fought to hold down the other's profit. She saw bitter faces working in silence.

She rose without apology and walked toward the door.

Gardella watched her in awe. Loud enough to halt her march, he said, "However—however, I will put the plan on the shelf and proceed under the *status quo* until such time as I feel it is necessary to change."

He stared at them like a molting owl until he felt their sighs of relief. When their eyes yielded he snapped, "Daneceau, do you understand the bargain we have just made here?"

Daneceau looked at Keyes, then at Miss Gates. "Yes—sir."

Gardella turned to Keyes a pair of unblinking eyes. "Keyes?"

Keyes' cheeks jiggled under the impact. He nodded.

Gardella's words exploded with a kind of percussion, "And I mean full and complete night-and-day loyalty and co-operation—not only to the letter but to the spirit. I demand neither your respect nor your affection, but I will have your co-operation. And if I even *think* I'm not getting it from either one ——" He snapped his fingers and pointed to the drawings. The report jarred the dead air in the room.

"Are there any questions?"

"No."

"No—sir."

"You can begin proving it tomorrow. I'll be gone for two weeks. You will both collaborate on preparing for me in my absence the president's annual message to stockholders. I expect I will like very much what you prepare."

"Yes."

"Yes—sir."

"Miss Gates, I'd like to speak to you after the others leave."

When the door closed behind them, Gardella said, "Well, Miss Gates?"

"Magnificent," she smiled.

He grinned at her until she finally said, "I'd better make arrangements for your two weeks' absence. First I'd heard of it."

His casual grin changed to a sudden intensity which ruffled her.

"Oh, you've earned it," she admitted. "That was probably the most important victory of your career."

"Most important except for one, Nelda."

He came over to her. "As the new head man around here, Nelda, I'm telling you to make those two-week travel arrangements for two."

In the conference room on the fourth floor of the Ardco Corporation, the new head man there reached out and took Nelda Gates in his arms.

Tropic Holiday (Continued from Page 33)

They waited as the water ran. The only sound was the distant-breaking surf. Doug said suddenly, "Mine's giving a little, I think. How about yours?"

She shook her head.

Doug worked his fingers hard, and his arms, wrists, shoulders. "Not enough." He looked at the back of the door. "Why didn't I see that before?"

"What?"

"A bottle opener."

"It's just a little metal thing screwed on."

"Yes. But if I can catch this wet cloth on it and jerk against it, it should do it."

Doug nearly fell trying to reach the door. He had difficulty turning in the narrow space. He attempted to catch the cloth on the metal behind him. He missed. He tried again and again.

"It's caught!" he said. "Now ——"

He pulled and went even whiter. Karen held her breath. He grinned at her, the familiar grin that made his otherwise ill-assorted features so attractive. He pulled at the cloth again.

"Doug, you'll kill yourself. That cut is opening more and more. It's bleeding all over your face."

The cloth gave with a sudden sickening tear. Doug fell forward, narrowly missing the bathtub. He lay unmoving on the floor for an instant, as Karen's throat seemed full to bursting. Then he sat up. He held his hands in front of him, free.

In a matter of moments he had untied Karen's hands and they were both working at the ties on their feet. Their circulation returned painfully, making each movement an effort. Finally they were trying to walk, awkwardly, agonizingly.

Then Doug circled the room silently, trying each window and the door, searching for anything to use as a lever, looking at the skylights. He said finally, "It's tight, all right. But they don't know we're free, and when they come in, we'll clobber them with something."

"There isn't anything."

Coolly Doug picked up the little rocker. He tried to break it apart in his hands, but could not. He wrapped it in a sheet from the bed to muffle the noise. He hit it against an inside wall, one quick, hard blow. It came loose then. He gave one of the maple legs to Karen, and tied the other three together in a more substantial club for himself.

"I'll stand by the door," he said. "When somebody comes in, I'll hit him with this. You slip past him and run and keep running."

"I won't leave you."

"That's an order, Karen. Don't worry. As soon as I knock the Mick out and see that you are free, I'll run too. No dead heroes. I promise you."

They heard footsteps on the porch. Outside one of the boarded-up windows the Mick's voice snarled. "Will's not back yet. If he isn't back by two o'clock he told me to do what I wanted with you. If that uncle of yours double-crossed him, I'm coming in there swinging an iron pipe in each hand."

Doug and Karen stared at each other. Doug whispered, "He knows we're free. Maybe he can see the light, but probably he heard me breaking up the chair."

Karen whispered uncertainly, "Uncle Hosmer couldn't be mixed up in this. He couldn't, Doug."

Doug's tone was grim. "Couldn't he? We'll find out when we get out of here."

"What chance have our little wood sticks against the Mick's iron pipes? Even without them you couldn't fight him, Doug. He was a professional fighter. And he's so terribly strong and he will fight dirty." Karen shivered.

"I can fight dirty too. He may not know judo."

Karen came over to him. "We have so little time," she whispered.

"Don't give up. There's still Bonito."

"Bonito? The cab driver? What help would he be?"

Doug grinned. "That depends on whether or not he has his shoes on."

It was the blow to Doug's head, Karen thought. He was delirious. She put her arms around him tightly. He switched out the lights and held her. They waited.

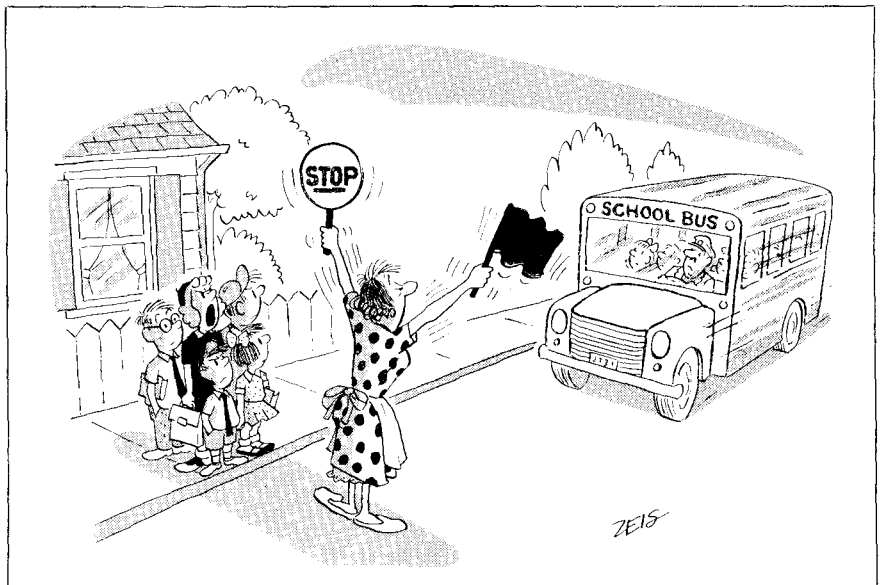
Sitting in the darkness of his luxurious hotel suite, Hosmer Smith was talking to himself. He knew it and was past caring. "Do something. You've got to do something. You've sat here a long time, shaking and trying to pull yourself together. So you killed a man. Will Roth. You didn't mean to. But he's dead. Are you just going to sit here until somebody comes in and finds the body? The midnight plane was in half an hour ago. Your secretary will be coming to report about the ransom money. You've got to get Will's body out of your hotel room now."

Shuddering with a supreme emotional effort, he lifted the body to his shoulder. It was very light, little more than bones. He pushed open the French door to the beach. He listened. None of the other rooms in the cottage were lighted. He saw no one. But if anyone saw him ——

Hosmer moved along the narrow path to the beach where Will Roth had said he had left his stolen rowboat. Hosmer was panting, not because he was really short of wind or because the night was warm—Hosmer was gasping from fear. Pure fear.

He found the rowboat, thankfully. He dropped the body into it. No one had seen him. He was sure of that. He wiped his clammy hands now and sat at the oars without touching them, staring at Will Roth's body.

"There are swamps along the shore. I can weight you down, and nobody will ever find you. Even if they do, nobody will ever connect me with you. There are no marks on you, no signs of violence. No one will know who you are. I burned all the identification and the labels of your clothes in my ash tray and scattered the ashes. After I get back to the hotel, I can shove the rowboat out to sea. Even if it's found and connected with you, they'll just think you fell out. I'll be safe. Perfectly safe."



"Oh, come now, mother—he won't forget."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

In the moonlight Will's thin lips seemed to be smiling sardonically. Hosmer could almost hear his slow, elegant drawl. *But will Karen be safe? When I don't come back at two o'clock, what will the Mick do? Panic, certainly. Run. But first he'll be sure he leaves no witnesses. No live witnesses. There are swamps near where he is too.*

Hosmer made himself row. The boat was badly balanced with Will Roth's thin body and Hosmer's big one. Hosmer rowed carefully away from the town, skirting the outside of the little island where the hotel was. The dark side. With the noise and fun of the festival still going on, it was unlikely anyone would have noticed him. Even in the moonlight on open water, at this distance no one could see the small gray rowboat moving soundlessly through the silver-blue sea.

Hosmer prided himself on keeping in top physical condition. He had not rowed in years, but his muscles performed smoothly with good co-ordination, without his having consciously to direct them. He kept an even stroke without tiring. He turned east, mainly because it was away from the town. At a distance he saw the lights of another luxury hotel on a low hill overlooking the town at some distance, near the lights of the radio tower. He remembered hearing some of the guests at his hotel saying they had had a delicious lunch there, and then driven through the swamps to visit the radio station.

Hosmer rowed harder to keep from thinking of Karen. Karen, with her honest brown eyes, her slim tall body, her gay laugh and pleasant voice. Karen saying, "Frightened, Uncle Hosmer? Why should I be frightened? All my life I've been surrounded by people who loved me, cared for me."

And he heard his own voice, "I'll take care of you, no matter what. I promise you."

Hosmer ground his teeth. He locked his big hands more tightly around the oars, put his entire body into the motion. *Row and not think. Row and not think. Row and not think.*

Will Roth, even in death, still looked elegant. His thin lips seemed to be smiling. *If I don't get back by two o'clock the Mick will kill them anyway.*

"I can't stop the Mick now," Hosmer was startled by the sound of his own big voice, alone on the sea. "Dammit, Will Roth, I don't know where Karen is. I might as well save myself at least. I'll weight your body down with that anchor. I'll tangle the line around you so that it will look like (*Continued on Page 65*)

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Magazine-testing machine!

Far more change is being made for copies of Ladies' Home Journal than for any other woman's magazine . . . a solid 13% more by latest official count.

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(*Continued from Page 63*) an accident if you're ever found. No one will have seen me leaving the hotel. I only have to go back there and wait."

Wait for Karen's death—in fifteen minutes.

Hosmer stopped rowing. He rested his hands on the oars. He watched the lights of the hotel on its gay veranda, close enough now so that he could hear the steel band to which the guests were dancing. Lovely ladies in short, colorful evening gowns with their bare shoulders and backs softly enticing. Men wearing dinner suits, which down here meant white tailored shorts and black Tuxedo coat. Men who had attained the success for which Hosmer had sought all his life. Hosmer had it now. He had money, position, prestige, now. All he had to do to keep them was to do nothing.

"Damn Karen!" he muttered.

Hosmer turned the boat awkwardly in the shallow waters of the swamp. Once he stuck. In panic he thought he was grounded. But he pulled free and rowed feverishly toward the radio station.

Five minutes to two. Hosmer jumped from the boat and ran up the rocky promontory. He slipped—fell. He got up and ran again. He burst into the little radio station breathlessly. It was a small, strictly utilitarian room with one man seated behind a microphone, also switching the controls.

"You've got to send a message!" Hosmer said. "It's a matter of life and death. Play a record. Any record. And send my message. Now!"

The small dark man had cut off the sound of his microphone when Hosmer came in. A record went on playing eerily. It was the loud sort of jazz that the Mick liked. The man said courteously, "The only message program is at five o'clock, sir."

Three minutes to two.

"This is a matter of life and death!"

The man behind the controls studied the big man before him. He looked at Hosmer's torn suit, his hands bloodied on the rocks. He made his decision. He said quietly, "What is the message?"

"Just this. Will to Mick. Will to Mick. Plane delayed. Do nothing until I come back. Do nothing until I come back."

"I can put it on the message program at five o'clock."

"Now!" Hosmer tore the word from his throat with a sob. "Now! If I have to kill you and send it myself!"

"This is intimidation. I shall have to call the police."

"Call anybody you like. Only send the message!"

Two minutes to two.

Coolly the announcer said, "As soon as this record is finished. Do I have it straight ——"

Hosmer slumped into a chair, half sobbing. His big body shook with exhaustion. Dimly he heard the music end, the announcer's words go over the air. "Will to Mick. Plane delayed. Do nothing until I come back. Do nothing until I come back."

Hosmer put his head in his hands and sat, unmoving, until he felt a hand on his shoulder.

"I am of the police, sir. Sub-sergeant Carib Sam Lundberg. I must ask you to come with me."

Hosmer Smith got up. He drew himself to his full height. With an effort he squared his big shoulders and put the authority back into his big voice. "What for? What have I done?"

"There is a dead man in the rowboat in which you came, sir."

Hosmer Smith put his handsome head back and roared, his mighty laughter echoing through the small room. He had forgotten all about Will Roth!

"So you win in the end, Will," he said. The young policeman and the radio announcer stared at him as he was led out.

Lily pushed her platinum hair out of her eyes. She blew her breath up across her forehead. She had long since taken off her high-heeled pumps and was walking barefoot, limping tenderly, trying to avoid the rocks.

"Whew!" she said. "How many of these dirt roads are there? For such a little island, you sure have a lot."

Bonito's dark eyes were worried. "We can not drive in at night without lights, and the kidnapers would see us if they are here. Perhaps I should not have brought you, *señora*. You are not used to the walking. It is dangerous. But I thought if I were seen with a crazy lady tourist, there would be less danger to the girl."

Lily laughed her friendly good-natured laugh. "Don't worry about the crazy lady tourist, Bonito. My feet hurt, and I'm pretty tired and hot, but it's nothing a cold shower and a night's sleep won't cure. We've got to find Karen. How many more of these cottages are there?"

"Only three likely ones, I think, *señora*. But I should have met the midnight plane on which the ransom money arrived."

"I'll cover the cottages then," said Lily.

"You are not afraid? The darkness, the strange way?"

"Sure I'm afraid. Do you think I have holes in my head? I'm scared stiff."

Bonito laughed. "*Señora*, you refresh my soul. My deputy, the Carib Indian Sam will meet the plane. He is a good man, Sam. I cannot leave you here. I left *señor* Doug on this same stretch of road. He is young and tough, as my own son was. A marine. And *señor* Doug has not been seen since."

"It won't do any good to watch the ransom money if we don't find Karen. You said yourself they would kill her as soon as they got it."

Bonito nodded his dark head. "You are right. You have, *señora*, what *señor* Doug calls the horse sense."

"Sure," said Lily companionably.

"A bullet in the dark, *señora* Lily, does not know a woman from a man."

"But a man does," said Lily cheerfully. "Aren't we getting pretty close to the beach now? The waves sound like it. Should we stop talking?"

Bonito agreed and motioned to her to go behind him as they turned down a narrow road which was scarcely more than car tracks through the weeds. They moved swiftly but silently. Lily bit her lips when she stepped on a stone, but she refrained from her previously uninhibited ejaculations. Bonito did not look back at her. His eyes were on the land ahead. He had been to this cottage last summer, when its doctor-owner from Connecticut was here. Bonito knew that the house was to the right of the road, in the open, by a beautiful white sand beach. He saw the beach now and stopped quickly. He crouched below the level of the weeds. Lily crouched beside him. They moved to the edge of the beach—as far as there was underbrush.

White moonlight now flooded the silver sea with the waves breaking over the coral reef beyond. The trade wind made a soft, rustling sound in the palms.

Bonito whispered, "The house is dark. Boarded up. I see no one. We will wait."

They waited, watching. Neither spoke. Several minutes passed. Then Bonito said sadly, "This seemed the most likely house of the three. The next two are three miles away. We may be too late. But we must try. We will hurry. First I will check to be absolutely certain there is no one here."

He stood up in the moonlight. Lily pulled him down. "Wait a minute," she whispered.

Bonito became excited. "You hear something?"

"It's silly, but it sounded like a radio. Real hot jazz, only soft."

Bonito sighed. "We have not the time to wait further, *señora*. I shall leave my gun here and you will cover me."

"Not me. All I could do would be shut my eyes and pull the trigger, and at that I'd probably shoot me. I've got a better idea. You cover me. If there's anybody out there, I'll get him around to the other side of the house. That way you can cross that stretch of moonlight without getting shot and maybe stay whole enough to be some good when you get there."

"No," said Bonito. "You have the courage, that I know, but I can't allow it."

Lily stood up, shaking out her hair. "Nobody is going to mistake me for a police sergeant. And if the time has come when I can't take care of myself on a beach in the moonlight, I might as well find it out now."

She was gone, walking slowly across the stretch of open beach, stopping to pick up a large shell and hold it, her bare arms and shoulders shimmering in the moonlight. She hummed a gay, carefree little tune. She walked out to the surf and put her feet in it. She moved down the beach, casually, strolling, but coming closer and closer to the house.

Nothing happened. No one spoke. There was no sound but the waves and

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With so much gun slinging on TV Western programs, the sheriff is fast becoming overdrawn.

MONT HURST

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the rustling wind in the palm fronds. Bonito let out his breath, which he had been holding. There was no one here. He would go to join her.

Lily heard the radio again, still low, but this time unmistakable. A voice spoke suddenly. A slurred, guttural man's voice, "Don't come any closer! Who are you?"

Lily waved a casual hand. "Can't you see? I'm a blonde in search of adventure in the moonlight. Who are you? I can't see you."

A small man carrying a piece of lead pipe came out of the shadows of the porch. Bonito did not know until later that his name was Mick. "Never mind who I am. Get out of here now, before I bash your skull in."

Bonito could not see Lily's face, but he was sure she was terrified. Lily, as she had said, did not have holes in her head. He was also sure she was smiling gallantly. She said, "What are you, a man or a boy?"

The Mick growled.

Bonito took careful aim with his gun, but he put it down reluctantly. The range was too great—and the risk. This kidnaping could hardly have been a one-man job. If there were another man inside the house, with Karen and Doug his prisoners ——

Lily held out her hands in a graceful gesture. "See? I'm not going to hurt you. You're not afraid of me?"

The small man came a few steps closer to her. "I'm not afraid of nothing."

"Of course you're not," said Lily mockingly, "except maybe a woman on the beach in the moonlight."

"I'm not afraid of that, either."

Lily walked on slowly past the cottage. "No?" she called back over her shoulder.

The Mick took a bewildered, despairing look after her. He searched the beach behind him, carefully and diligently. Then he followed Lily around the house, still clutching the lead pipe.

Now, Bonito thought. He rose and ran barefoot across the moonlit beach, knowing that if anyone else was watching from the house, he was a clear target. He did not bother to weave or dodge. He ran as straight and as fast as he could. He could hear his heart thumping. It seemed to him that with each step there would come the crack of a gun. Perhaps someone was watching him, waiting, as the Mick had watched Lily and waited until she was nearly there.

Bonito had not known a hundred yards could be so long. Then he was on the porch in the shadows. He leaned against the house, breathing heavily. He realized as he never had before that he was no longer very young, that the flesh he had accumulated in his years of good eating had slowed him even more.

Bonito took a cautious step forward. The board under his foot creaked. A swarm of sandflies attacked his bare ankles painfully. He reached down to scratch, but did not. He moved forward, fighting to keep his breathing quiet. He looked around the corner of the house.

It was well that he did, for not ten feet away, on the steps, sat the Mick, with his thick fingers in Lily's platinum hair. There was indeed a portable radio playing a jazz recording.

"Let's go swimming," said Lily.

"I'm not going anywhere." The Mick gave her hair a painful jerk. "Neither are you."

Lily's laughter was forced, Bonito knew, but he doubted that the Mick did. "You needn't play so rough."

The Mick said savagely, "I'm not playing. I could jerk my hand back just a little and easy snap your neck."

Bonito took the safety off his gun. *If only I had done more of the target practices, so I could be sure of hitting him and not her. But it is twenty years since I have had occasion to shoot anything more dangerous than an injured cow. And I had only to put "attended target practice" in my reports to the lieutenant and tell myself mañana.*

Lily said, "I don't believe you're a bad guy. You look real handsome in the moonlight. I'd like to know you better. I'll bet you have quite a mind."

"Mind?" said the Mick suspiciously.

"You know what I mean. You look to me like a real smart thinker."

The Mick released her hair. He smoothed it down almost gently. He said in a pleased tone, "You think so?"

Bonito put the safety back on his gun. He saw the unboarded picture window behind Lily and the Mick. Lily would have looked in there, and the moonlight flooded the room. Karen and Doug could not be in there. Bonito slid backward without sound, breathing more easily now. There remained only one other room, on this side of the house, where Doug and Karen could be. With his knife he began to pry at the nails holding the boards on one of the windows.

Inside he heard Doug's excited whisper. "Bonito?"

"Yes."

"I knew you would come."

Within his tired body Bonito's heart warmed toward this tall red-haired marine who seemed so much like his own son.

"Watch out for that tough little gorilla, Bonito."

"I'll watch ——"

Bonito heard a wild, savage laugh. He ducked, but not in time. If the pipe had hit him full force, as it was meant to, it would have split his head open. Instead, it struck the side of his head, sending him down, down, into nothingness.

The Mick said, with wild exultation, "Now I've got a gun!"

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Inside the room Karen cried out, and Doug pounded fiercely on the boards, which did not give.

They heard a lighter footstep now. It was slower, more delicately paced. Then a voice—a voice which they knew, throaty, feminine, without its British accent. "Hey! No other man ever slung me off a porch so hard. I went practically across the beach into the ocean—while he ran around and slugged somebody before I could even get my breath to yell. Who's the little guy? Is he dead?"

The Mick snarled, "No, he's not dead. But he will be in five minutes. So will you. You're not fooling me. You were with him."

"Me? With him? That little squirt?"

"Quit gabbing. I hate gabby dames. Take his legs and drag him around to the front. We're going inside. We'll turn on the lights and we'll wait until two o'clock. Then ——" The Mick laughed. He easily smashed the picture window with his gun.

They were all in the living room now, herded by the Mick's gun. Karen was still in her bathing suit, Doug beside her, Lily on the other side. The Mick had dumped Bonito's unconscious body contemptuously just inside the window.

The Mick sat down. "Don't move, anybody. Somebody has been pushing me around all my life, and now for once I'm going to push somebody else. We'll wait until two o'clock. I can keep my word as good as Will does. But we won't wait a second longer. It's five minutes to two. We might as well get comfortable while we're waiting. Light me a cigarette, girl."

Five minutes to two.

Karen walked toward him slowly, hoping that she was not trembling. She gave him the cigarette and tried to hold the match.

The Mick's big hands steadied hers mockingly. He said, "You," to Lily. "Turn the radio up. As loud as I want it this time. Nothing like comfort. For five minutes. Then I won't have to wait. Four bullets ought to do the job. Don't move, marine. Listen to the music."

Four minutes to two.

They waited, Karen leaning against Doug with her eyes shut, Doug with his arm tight about her bare shoulders. Lily lighted a cigarette herself and moved restlessly up and down.

"Sit!" snapped the Mick.

Lily shrugged. She shook the platinum hair back. She sat down in the chair nearest her, which was the one farthest from Karen and Doug. Doug looked at her. Incredulously he saw her wink.

There's someone else outside, Doug thought. *She's trying to tell me. There couldn't have been anyone else with Bonito. We agreed on that. But she's trying to tell me something.*

He casually loosened his arm around Karen. He whispered, "If anything happens, fall flat on the floor. Remember."

"Stop mumbling. Listen to the music. These calypsos send me," said the Mick.

Doug stood up and moved cautiously away from Karen, "It does have a beat. Can you get the words?"

The Mick's blue eyes glared at him. "Sure I can get the words. What's the matter, you think I'm stupid?"

Doug thought, *If I could turn out the lights!* But the switch was behind the Mick, and even if Doug did reach it and put the room into darkness, the only place of escape for anyone would be through the broken picture window, where the moonlight would outline them clearly for the Mick's gun. Anyhow, they could not leave Bonito, lying limp behind the Mick. Doug looked at Bonito now, and suddenly he knew why Lily had winked. Bonito was moving his fingers slowly.

If he comes to now, he'll jerk or mutter, and the Mick will just slug him again. This time he will probably kill him. Three minutes to two.

But Bonito, Doug saw, would not jerk or mutter. For he was not just coming out of unconsciousness. His fingers were moving in a cautious, controlled signal. That had been what Lily was telling Doug.

Bonito was conscious and he was behind the Mick. With that radio on, the Mick might not hear Bonito get up and creep toward him. But even if he didn't, Bonito was hurt. He was older and unarmed. And the Mick's gun was pointed at Karen. Bonito saw all this. That was why he was not moving. It was up to Doug.

Two minutes to two.

The Mick said suddenly, "You! Marine! Quit moving around. Sit down."

Doug sat, his lean elbows on his lean knees, his head down, looking through his fingers at the Mick. He thought, *When that clock strikes, he'll finish us off with four bullets, or however many it takes. He said so. If I jump him now, he may not get us all. First to get the gun pointed away from Karen. Then we'll see if there is anything to this judo stuff.*

... ...

Temporarily Out of Ardor

By Loyd Rosenfield

She, sighing, said that now
we're wed
Six years my chivalry is
dead;
But I reminded her that I
Once got a kiss or soulful
sigh
For every little courtesy
I did for her with such
esprit;
My chivalry still lives.
perchance—
Vacationing with her
romance.

... ...

Doug stood up, stretching. The Mick stood up, too, snarling, pointing the gun at him. "I told you to sit down."

One minute to two.

Lily winked for luck. Bonito began to gather his muscles for getting up. Karen smiled at Doug shakily. Her hands were tight little fists. But he was proud of the naturalness with which she said, "There's someone at the front door!"

On anyone less dull than the Mick, it would not have had a chance. Even with him it rated only a second's glance over his shoulder to the right.

A second will have to do. Doug dived for the gun. He heard a loud noise close to his ear, and without feeling pain felt his right arm hang useless at his side. He chopped fiercely with the side of his left hand as they had taught him in combat tactics. The gun clattered on the floor. The Mick was at Doug's throat. Doug went down with the Mick's solid body on top of him. Doug rolled over quickly. He freed himself. He struggled up. The Mick's strong hand grasped his ankle and pulled him down easily, effortlessly. Doug felt the pain in his useless right arm this time as he hit the floor. It jarred through him, sending waves of blackness to his brain. He rolled again quickly, instinctively, as he had done so many times in marine training. He brought his knee up hard in the Mick's abdomen. It was useless. The muscles there were as hard as the rest of the Mick's body. The Mick's nearsighted blue eyes were very close now, shining with a fierce rage, a determination to kill. He was at Doug's throat again.

Doug's left fingers went out, seeking a weapon. They touched the gun. They closed around it. With the last of his strength Doug pointed it and pulled the trigger. The Mick grunted once and fell back limply. Doug fell on top of him.

Two o'clock.

Over the radio came the announcer's soft voice. "Will to Mick. Plane delayed. Do nothing until I come back."

It was the next evening. The full moon of the tropics still shone silver on the Caribbean. The trade winds still caused the sailboats in the harbor to bob at their anchorages. A few feet from the water, in the historic square, the festival was in its third night. Some of the bulbs had gone out in the gay strings of lights festooning the ancient cobblestone streets; the palm fronds decorating the refreshment booths had been dampened by a number of sudden rain clouds, as had the spectators. But the happy spirit of the islanders remained untouched.

Tonight they stood, young and old, calling to and applauding a phenomenal calypso singer from a neighboring island. He was a plump middle-aged man with a quick smile and flashing white teeth. Professionally he was known as the Great Hawk. He worked tirelessly, delighting the crowd, improvising words to tune after tune as he went along, inserting sly local sallies that brought roars of laughter.

Bonito, his dark head partly covered by a bandage, came quietly to stand beside Lily as she stood alone at the edge of the crowd, watching.

"How's Hosmer?" she asked him quickly. "They wouldn't let me see him in the jail at the fort."

"He is less stunned, I think. At first he would only laugh and talk to the dead man. But when he heard his niece was unhurt —— He has a New York lawyer already here, and he has refused to make a statement. The only thing he said was, will they take away my sign on Broadway, Hosmer's Health Hunkies, in five colors, flashing? This I cannot comprehend."

"Poor Hosmer."

"You are going to stand by him? A man accused of complicity in kidnaping, perhaps embezzlement and murder?"

Lily said, "Do you think I only like my friends when they're rich and not in trouble?"

"Hosmer Smith is in many ways a very unfortunate man. He may hang; he will almost certainly go to jail. But he is fortunate in the friend he has made."

"Hosmer never meant to hurt anybody. He wouldn't be in jail now if he hadn't been willing to give up his own safety to go to the radio station and try to save us. What do you think they will do to him?"

Bonito shrugged. "We cannot have this sort of thing, you understand, *señora*. It is bad for the tourist trade. Very bad. But who knows what a jury will do? As to the murder charge, I think nothing. Will Roth had the gun, and he attacked Hosmer Smith first. And Will apparently died from some sort of a chronic paroxysm of the throat. As to the embezzlement, Karen says she will not prosecute. The district attorney of New York, though, is another matter. On the kidnaping, if *señor* Smith chooses not to testify against himself, with both the Mick and Will Roth dead—one does not know."

Lily sighed. "I may be going to see him Sundays in Sing Sing when we're both eighty."

"I hope not, *señora*."

"Well, if I am, I am. When I fall, I fall, win, lose or draw. No sense at all, I guess."

"Jails," said Bonito, "should be for people who have not learned their lesson. Hosmer Smith I think has learned his. He is a man of great charm and undoubted ability and courage, if also a tragic weakness and ambition. If he is given another chance he might find a way to repay the money and become a useful citizen."

Lily said firmly, "He sure will. By the way, I moved out of that swank hotel. They were real nice, said I could pay the bill by the week when I get it. I left them my ruby ring for security. I have a little room in town now, and I got that job in the gift shop you told me about."

"I am glad, *señora*. . . . Look."

They saw Doug and Karen now, coming down the street behind a brightly costumed steel band. Doug's red-haired crew cut also had a patch of white bandage on it, and his right arm was in a sling, but he was smiling, and his left arm was around Karen. Karen, in a gay, full-skirted brown silk, her hair soft around her face, was a little pale, but she held her tall slim body proudly and smiled back at Doug.

Bonito saw for an instant his own son, who only a year ago had been at this same festival, walking down this same cobblestone street with his arm around another girl.

"To be young," he said, "it is wonderful."

Lily shook her platinum hair. "I wouldn't go through all that again."

Bonito chuckled. "Perhaps you are right, *señora*."

Doug and Karen did not see them. They had eyes only for each other; bright, adoring eyes. As they passed, Doug leaned over to kiss Karen's throat, a small kiss, and they embraced. They kissed, oblivious of the crowd, the lights above, even the steel band.

"Doug, to think we nearly missed each other—because I was such a fool."

"Two fools. I almost didn't come down here at all, and if it hadn't been for Bonito I would have taken the plane home."

"We've learned a lot, Doug. We've grown up. Now we'll never let each other go."

"Just try to get away again."

"Home!" said Karen. "It will be so wonderful. Maybe you have to leave it to know how much you really love it. I wonder what it will be like, loving a hero? You saved our lives, you know, jumping at that gun."

"Some hero. Flat on my face. I didn't come to for an hour."

They laughed together and kissed again. The steel band began to play and to continue its bright-colored path through the streets, followed by some of the crowd. Karen and Doug turned after it and saw Lily and Bonito.

Karen extended her hand, smiling. "Come on. Tromp with us after the steel band. It's sort of like a dance step. You lock arms—Doug only has one usable one, though—and you move your hips like this."

Lily said, "I hope Hosmer can hear the music at least, over at the fort. It isn't far." Then, being Lily, she smiled back at Karen and locked her arm with hers.

"Come on, Sergeant Bonito."

Bonito's feet and hips were already moving. He sighed. "It is sad. But tomorrow the lieutenant comes on the airplane. He is mad for the reports, the lieutenant. In triplicate. I must go and do the reports."

Doug laughed. "Does he ever read them?"

"I have never seen him." Bonito brightened and shrugged. "*Mañana*."

They locked arms and moved with the crowd, tromping after the steel band.

THE END

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LET'S GET DOWN TO EARTH

Putting in a patio can be a problem, especially if one is particular. But it's no more a problem than picking the right combinations for three tempting, nourishing meals, 365 days a year . . . or deciding on a new color scheme for the living room . . . or slipcovering a sofa . . . or remodeling a kitchen . . . or coping with any of the hundreds of everyday problems facing most young families. If you're one of American Home's 12,000,000 men and women readers, or one of those who use its advertising pages to sell your products, you know American Home's 100% home-service editorial content consistently provides the down-to-earth answers to these problems. If you're not as familiar with American Home as you might be, may we suggest you look into the matter soon?

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We Hunted Lions Without Guns

(Continued from Page 31)

it is far more acceptable to the visitor, for it is easier to spot game in the relatively denuded scrub.

We were late in reaching Malelane, one of the park's six entry points, thirty-eight miles from Skukuza Rest Camp, where we were to spend our first three days. It is one of the few rules of Kruger Park that visitors must be in rest camps by nightfall, and we avoided only by seconds the payment of the fines for tardiness. The regulation is not prompted by possible danger to humans but by the threat that automobiles at night pose for the animals themselves.

The other rules were sensible enough. We could not alight from our automobiles anywhere other than in a rest camp, nor drive elsewhere than on an authorized automobile trail nor at a speed greater than twenty-five miles an hour. We were not to feed or disturb any form of wildlife or deface any plant or tree, or scribble our names on any object in the park. We must not toss any matches or cigarette butts in any place that could be set afire. Pets were taboo. Otherwise we were on our own.

The reserve to which these regulations apply occupies the extreme northeastern corner of South Africa. Its 5,000,000 acres are contained within boundaries that are some 200 miles long with an average width of forty miles; and man has touched it skillfully but lightly in converting wilderness to the world's largest wildlife sanctuary. Fourteen immaculately maintained rest camps accommodate most of the 120,000 visitors who explore Kruger each year, the others setting up tents in prescribed areas. Some of the rest camps are primitive, some offer surprisingly civilized facilities; almost every cottage is a counterpart of the beehive-shaped rondavels, the traditional huts of the South African natives, and they range from family-size, "self-contained" rondavels—meaning interior plumbing—to huts for two campers. Each camp and tent campsite is provided with running water and outdoor communal cookstoves, protected by grass-thatched roofs. Each has a multitude of native attendants to keep the fires going and the cottages tidy. Beyond their confines, civilization ends; all else is a tangle of thorn tree and bush and grass, haven for the widest variety of wildlife under protection anywhere on any continent.

Our family has camped and sailed and hunted together ever since my oldest boy was born. But never had any of us experienced, nor were we prepared to experience, what we found almost from the moment when, after the registration preliminaries, we five American newcomers and our experienced South African companions drove through the bush to Skukuza.

It took less than a day for us to become selective hunters of big game, to discard mentally and audibly the high-jumping myriad little impala and the plentiful zebras and baboons and even the giraffes in favor of the hoped-for and evasive lion and elephant and sportive hippopotamus. But nothing later on—or almost nothing—could surpass that first moment of goggle-eyed, unbelieving discovery just inside Malelane gate when the mixed company of timorous zebras and blue-black wildebeests, bearded and humpbacked, galloped away from us in near-military formation; nor the topsy-turvy feeling which Phil best expressed, "Gosh! The people are in the cages and the animals are free."

It was dark when we reached our quarters at Skukuza Camp; two family-size rondavels connected by a breezeway, for the Moolmans and my wife and me, and a smaller rondavel not far away for Hans, Phil and Tommy, together with a cook shack and outdoor fireplace where our attendant, a silent, efficient black man named Joel, already had the fires going. When we went to bed two hours later it was with the beams of the full, golden African moon in our eyes, and in our ears the cackling protest of a nearby hyena.

I kept an overly detailed account in my notebook of everything we saw in the bush the following day: the tame impala and the guinea fowl which skittered about us as we later sat down outdoors to the biggest breakfast I had ever eaten—flaked wheat with honey and milk, papayas and pineapples, mealie meal, almost the equivalent of our Southern grits, scrambled eggs, bacon, boerwors and fried potatoes; the three baboons who greeted us surlily from a roadside ledge just beyond the camp gate and the gray duiker drinking from the first shrunken little river we crossed; our first herd of impala and sulking near them an outcast old buck, kept at a distance by the younger males. . . .

"It is like hunting," Jan had warned. "There are good days and bad, so don't be disappointed."

But it wasn't *like* hunting, it *was* hunting—two automobile loads of hunters shooting with cameras at everything that moved. It would likely rain that day, Jan had added as we set out. If only a little rain fell it would not be bad; but if it rained heavily the animals would scatter from the rivers and the tried-and-true bigger water holes from which they did not wander very far in the dry periods.

It did rain more than a little, though not greatly, that first drizzly morning; and we were mildly disappointed with our "bag," so quickly did we become all but indifferent to "only impala" and "just baboons" and "more zebra and wildebeests" when brown movement in the bush turned out not to be some magnificent specialty.

At the day's end we felt better. In our afternoon bag we could count three tremendous kudus, corkscrew-horned and taller at the forehead than a six-foot man. Some jackals had slunk across our path, the only animals Jan expressed a wish to shoot, for they are cunning scourges of sheep farms. We saw, though at some distance, five giraffes, first three and then two, the pair engaged in a comical wrestling match, mostly with their necks, and whether in sport or in anger, we couldn't tell. An anteater had faced us from atop an anthill. We had laughed at our first wart hogs, the ugliest creatures in all Africa, with mean tusks and fleshy projections like great warts jutting out below their eyes, and flaunting a sidesplitting habit of holding their tufted, longish tails straight up like flagpoles when they run. For an hour we had stalked a marshy lion pan, a reed-lined, spring-fed catchment for water, after hearing from other hunters that a lion and a lioness had been seen there earlier in the day. But all we saw was a herd of wildebeests coming down to drink, the bulls shielding and turning the cows on the way to the pan.

How long a woman works after marriage is often determined by how many payments are still due on her husband's car.

HOMER PHILLIPS

And so home to another Gargantuan meal of lamb chops and sosaties grilled outdoors, the omnipresent boerwors, with baked potatoes and fresh green beans cooked with onions on the side, and fruit and *koeksisters* to top it all off.

We were in luck after supper. Kruger's Warden and Mrs. Steyn dropped in on us, and we kept them for longer than they must have planned to stay. Wiry, white-bearded Warden Steyn has served at Kruger for twenty-nine years and his seemed to us the biggest job of its kind anywhere. Under him is what we thought to be a very small force—three regional wardens, twelve white rangers and 150 African rangers. His job, he said, is a matter of controls—control over white and native poachers, over careless visitors and over nature which cannot always maintain a perfect balance within artificial boundaries, however wide. He told us of a warden who had stabbed a lion to death as it dragged him by the shoulder through the bush, and of other wardens not so fortunate, and of an incredible lack of serious casualties among visitors. We learned that we should give the widest berth to water buffalo and the unpredictable elephant. Before the Steyns said good night, Warden Steyn promised to assign to us the next day an African ranger who would take us to an area temporarily closed to visitors. There we would surely find some lions and elephants.

After they left we added up the day's gains. Under the tutelage of Bernard and Jan Hendrik, our Tommy had bettered his knowledge of Afrikaans to the extent of two stanzas of *Jan Pieterwiet*, an Afrikaner folk song to the same tune as that of our square-dancing *Pretty Foot*. Bernard and Jan Hendrik had added Mississippi Delta variants to their embryonic English; Phil had improved his photography under Hans' direction, and the rest of us had expanded our bush lore and, we agreed, had sweetened our dispositions. For two days we had not read a newspaper, listened to a radio, heard a phone jangle or discussed any problems.

"That was a great supper and everything," Tommy said as he took to bed, "and no part of me is specially itchy"—an observation which made us realize that not a chigger or mosquito or fly had bothered us.

Tomorrow we would beard our lion. Surely the native warden would oblige.

He was waiting for us the next morning when we came out of our huts, a cheerful giant in immaculate khaki shorts, bush jacket and bush hat. He said his name was Judas—later that morning Betty tagged our automobile Judas' Chariot—and he answered "yes" to nearly every question. But despite Judas, Friday was what the Moolmans called a bad day even though we followed for fifteen minutes a herd of perhaps 500 wildebeests, which fled from a water hole as we approached, and saw literally thousands of frolicking impala, zebras by the hundreds, and many wart hogs and giraffes. Three times we had to skirt newly uprooted trees, the work of elephants, lying across the trail; and at one water hole where under Judas' watchful eye we got out of our automobiles, we nodded sagely over what he indicated was the spoor of buffalo and leopard.

The boys questioned him continuously.

"You ever kill lion, Judas?"

"Yes."

"He scare you, Judas?"

"Yes." (*laughter*)

"Which animal is *baas?*" (Afrikaans for "boss")

"Buffalo. He too much strong. Take five lion kill buffalo."

"You know we American, Judas?"

"America? Must find lion." (*laughter*)

Once that day, rounding a bend in the trail, we came upon a startlingly solitary figure afoot, a lean African ranger—a Lee-Metford .303 slung over his shoulder and an oversize hunting knife and club at his belt. He and Judas conversed in Shangaans, and when they had finished Judas turned to us, shaking his head.

"Not much lion now."

All day we hunted along the western border of the reserve. Jan's car mired temporarily on the steep bankside of a shallow river, and we had to pile out and push, nervously wondering meanwhile if we would find our lions when we didn't want to. But never a sign of big game. I don't know who felt the worst about it all, Jan and Susan or Judas—as if it were the fault of any of them.

That night after supper we walked in the near-dazzling moonlight on the bank above the Mutshidaka River where it forms the southern border of Skukuza. There we came upon a spectacle which made us forget what we had missed. Crowded along a small wire fence on the low bluff above the river were about fifty chattering, gesticulating Afrikaner school children, some of them directing flashlights upon the river which ran below us perhaps 200 feet away. In the light of the moon and their flashlights we saw three shiny black hippopotamuses, their yawning mouths wide enough to swallow any two of us, wallowing, submerging and rising again unconcernedly. The blond-haired children, the hippos, the dark river in the moonlight —— "It's just not true," Betty said.

Susan was less impressed. "Tomorrow we'll get our lion," she said.

And tomorrow we did.

Susan had suggested earlier in the evening that we try the lion pan, some eighteen miles from camp, again the next day. Someone had told her that despite the showers it was still quite dry in that section. Game would be coming there to drink, and where there were thirsty grazers, lions shouldn't be far away. We should get there sometime between eleven and twelve.

Susan didn't go with us. Jan Hendrik came down with a high but short-lasting fever, and she stayed in camp with him. The rest of us almost didn't make it to the pan in time. A few miles away we came upon a really big pack of baboons congregated in the road—scowling fathers, nervous mothers and their inquisitive, almost unafraid young, all of them fascinating caricatures of human beings. They were too irresistible to pass by. We stopped. The little fellows swarmed over our cars, the parents prowled warningly near, and we took picture after picture. After fifteen minutes of exchanging pleasantries with the baboons we moved on. Lucky for us that we did.

When we arrived at the secluded lion pan we found about twenty cars already there. We asked the first carload we came to whether anything was going on. "*Daar ess n' leeu in die gras*," somebody answered in Afrikaans. "A lion is in the grass." He pointed to the far bank of the pan, 300 feet from us.

We became panicky then, for so crowded was the parking area that we were afraid we would have to line up behind the front-rankers. Hans, Philip and Tommy were in one car, Betty, Jan, young Bernard and I in the other. Jan spotted a narrow space and wedged into it. Philip began jockeying for another.

I was probably the last person in either car to detect the head that was rising at intervals just above the grass beyond the rushes on the far bank. It must have stretched high enough to see but apparently not to be seen by the thirsty assortment of creatures which, upwind of what turned out to be a female lion, was moving nervously toward the pan—more

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than a hundred wildebeests, as many zebras and perhaps a dozen giraffes. If they were aware of what lay in predatory wait, their thirst was about to conquer their fear.

After the eternity it took me to make out the lioness, I looked at my watch. It was 11:20. Near us Philip was trying to squeeze into a satisfactory place. In the split second when my eyes shifted from my watch to the far bank, the lioness came up out of the grass and streaked toward the mixed herds milling at the waterside. At almost the same moment the wildebeests and zebras and giraffes stampeded. In the dust raised by their frantic hoofs, hunter and hunted were briefly obscured; and then, as the earth mist began to settle we could see that two luckless wildebeests had veered away from the rest, or perhaps had been cut out by the lioness herself, and she was after them. It was all over almost before we could draw our breaths. The lioness leaped a good fifteen feet onto the back of the nearer of the two. Her head hid the neck of the wildebeest, and they went down in a thrashing tangle.

Almost in my line of vision Hans had jumped out of the other car and scrambled atop it and was shooting pictures madly, meanwhile shouting what may have been directions to the lioness and wildebeest. Phil was leaning out of their car and was likewise shooting. Though they were very near us I could hardly hear Tommy yelling above the excited cacophony of human sounds. Somehow out of it knifed the voice of what must have been a cultivated and distracted Englishwoman in pitying commentary. "The poor thing is trying to fight—it may get away, it's trying—oh, no, it can't." In the bright sunlight the survivors were disappearing into the dun of the bush. We could see in the grass beyond the green rushes a movement that was not the wind's doing, as the lioness dragged the dead wildebeest out of sight. We saw nothing move for a while, not even a rustling of the grass.

I looked around. A young warden was telling Hans to come down, apologetically notifying him of the fine for getting out of an automobile. Hans kept nodding and taking pictures. Two or three others were likewise caught. We luckier ones laughed. The spell was broken. In a few minutes the lioness rose to her full height. Then she sank to the ground, and we did not see her again that day.

We waited for the next act. It wasn't long in coming. Ten minutes later the scattered herds began returning to the pan, first the giraffes, next the zebras and the wildebeest. They did not drink at once nor for long. Instead they nuzzled the water only fleetingly before breaking for cover and returning hesitantly again. Finally they began drinking steadily. On our side, and downwind from the hidden lioness across the water, a pair of kudus picked their way toward the pan, sniffing at the scent that could mean death, and then leaped away in beautiful unison. Soon thereafter the last of the drinkers had vanished again into the bush.

On our side another file of wildebeests approached from the north, lumbered to within fifty feet of the pan and as if at a single command turned and fled. Save for us humans and the hidden lioness and the dead wildebeest, the lion pan was deserted. Once more I looked at my watch. It was 11:55. The lioness had made her kill only thirty-five minutes before. In another half hour we drove away. I think we all felt a little sad.

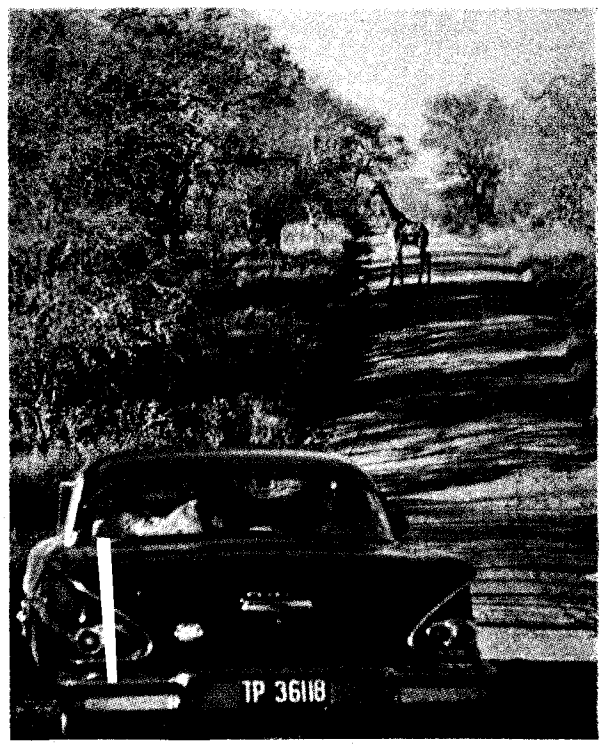
But our hunting day was only half over. After lunch we roamed the trails for another four hours, our minds and our conversations so much on the noontime drama that we were unimpressed by the biggest impala herd yet; or by a gang of giraffes which at one point blocked the road as if posing for a picture; or by our first and only sable antelope, its scimitar-curved horns the finest of them all. But returning to camp just ahead of the long dusk, we saw what incredulous wardens and campers were to tell us that night was just about the most unusual sight we could expect in Kruger Park. As we drove over the crest of a slight rise, a leopardess and her cub confronted us in the middle of the road. We stopped. They stopped. We stared at each other for a few moments before mother and offspring dissolved into the gathering haze. A warden told us that not in his seventeen years in the reserve had he ever seen a cub abroad with its mother. The leopard young are almost invariably tucked away in a cave or log or some other secure place before the parents set out in search of food.

The next day, which was a Sunday, the Moolmans went home. We confident, four-day veterans still had nearly four more days to go. As full of surprises and fun and new game as they proved to be, they were anticlimactical.

On Sunday afternoon we saw what almost certainly was the same lioness, and were so assured later by our young warden of the day before. If she was not the same one, she was another whose belly had been filled. She was drowsing in the grass, some three miles above the pan where she had brought down the wildebeest and on the other side of the road. We waited an hour for her to move, on the insistence of Hans, who always with infinite patience sought the perfect sequence. As we watched, a zebra appeared ten feet behind and upwind from her. The lioness only raised her head to look indifferently, apparently having no urge to kill when she was full. After a while the zebra strolled away. As we waited and watched, other automobiles began lining the road; and when the lioness finally rose, probably deciding to return to the pan for water, a column of thirty automobiles, driving close together, kept pace with her. At first she loped lazily seeking a clear place in the road. Finally she began running in exasperation plain to see and crossed a mile farther down, just ahead of our automobile.

Observing hippos at Olifants River. From here, under native guard, the Carters went down for a close look at the huge beasts.

The hornbill, one of Kruger Park's variety of exotic birds.



This giraffe halted the party on one of the reserve's automobile trails. To protect the animals, there is a 25-m.p.h. speed limit and a ban on night travel.

An elephant uprooting trees to get at the roots and tender topmost branches. Fallen trees left by the foraging beasts often block the park road.

We were to visit four more camps before we left Kruger. At each of them—Olifants, Letaba, Orpen and Satara—we were to add much to our trophies. We found our elephants the next to last day—a small herd. They performed for us in fine style, uprooting several trees to get at the roots and the tender topmost branches, and ambling toward us afterward so fast that my wife was certain we would be overtaken and our car and ourselves battered to bits. But they were in good humor. At Olifants River, under guard of a native rifleman, we went down to the hippopotamus pool. It was as if the gigantic bathers were waiting for us.

And early on our last morning, when we halted by the Nwanetzi River, the crocodiles obliged to our entire satisfaction, even though the African warden said apologetically that if we would wait until nine o'clock there would be "too much crocodile." Also on our last day we saw our first waterbucks, their rumps ludicrously ringed with an outside white circle from which dangled a thin, tasseled tail.

In those final days we began paying more attention to the birds of Kruger Park, so exotic to us in their own right that we wished they had a park of their own for us to visit. We saw many ostriches, most of them at a distance, and a variety of guinea fowl and francolin and partridge which, more than the animals, made me wish Kruger did not have a ban on shooting. We sighted at least three different species of eagles, and herons aplenty, but only occasionally were we really distracted by them, for we had not come to hunt birds.

As the South Africans say, everything had been laid on for us by nature and man: the full moon, the blanket-cool nights and the clear bright days; the food which still tasted good even after all the Moolmans' bounty had been eaten up; the friends we made in the camps; swapping hunting stories in which never an antelope bit the dust—and swapping recipes too.

We left Kruger by the Malopene gate, 120 miles north of Malelane, where we had entered. Tommy's sleepy evaluation of Kruger's inhabitants during our last night in camp had been brief and to the point. "I'd rather be a lion in Kruger Park than anything I know," he said.

As for me, I'd rather be a member of a family which had gone camera-hunting for lions and leopards and lesser prey in Kruger Park than any vacationer I know. So much of our fun came from our learning something—so many things—as we went along. Perhaps most unexpectedly of all, my boys and I learned it can be as much fun—perhaps even more—to hunt without guns than with them. THE END

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The False Images of Science

(Continued from Page 18)

that world. But science also has a mythopoeic function; that is, it generates an important part of our symbolic vocabulary and provides some of the metaphysical bases and philosophical orientations of our ideology.

As a consequence, the methods of argument of science, its conceptions and its models, permeate first the intellectual life of the time, then the tenets and usages of everyday life. Our language of ideas, for example, owes a debt to the sciences of statics and hydraulics and the model of the solar system. These have furnished powerful analogies in many fields of study. Guiding ideas—such as conditions of equilibrium, centrifugal forces, conservation laws and the balance of energy or power, feedback, invariance or complementarity—enrich the general arsenal of imaginative tools of thought. All philosophies share with science the need to work with concepts such as space, time, quantity, matter, order, law, causality, verification, reality.

A sound image of science must, therefore, embrace this third function, in addition to those referring to pure understanding and to practical applications. However, more usually, only one of the three is recognized. For example, folklore sometimes depicts the life of the scientist as lonely, isolated, divorced from life and beneficent action in the larger sense.

ICONOCLASM. A second image of long standing is that of the scientist as iconoclast. Indeed, almost every major scientific advance, from the Copernican theory to the postulation of universal gravitation, from the discovery of the circulation of blood to the perfection of anesthesia and vaccination, has been interpreted as a blow against religion.

To some extent science was pushed into this position by the ancient but dangerous tendency of some philosophers to prove the existence of God by pointing to problems which science could not solve at the time. Newton himself, who was deeply interested in theology, wrote, "It is not to be conceived that mere mechanical causes could give birth to so many regular motions [in the solar systems]. . . . This most beautiful system of the sun, planets and comets could only proceed from the counsel and dominion of an intelligent and powerful Being."

The same attitude governed thought concerning the earth's formation before the theory of geological evolution, the descent of man before the theory of biological evolution, and the origin of our galaxy before modern cosmology.

This aspect of the conflict between science and religion results largely from a misunderstanding of both science and religion. To base one's religious belief on an estimate of what science can *not* do is as foolhardy as it is blasphemous. The reverse, the deification of the discoveries of science, is equally precarious, for scientific knowledge continually grows, superseding its older formulations. The only secure foundation for religious belief, as all great religious leaders have taught, is neither the capacity nor the failure of man's imaginative mind, neither the powers nor the limits of his science—but faith.

Today political overtones make a wider understanding of this problem both more urgent and more difficult. "Religious propaganda," a recent dispatch in Iron Curtain countries advised, must be counteracted by "scientific atheistic propaganda" distributed by local societies "for the dissemination of political and scientific knowledge."

The iconoclastic image of science has, however, other components not ascribable to an elementary misunderstanding of its functions. For example, the historian Arnold Toynbee charges science and technology with usurping the place of Christianity as the main source of our new symbols. Neo-orthodox theologians call science the "self-estrangement" of man because it leads him into realms where no ultimate—that is, religious—concerns prevail.

But this image fails to recognize the multitude of influences that shape a culture—or a person. Neither to Christianity nor to science can one properly assign more than a limited part in the interplay between man's psychological and biological factors on one hand, and the opportunities and accidents of his history on the other. Moreover, to set science and religion at odds, to view them as nonintersecting paths, is to neglect the valuable

As Beggars

By Isabelle Bryans Longfellow

When winter days confront us
with sad eyes
And mutely plead
In ravelings and tatters of lost
green,
Or beg at the locked door with
wailing cries,
We pay no heed.
An old, well-seasoned truth
Declares them false—beggars
whose green prize
Is buried safe through all
a kingdom's length,
Who even now,
Some crystal dawn, will dazzle
our poor eyes
With kings' robes, and
diamonds, boot to brow.

possibilities of synthesis. As Alfred North Whitehead wrote in *Science and the Modern World*, these are "the two strongest general forces, apart from the mere impulses of the various senses, which influence man. . . . [On their relationship] depends the future course of history." Whitehead held that "the force of our religious intuitions, and the force of our impulse to accurate observation and deduction," are complementary rather than conflicting. The way many scientists and theologians state the issue today makes it seem as if we must choose between two normal and powerful drives. This is like forcing a child to choose between his father and his mother because they disagree on some matters.

ETHICAL PERVERSION. The next image of science sees it as a force which can invade, possess, pervert and destroy man. The stereotype is Anthime in André Gide's novel, *Lafcadio's Adventures*, the naturalist turned unbeliever. Anthime snarls at his niece who dares speak to him piously of religion, and retires angrily to his laboratory, where he weighs a group of starved rats, half of them partly blinded, the rest fully blinded, to find out which are dying faster.

In the current version, the soulless, evil scientist is the mad researcher of science fiction, or the nuclear destroyer—immoral if he develops the weapons he is asked to develop, traitorous if he refuses. According to this view, scientific morality is inherently negative. It causes the arts to languish, it blights culture and, when applied to human affairs, leads to regimentation and to the impoverishment of life. In short, science is the serpent seducing us into eating the fruit of the tree of knowledge—thereby dooming us.

The fear behind this attitude is genuine, but not confined to science. It is also directed against writers, artists, philosophers, theologians—in fact, against all thinkers and innovators. Plato condemned the work of Homer for conducing to impiety and immorality, and the same charge still greets many an original work. Society has always found it hard to deal with creativity, innovation and new knowledge. And since science assures a particularly rapid, and therefore particularly disturbing, turnover of ideas, it remains a prime target of suspicion.

Factors peculiar to our time intensify this suspicion. Progress in basic scientific knowledge, being confined to a minority of specialists, cannot by itself directly disturb society. But the discoveries of "pure" science now readily lend themselves to widespread exploitation through technology. Applications spread swiftly and widely. Thus we are in an inescapable dilemma—irresistibly tempted to reach for the fruits of science, yet deep inside aware that our biological and psychological metabolism may not be able to cope with this ever-increasing appetite.

Probably the dilemma can no longer be resolved, and this increases the anxiety and confusion concerning science. A current symptom is the popular identification of science with the technology of superweapons. The missile is taking the place of the microscope as a symbol of modern science. All efforts to convince people that science itself can only give man knowledge about himself and his environment, and occasionally a choice of actions, have been unavailing. The scientist *as scientist* can take little credit or responsibility either for the facts he discovers—for he did not create them—or for the uses made of his discoveries, for he generally is neither permitted nor specially fitted to make these decisions. They are controlled by considerations of ethics, economics, or politics, and therefore shaped by the values, fears and historical circumstances of the whole society.

THE SORCERER'S APPRENTICE. The last two views held that man is inherently good and science evil. Now we come to an image based on the opposite assumption; it expresses the fear that man cannot be trusted with scientific knowledge. He has survived despite his wickedness only because he lacked sufficiently destructive weapons; now he can immolate his world. Science, indirectly responsible for this new power, is here considered ethically neutral. But, like the sorcerer's apprentice, man can neither understand this tool nor control it. Unavoidably he will bring upon himself catastrophe, partly through his natural sinfulness and partly through his lust for power, of which the pursuit of knowledge is a manifestation. The fear inspired by this image also motivates the repeated demand for a moratorium on the pursuit of science. The most famous formulation was that of the Bishop of Ripon at a meeting of the British Association for the Advancement of Science. We should all be better off, he contended, if every physical and chemical laboratory were closed for ten years, and the energy now directing them were turned to establishing the brotherhood of man.

This suggestion is based on two misunderstandings. First, science is not an occupation that one can pursue or change at short notice, like working on an assembly line. The creative scientist does not have a free choice of action. He does not advance toward his new knowledge; rather knowledge advances toward him and overwhelms him. Even a superficial glance at the work of a Kepler, a Darwin or a Pasteur shows that the driving power of creativity is as strong and as sacred for the scientist as for the artist.

Secondly, salvation cannot be considered a reward for ignorance. To survive and progress, man cannot know too much about his environment. The real price of new knowledge is the obligation knowledge imposes on all of us to assume responsibility for ourselves.

It may yet turn out, paradoxically, that science will help to compel us at last to curb the aggressions that in the past were condoned and even glorified. Organized warfare and genocide are practices as old as recorded history. The exploitation of science now has so sharpened the knife edge on which civilization has always balanced that the main antagonists themselves recognize the enormity of the threat. Never before have even the war lords on both sides openly expressed fear of war.

If man is inherently evil, Judgment Day is surely near. But if good exists in him, one can be more optimistic. The alternatives are so extreme and so obvious as to allow hope that the instinct of self-preservation will reinforce good sense and moral strength. Mankind has come to its *experimentum crucis*.

ECOLOGICAL DISASTER. A change in the average temperature of a pond or in the salinity of an ocean may cause a large number of plants and animals to die. One calls this a change in the ecological balance. The fifth prevalent image of science similarly holds that while neither science nor man may be inherently evil, the rise of science happened, as if by accident, to initiate an ecological change that now corrodes the only conceivable basis for a stable society. In the words of theologian Jacques Maritain, the "deadly disease" science set off in society is "the denial of eternal truth and absolute values."

How did this change come about? The main steps are usually presented in this way. Before modern science, man thought of himself as the ultimate purpose and the earth as the center of creation. Then science showed our planetary system to be heliocentric, and man toppled from his throne. Science replaced purposive creation with blind evolution, and discovered that such absolutes as space, time and certainty are meaningless. All a priori axioms, like those of Euclidean geometry, were discovered one by one to be convenient but arbitrary. Modern psychology and anthropology have led to an acceptance of cultural relativism. Truth itself seems to have dissolved into probabilistic and indeterministic statements.

The abandonment of absolutes, so goes the argument, has affected all areas of life, particularly ethical values. Drawing largely upon analogy with the sciences, liberal philosophers have become increasingly relativistic, denying either the necessity or the possibility of postulating immutable verities, and so have undermined the old foundations of moral and social authority. For though doubt and skepticism may be useful as stimulants to scientific investigation, society cannot thrive in an atmosphere of change for its own sake.

Worst of all, the argument concludes, though science cannot help us distinguish between good and evil, it nevertheless claims to be the only reliable guide for making decisions and solving problems of all kinds. Having destroyed absolute standards, it puts nothing in their place. In short, although science has exploded

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some fallacious traditional beliefs and increased our material comforts, it has also cut us adrift from our only secure moorings.

It should be noted in passing that most applications of scientific concepts outside science merely reveal ignorance about science. For example, relativism in nonscientific fields is based on farfetched analogies. As Crane Brinton put it in *The Shaping of the Modern Mind*, "For the general public, Einstein was not merely the tribal magician of our time; he was the man who stood for relativity; for the notion that things looked different to observers at different places at different times, that truth depends on the point of view of the seeker of truth, that a man moving at one rate of speed sees everything quite differently from a man moving at another rate, that, in short, there is no absolute Truth, but only relative truths."

This is precisely how the general public understands Einsteinian relativity. But physics did not find that everything is relative. On the contrary, relativity theory reformulated the laws of physics so that they would hold good for every observer, no matter how he moves or where he stands. Not everything depends on one's point of view; rather, the most valued truths are wholly independent of the point of view.

Ignorance of science is also the only excuse for adopting rapid changes within science as models for antitraditional attitudes outside science. In reality, no field of thought is more conservative than science; each change necessarily encompasses previous knowledge. Science grows like a tree, ring by ring. Einstein did not prove the work of Newton wrong; he provided a larger setting within which some contradictions and discontinuities of the older physics disappeared.

But the image of science as an ecological disaster can be subjected to a more severe critique. Regardless of science's part in the corrosion of absolute values, have those values really given us a safe anchor? A priori absolutes abound all over the globe in completely contradictory varieties. Most of the horrors of history have been carried out under the banner of some absolutistic philosophy, from the Aztec mass sacrifices to the auto da fé of the Spanish Inquisition, from the massacre of the Huguenots to the Nazi gas chambers. It is at best an optical illusion which makes the fourteenth century look so serene and desirable to modern critics of the recent, "scientific" periods, just as the life of the "noble savage," so esteemed by eighteenth-century philosophers, has been exposed by modern anthropologists to be based largely on dread and misery.

If, therefore, some of the new philosophies, inspired rightly or wrongly by science, reject earlier bases of authority as faulty—as the founders of this nation did—if they point out that "absolutes" change and contradict one another, science cannot be blamed. The faults were there all the time.

In looking for a new and sounder basis on which to build a stable world, we shall find science indispensable. We can hope to match the resources and structure of society to the needs and potentialities of people only if we know more about the inner workings of man. Already science has much to say that is valuable and important about human relationships and problems. One must not be obsessed with the picture of bombs and missiles; from psychiatry to dietetics, from immunology to meteorology, from city planning to agricultural research, by far the largest part of our total scientific and technical effort today is concerned with man, his needs, relationships, health and comforts. Those who argue that the pursuit of science is necessarily the road to suicide have forgotten about this aspect of science. They do not believe, as I do, that man has been given his mind in order that he may find out where he is, what he is, and who he is.

SCIENTISM. The last four images implied a revulsion from science. We might describe the next one as addiction to science. Scientism divides all thought into two categories—up-to-date scientific knowledge, and nonsense. Some scientists subscribe to this view, but most of its adherents are outside the laboratories. Among the social studies, for example, there are some victims of the seductive idea that the mathematical sciences offer the only permissible models for successfully employing the mind.

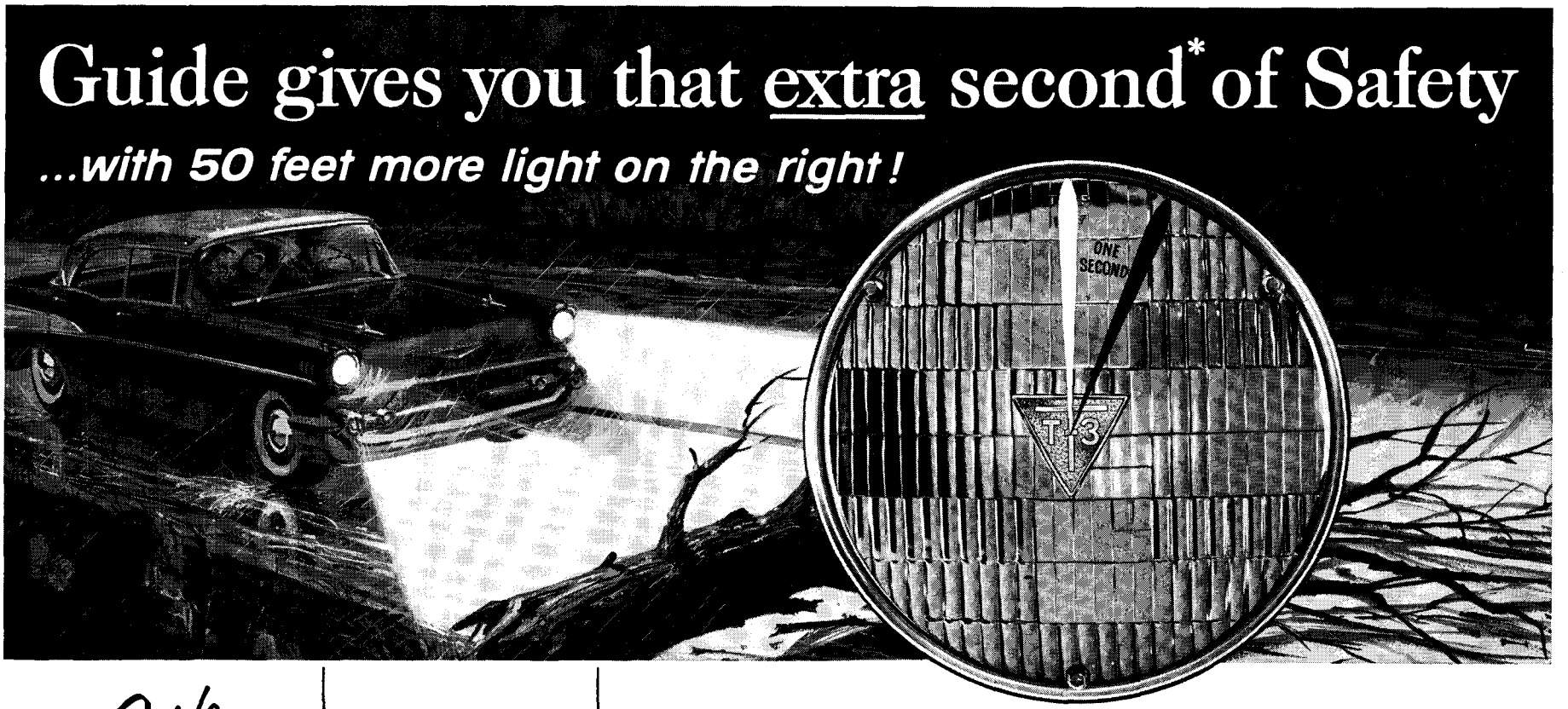
A far more significant symptom of scientism is the growing identification of science with technology, to which I referred earlier. This trend is not difficult to understand. Nearly half of all the men and women trained as scientists are now working in industry or Government laboratories. Even in universities, applied research and development constitute about half of all scientific work. Of the huge sums spent annually on science and technology—about $10,000,000,000 this year in the United States—less than 8 per cent is devoted to really basic research.

Not long ago the typical scientist worked alone or with a few students and colleagues and built his own equipment with "love, string and sealing wax." Today he usually belongs to a group working under a contract with a sizable annual budget. In the research institute of one university more than 1500 scientists and technicians are grouped around a set of multimillion-dollar machines; the money comes from Government agencies whose ultimate aim is national defense.

Everywhere the overlapping interests of university science, industry and the military establishment have been merged in a way satisfactory to all three. Science has thereby become a large-scale operation with a potential for immediate and worldwide effects. It is not frivolous to call physics the liveliest political science today. If for some reason all physicists in the United States heeded a call for a moratorium, nobody would be more deeply disturbed than would the Congress and the State Department.

These are merely indications that we are passing through a revolutionary change in the nature of science. The effective cause was the perfection and dissemination of the methods of basic research by teams of specialists with widely different training and interests. The result is a splendid increase in scientific knowledge, but the side effects are analogous to those of sudden and rapid urbanization—a strain on communication facilities, the rise of an administrative bureaucracy, the depersonalization of some human relationships. To a large degree, all this is unavoidable. The new scientific revolution will justify itself by the flow of results and the material benefits that will no doubt follow. The danger, the point where scientism enters, is that the fascination with the *mechanism* of scientific research may change society and the scientist himself.

The new science requires a new kind of scientist. The unorthodox, withdrawn individualist, on whom most great scientific advances have depended in the past, does not fit well into the new system. We must keep a special place for him and protect him—if only to symbolize our commitment to science itself rather than to the new machinery. Society, on the other hand, will also have to hold out against the seductive urge of scientism to adopt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Guide's improved lower-beam stretches a bright pattern of light 50 feet farther down the right side of the road, precisely where you need it most. It may spot danger in time for you to avert it.
Replace your old headlamps with new Guides—original equipment on more new cars than any other brand. Ask for Guides, where you see AC. And aim to live—have your headlights aimed at least twice a year.
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generally the pattern of organization of the new science; this pattern can only be justified by the quality of creative results in a specialized profession.

MAGIC. Few nonscientists would be likely to suspect a hoax if it were suddenly announced that a stable chemical element lighter than hydrogen had been synthesized, or that the United States had beaten Russia in a secret race to establish a manned observation platform at the surface of the sun. Apparently anything can happen these days; science has no inherent limitations. Thus, the seventh image depicts science as magic, the scientist as a wizard. Depending on our orientation, we tend either to fear him or to accept his opinions about everything.

Like the other false images of science, this one is partly an educational problem. All our voracious consumption of technical devices, all our talk about science, and all the money spent on engineering developments cannot hide that most of us are content to remain completely ignorant of science. In a recent nationwide survey, nearly 40 per cent of those who had attended college confessed they took not a single course in physical or biological science. Those who did devoted generally less than 10 per cent of their courses to these sciences. Moreover, in science class they miss all too often the kind of teacher who can impart to the average student a wider appreciation of both the inherent powers and the inherent limitations of science, who can show how to distinguish challenging from trivial problems, how to detect the inconspicuous hind leg of the solution by which to drag it forth.

THE ROOT OF THE FAILURE. To expose the falsity of the current images of science is not enough, any more than is treating symptoms rather than the disease itself. The inadequate scientific education the general student receives at all levels helps to explain the distortions, but only in part. When we try to understand why people hold these views and why they are satisfied with too little knowledge about science, we discover that the major share of the blame does not lie with the ordinary citizen. In this matter he is only taking his cue from the intellectuals—the writers, scholars, lawyers, politicians, scientists and all others who deal professionally in ideas. Among the scientists themselves, busy with exciting work, the majority feel no strong responsibility for taking part in the necessary educational efforts; many have forgotten that, especially at a time of rapid expansion of knowledge, they have an extra obligation to the general public, if only because it must foot the bill and furnish the next crop of young scientists.

Among the rest of the intellectuals the case is worse. The wrong images, which they share with the common man, prevail because they are anchored in two kinds of ignorance. One kind is basic and factual—what biology says about life, what chemistry and physics say about matter, what astronomy says about the structure of our galaxy. The nonscientist realizes that the old common-sense ways of understanding nature have become obsolete. The ground trembles under his feet; gone are the simple interpretations of solidity, permanence, reality; he flounders among four-dimensional continua, probability amplitudes, undecidable identities, indeterminacies. About the basic concepts of modern science that define the physical part of reality, he knows only that he cannot grasp them and never will.

On the second level of ignorance, the contemporary intellectual fails to understand how the different sciences fit together with one another and with the humanities as different aspects of one cosmos. He has left behind those great syntheses which once comprised our intellectual and moral home—the cosmic view of the book of Genesis, Homer, Dante, Milton, Goethe—and now finds himself blindfolded in a maze without exit. The brutal fact is that, by losing contact with even the elementary facts of modern science, our intellectuals, for the first time in history, are losing their hold on understanding the world. Of all the evils arising from the separation of culture and scientific knowledge, this bewilderment and homelessness is the most terrifying.

Indeed, it is amazing to me that the intellectuals have not attacked science, the source of the apparent threats to their common-sense sanity, much more fiercely, that the dissociation has not produced an even graver cultural psychosis. This, I am convinced, is likely to occur, for there is at present no mechanism at work in our society for dealing effectively with the situation.

What remedies suggest themselves? At the least, science must again be made a natural part of every intelligent man's common literacy—not because science is more important than other fields, but because it is an important part of the whole jigsaw puzzle of knowledge. This would require sound, thorough work at every level of education—for example, a good part of a person's college work, as used to be the rule in good colleges fifty years ago. It would demand imaginative new curricula, strengthened standards of achievement, more recognition of excellence whether exhibited by instructors or by students. Adult education, including the presentation of the factual and cultural aspects of science through mass media, is another obvious measure meriting the support and participation of our best minds.

Here and there, to be sure, some efforts are being made in the right direction, but the total is pitifully small. Virtually nobody has been courageous enough to face the magnitude of the problem squarely, so large is the range and amount of knowledge needed before one can "know science" in any real sense. The converse need—namely, the humanistic education of scientists—is also urgent; but at least in principle it can be served with existing methods of instruction. The tools of humanistic study are still in touch with our sensibilities. This, unhappily, is no longer so in science.

Every great age has been shaped by intellectuals such as Jefferson and Franklin, who would have been horrified by the idea of cultivated men and women turning their backs on science. That tradition has been broken. Few intellectuals are now equipped to act as informed mediators. And meanwhile science advances faster and faster every day, widening the rift between science and culture.

To restore them to some kind of reciprocal contact within the concerns of most men—to bring science into an orbit about us instead of letting it escape from the field of our common culture—that is the great challenge before intellectuals today. And nothing better illustrates the urgency and difficulty of this task than the false images prevailing about science.

For readers who wish to pursue the subject further, the following books are recommended:

HOLTON, GERALD
Introduction to Concepts and Theories in Physical Science
Addison-Wesley Publishing Company
$7.50

HOLTON, GERALD, Editor
Science and the Modern Mind
Beacon Press
$3.50

FRANKEL, CHARLES
The Case for Modern Man
Beacon Press
$1.75

BRONOWSKI, JACOB
The Common Sense of Science
Harvard University Press
$2.00

BLANSHARD, PAUL, Editor
Education in the Age of Science
Basic Books
$4.50

Strange Awakening (Continued from Page 24)

I said I would, or would steal the time from something else, and he produced a letter. "From my niece, Stella. You've never met her, but she's been close as a daughter to me since her folks died; I put her through college. She's working for one of those recording outfits, collecting folk songs. Been in San Marlo three months now, and I don't like what she's written me, John, especially this last letter. Read it."

I couldn't see much wrong. The letter was affectionate and full of enthusiasm. I looked up with a frown.

"That last paragraph," he said. "'On the verge of a great discovery,' she claims. I don't like the sound of it. She's all steamed up about this job; and you know San Marlo. You know the pitfalls."

The letter was not dated, so I had to say, "When did you get this?"

"That's the point. More than three weeks ago, and not a word since. She'd been writing faithfully once a week—a pact between us." He must have seen the reluctance on my face, for he added quickly, "You wouldn't be barging in cold. I've told her about you and some of the jobs we've tackled together."

I told him he was probably worked up over nothing, and asked him to write the girl's address down for me. "Sal Si Puedes 7," he wrote. Incredulously I said, "Are you sure?"

"Why? What's wrong?"

"It's an alley in the toughest part of town. No self-respecting American girl ——"

"That's the address I've been putting on my letters," he said unhappily. "And she's been getting them."

Sal si puedes, in case you are not up on Spanish, can be roughly translated, "Get out if you can." A curious name for a street, you'll agree, and so far as I know, only two streets in Latin America are so named. One is in Panama City, where the story is that certain Orientals who lived there years ago disliked being investigated, especially at night. The other Sal Si Puedes ——

But I didn't know then why the San Marlo street was called that. I just knew it was no place for Russ Breslin's niece, if she was as nice a relative as Russ deserved.

I got off the plane in San Marlo at 3:30 next day and took a cab to the Papagayo, a little hotel in town, where the first thing I did was ask Bernardo Moncada, the proprietor, what he knew about this American girl. Very little goes on in San Marlo that Bernardo doesn't know about.

"I have spoken to her a few times," he said. "She is young and lovely—ah, so lovely." Bernardo himself is short, plump and happily married, but an incurable romantic. "I think, though," he sighed, "she is interested only in music."

"She actually lives in Sal Si Puedes?"

"For the sake of the music, she tells me. To be near the people. To learn their songs."

"Have you seen her lately?"

He thought a moment and shook his head. "Now that you mention it, no. Not in several weeks."

I borrowed his car and drove down to the slums, making sure I locked the machine when I got out. You don't drive into Sal Si Puedes. It's a cobbled cul-de-sac off an open-air market, only slightly wider than a keyhole. I walked in, peering at painted numbers on doorways.

I was peered at in turn by the inhabitants, all of them obviously startled to see a stranger there. Tourists, even the camera-toting bold ones, never venture that far into San Marlo's barefoot district. The street fell queerly silent; then it filled with whispers.

The house numbers meant nothing. Her door, No. 7, was way in at the end, one of a pair, side by side, next to the high brick wall that made the street a blind alley. I knocked and got no answer. With the whole street watching, I tried the other door.

It opened crookedly, on tired hinges, and an old fellow in rags squinted up at me. Evidently he didn't see very well. Seconds passed before his wrinkled face registered the disbelief I had seen on other faces, as I came in. Then he inhaled wheezily and said, "*Madre de Dios!* It is not possible!"

"What isn't possible?" I asked.

He touched the front of my shirt, stepped back and looked me over from foot to head. "What do you seek here, *señor*?"

"I'm looking for the American girl, Miss Breslin, who lives in Number Seven. She doesn't answer."

"You know her?" he demanded.

"Well, in a way. I know her uncle."

"And does she expect you?"

I thought those searching eyes decidedly hostile. "Look," I said. "Is Miss Breslin here or isn't she? All I want is some simple information, *amigo*."

He slowly shook his head.

"Do you know where she is, then?"

"I cannot say, *señor*."

"Meaning what? You don't know, or you won't tell me?"

"I suggest you come tomorrow," he said, scowling. "She may be here then."

Well, you do what you can. I went back the next day, and the day after, and she was not there. The inhabitants of Sal Si Puedes looked me over and whispered among themselves as though American engineers were straight out of space ships; and the old fellow behind the door next to No. 7 only kept on saying, "Come tomorrow, *señor*."

I went to the police instead. Being a trouble shooter myself, I believe in going to experts when there's a job to be done. Besides, my time in San Marlo was limited.

Capt. Bernal Bahona listened with a frown and said, "Is she quite all right up here, *señor*, this girl you seek?" He

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tapped his forehead. "I mean to say, very few women would live in Sal Si Puedes from choice."

I told him about the folk-music research.

"Do you know how that street got its name?" he asked, scowling.

"No, I don't."

In that section of the city, he explained, were peasants from all over San Marlo, who migrated to the capital in search of work. They tended to settle in groups, being suspicious of strangers whose talk and customs differed from their own. Years ago, the street now called Sal Si Puedes—it then had another name—had been taken over by a group from the Perdido Mountains, so very hostile to strangers that the street eventually came to be their private domain.

"Those now living there are only descendants of the original Perdidos, of course," Bahona said, "but they are much the same. They keep the old customs. Still"—he shrugged a large shoulder; he was a large young man—"they seem to have accepted your Miss Breslin."

I told him that Russ Breslin hadn't heard from Stella in weeks, and repeated her remark about being on the verge of a great discovery. He stood up, his face darkening.

"Perhaps we had better go down there," he said. "She may have discovered something those people did not want discovered."

We used a police car, and the captain didn't even try the door of No. 7, but rapped with authority on the old fellow's door beside it. The old boy was not intimidated by giant-size authority, however. He simply stared and said, "Yes?"

"What's your name?" Bahona demanded.

"My name is Sebastián Daza, *capitán*."

"Do you know where your next-door neighbor is?"

"My upstairs neighbor," Daza corrected mildly. "No."

"You have a key to her place?"

"I have no key."

"I'll use my own, then," Bahona said, and stepped to the door and put his weight against it. The door groaned in protest and flew open, chattering against the wall inside.

We climbed a dim flight of stairs to another locked door, and he persuaded that one the same way. We walked into a small apartment, quite decent considering its age. There were small bright rugs on the polished wood floor; the peasant-made furniture was painted cream and blue; from the little windows you could look across a jigsaw puzzle of roofs to the sea. But there was no one home.

The place had been lived in, no question of that. We discovered shoes and dresses in a closet, clothing in a chest of drawers, cans of food and so forth in the kitchen—but no food that would spoil, and nothing in the icebox. She'd been gone for some time, obviously. In the drawer of a sitting-room table were notebooks filled with words of songs, and on the table itself stood a stack of tapes for a recorder, but no recorder.

She was the kind of girl who likes to have snapshots of people around. I found several of Russ Breslin, one taken only a couple of months before in San Juan and featuring, at Russ's elbow, my own stupidly grinning self. On the back of it Russ had written: "Here's the young fellow I've been telling you about, John Conway." Another picture was of Russ with the girl herself—it had to be she; she looked enough like him to be his daughter—and I realized, studying it, that my friend Bernardo at the Papagayo had not exaggerated. Stella Breslin was indeed a lovely thing.

I was just putting this last photo down—reluctantly—when Captain Bahona handed me a slip of paper he'd found. It was a receipt, a month old, from a car-rental agency, for the deposit on a Land Rover, which is the English version of the American Jeep. "Very interesting, no?" Bahona said, and back down the stairs we went, to find old Sebastián Daza and some thirty other residents of Sal Si Puedes waiting in the street.

The captain poked a finger at Daza's bony chest. "She rented a car for driving over bad roads. Where did she go?"

"How would I know?"

Bahona scowled at the others. "Do any of you know?"

They were silent, not even bothering to wag their heads.

"Very well," he said ominously, "I will find out. And if anything is wrong and you are mixed up in it, there will be an accounting." He swung on old Daza again. "Bring me a hammer and some large nails."

The old fellow brought them, and Bahona nailed shut the door of No. 7, the lock now being broken, of course. Then, handing the hammer back, he grunted at me and marched out to the car.

"I will investigate and call you," he promised when we were back at the police station. "You will be around?"

I would be around, I assured him, until the girl in the photograph was found, even if it took till Christmas. "My duty to her uncle, who is my friend," I said.

He just barely smiled. "Of course. Crazy or not, she is an angel. I, too, noticed."

But he didn't call me, and when I went to see him the following day he could only shake his head and admit he had learned nothing. Stella Breslin had disappeared from the city without leaving a clue.

"We should make it a law here for drivers to stop at police stations in our country towns and report their intentions," he said, gazing at me accusingly. "We once had such a law. It helped us to trace people when their cars went over cliffs or got caught in rivers. But American visitors talked indignantly of our being a police state, so we dropped it."

I could think of nothing to do but walk the floors of the Papagayo and talk to myself. My work in San Marlo was finished. Actually it had involved only a couple of meetings with the head of a road outfit. I was overdue in La Paz. Then I remembered the tapes.

It was only a feeble hope, nothing I could go to Bahona about, so I went to Sal Si Puedes alone and walked up to the door of No. 7 as boldly as he had done. With half the street silently watching, I pulled the nails and climbed the stairs. No one seemed to have been there, though I had an uneasy feeling old Sebastián Daza could get in if he wanted to. I took the tapes, nailed the door shut again and departed. No one said a word.

"Bernardo, do you know where I can borrow a tape recorder?"

"Certainly, *señor*," the little hotel man said. "I myself have one I can lend you. However"—he frowned—"you will not like my tapes, perhaps. Everything is Mozart and Haydn, from the radio."

"I have my own tapes, Bernardo. Thanks."

He listened to them with me, and in the end I was shaking my head. Just another blind alley like the street itself. I'd hoped that she might have recorded some of the talk of those people, and that the talk might provide a clue to her "great discovery"—which could easily be a dangerous one if they had not meant to reveal it. But some of the tapes were blank and the others contained only folk songs.

"Songs of the Perdido Mountains," Bernardo said. "But they are not well done. The language of the city has crept into the patois, spoiling it. I am a lover of folk music myself, you understand."

I saw the light and scowled at him. "So that's it."

"That is what, *señor?*"

"She's gone into the mountains to get the real thing! Of course! That would explain everything: the Land Rover for the mountain roads, the 'great discovery' she was on the verge of, her long silence ——" I could see Bernardo scowling back at me, and my triumph dried up to a trickle. "What is it, Bernardo?"

"It fails to explain the biggest puzzle of all," he said. "Why will those people not say where she has gone?"

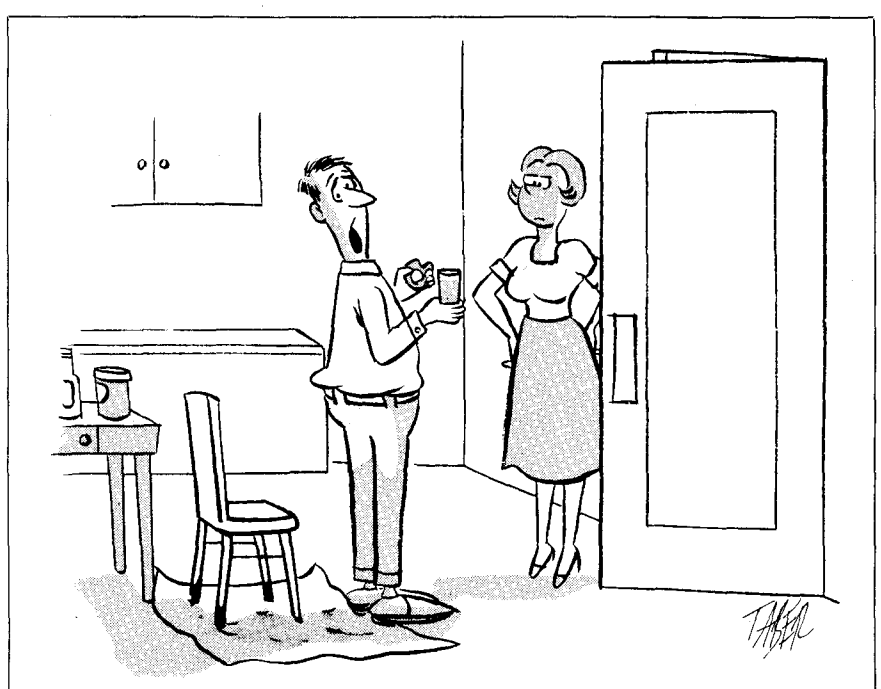
"Well, maybe she didn't tell them she was going there."

"She would have had to, *señor*. That is a wild part of the country, without accommodations for visitors. She would require the hospitality of the mountain folk, and for that she would have to go with introductions."

"Then maybe she asked them not to reveal where she'd gone."

"Perhaps. But why?"

"I don't know," I said. But I was on the right track, I was sure. All I had to do now was win the confidence of old Sebastián Daza and convince him I had no evil intentions.



"I thought I smelled paint."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Back I went to Sal Si Puedes.

It was seven-thirty in the evening; Bernardo and I had been listening to those tapes most of the afternoon. The sun had set, and the slum district was blacker than the inside of a boot. Leaving Bernardo's car at a corner of the now deserted market place, where a cop was likely to walk by every little while, I went the rest of the way on foot.

Sal Si Puedes was waiting for me; I swear it. Those people knew I was coming. A hundred pairs of eyes peered out at me from dim doorways, and the whispers began when I was still fifty feet from No. 7. Bernardo was right, I told myself. Nothing so simple as a trip to the mountains for folk songs could account for this atmosphere of watchful waiting.

Sebastián Daza had his door open before I knocked. "Good evening, *Señor* Conway," he murmured.

I searched his face for an explanation of the street's eerie behavior, but could find no expression, no anything. "How do you know my name?" I demanded. "I never told you."

"Didn't you, *señor?* But you must have. You have forgotten, perhaps."

I let it pass. Maybe Bahona had used my name in the old man's hearing. "Sebastián, I want to talk to you. Invite me in, please."

"My pleasure, *señor*."

He led me into an apartment similar in layout to the one upstairs, but drab, with just a few sticks of furniture, and smelling of goat meat cooked with garlic. The one lamp that was burning wore an ancient cloth shade with tassels and gave out so little light that I could hardly see the old man's face when we sat. I could see his eyes, though. They watched me, never blinking.

"Sebastián," I said, "I think my friend's niece has gone into the mountains of your people. Is it true?"

"I am not with her, *señor*, so how can I know?" I thought his lips formed a smile, but couldn't be sure. If they did, it was just the ghost of one.

"All right, let me say it another way. I think she left here with the intention of going there. Will you say yes to that?"

"And if I do?"

"Look," I said. "I'm a friend of this girl's uncle, Sebastián. I was asked by him to find out where she is and why she hasn't written him. If the girl has only gone into the mountains to record some folk songs, for heaven's sake tell me, so I can let her uncle know and put his mind at rest. I'm a busy man. I can't hang around San Marlo forever!"

He caught a quick breath, and I saw his knobby fingers tighten on his knees as he leaned toward me. "You will leave San Marlo when you learn where the *señorita* is?" he asked.

"I should have left days ago!"

"Wait, please." He pushed himself quickly from his chair. "Excuse me." Obviously shaken, he hurried out of the room, and I heard cupboard doors being opened and closed in what I knew was the kitchen. But apparently he couldn't find what he was looking for. He came back empty-handed and sat again.

His hands on his knees twitched now. "*Señor*, you must not leave," he said in a voice no longer steady, no longer mocking. "You must stay one more day and come here again tomorrow evening. She will be here then—I swear it—and from her own lips you will learn where she has been." He watched my face, anxiously waiting.

"Are you telling the truth?" I demanded.

"I swear it! Come tomorrow and she will be here!"

It was the best I could do, though I tried for another ten minutes to get more out of him. Come tomorrow. I gave up

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and departed, shaking my head and talking to myself.

The next day, Friday, at seven in the evening, I was back there—and the door of No. 7 was still nailed shut in spite of the old fellow's promise. But Sebastián Daza said, "She will come, *señor*. Do not be alarmed at the delay. Please to accept my humble hospitality while you wait."

I sat in his dingy front room and we talked. But not about Russ Breslin's niece; he wouldn't discuss her. The subject of our talk was me, without my ever knowing how he maneuvered me onto it. He was a very slick character, this Sebastián Daza—the big man in Sal Si Puedes, without a doubt. When an hour passed with no sign of the girl, I began to suspect he was making a fool of me.

He excused himself to make some coffee. I needed some coffee about then. He served it black and sweet in small cups, and I gulped mine down.

I was a fool, all right. When I realized what had happened and struggled out of my chair, my legs were already numb and there were lead weights on my eyelids. I hung onto the back of the chair and tried in vain to bring the old fellow's face into focus. He seemed a long way off. His watching eyes were a cat's eyes at the end of a dark tunnel. I started to tell him he'd never get away with it, whatever he was up to, and along about the fourth or fifth word I fell asleep on my feet.

I must have wound up on the floor, because when I came to there was a fierce ache in one shoulder and an egg-size lump on the side of my head. I was on a cream-colored bed in a room with pale blue chairs, and there was daylight at the windows. It looked like early daylight. The girl in the photograph, Russ Breslin's niece, rose from one of the blue chairs and came to the bed to look down at me.

Nice, I thought. Even nicer than her picture. Her hair was the same honey color as her blouse, and her dark brown eyes were puzzled but full of sympathetic concern. She said in a low voice, "Are you awake, Mr. Conway?"

"You tell me," I said. Still numb, I managed to work a hand up to the lump on my head and twitched when my thumb touched it. "Where's the old devil who drugged me?"

"Drugged you, Mr. Conway?" she said, and I knew by her tone of voice she didn't believe me.

I tried to sit up, but it was no use. I could only glare at her. "You think I was plastered? For your information, Miss Breslin, I don't drink. Ask your uncle."

"I don't understand," she said.

"Suppose you tell me what happened."

She had arrived home, she told me, at four in the morning; the car had got stuck in a river. The old man—she called him Papa Sebastián—was waiting in his doorway to explain that she would find, in her bedroom, a Mr. John Conway who had come to Sal Si Puedes several times to see her. He had drunk too much of Sebastián's rum, probably not realizing it was peasant rum and very strong.

So, according to Daza, I had passed out drunk and he had put me to bed, carrying me up to her apartment because his own bed was a peasant thing without a mattress, and I was obviously a nice young man who deserved the best. "And here you've been," said Stella Breslin, "snoring your head off the whole blessed day."

"The whole day! What time is it?"

"Nearly six. Getting dark."

"What a Mickey!" I said. "But why? Why did he do it?"

"Why did he do what?"

"Look, Miss Breslin," I said, and told her about the letter her uncle had shown me, and all the rest of it. "All I had to drink last night was one small cup of coffee, which your Papa Sebastián spiked with the obvious intention of keeping me here till you arrived. Now why did he want me here when you got back?"

"I don't know," she said, "but I certainly mean to find out!" Out of the room she marched, and I heard her calling down the stairs for Sebastián to come up. After a while he did.

"Papa Sebastián," the girl accused, "you put something in Mr. Conway's coffee. Why?"

He looked at her in seeming bewilderment, then at me on the bed—sitting up now—and at her again. "*Señorita?*" he mumbled.

She repeated the question, a little more sharply.

"But, *señorita*"—he began shaking his head and tugging stupidly at an ear—"I don't understand."

"We are the ones who don't understand, Papa," she said firmly.

It was no use. The more she questioned him, the more bewildered he was, staring at her as though she had suddenly become a stranger. It struck me that the old fellow was genuinely puzzled; it wasn't an act. In the end she let him go and turned to me with a gesture of helplessness. "I don't know what to say," she said.

I was beginning to feel better. All that sleep, no doubt. I got off the bed and found I could stand. "Say 'yes,'" I suggested, thinking of what Bernardo Moncada at the hotel had told me—that she was interested only in music. No niece of Russ Breslin's, with those eyes and that lovely mouth, could be interested only in music. "Say 'yes' to having dinner with me," I said. "I've got a car around somewhere if it hasn't been swiped, and we can go to the Papagayo, where I have a razor and some clothes that haven't been slept in."

"All right," she said.

Well, it was queer. When we walked out of there, just at dusk, the whole street was waiting. There were eyes in every doorway. But no one spoke, and the faces I got a good look at seemed puzzled. Not hostile, mind you, not threatening in any way, but bewildered. I didn't get it. But then there was so much about this Sal Si Puedes business I didn't get. What was one conundrum more?

At dinner in the Papagayo's little garden, under lights strung from the mango trees, she told me she had gone into the Perdido Mountains to record the old songs. I would have to hear them sometime, she said; they were wonderful. Then we went dancing, but, lovely as it was to have her in my arms, up close and smelling so sweet, old Papa Sebastián's knockout potion was still at work in me, and I had to sit.

Next day, since I hadn't yet heard the recordings, I cabled La Paz not to expect me. I was unavoidably detained.

We listened to the tapes a whole week later; there was so much else to do that seemed more important, even to her. We were having dinner again—at her apartment this time, just the two of us, cozy and quiet. She turned the recorder on, and the people of the Perdido Mountains sang to us.

"Nice," I said.

"You understand it, John?"

"Some. I spent some time in the back country here once on a road job."

The songs went on as we ate our way contentedly through the casserole of guinea fowl—my lovely Stella was even a good cook!—to the coconut water ice. Over the coffee a girl with a lovely low voice sang about a pool under a waterfall.

Stella stopped looking at me, opened her brown eyes wide and turned her head to stare at the recorder.

The girl sang on. The pool was deep in the mountains, it seemed, and its waters were endowed with magic. Lonely maidens secretly went there to bathe. Having so bathed, a girl could be certain the right lover would soon discover her, and she would be irresistible to him.

"No," Stella whispered as the song ended. "Oh, no!" She looked across the coffee cups at me, and her face was a beautiful sunset red.

In a kind of daze she rose from the table and went to the door. "Papa!" she called down. "Papa Sebastián!"

The old man answered and came trudging up the stairs. "Yes, *señorita*. You want me?"

She sank onto a couch and gazed up at him. "The pool under the waterfall," she said, having trouble with her voice. "Is that—is that what you thought, Papa? Is that why you put the—the—whatever it was in Mr. Conway's coffee?"

He tugged at an ear and frowned at her. "But, *señorita*, did you not go to Perdido to visit the pool?"

"I went to record the songs of your people! You know I did!"

"*Señorita*," he said gravely, with the merest shift of his eyes in my direction, "you asked many questions about the pool when I told you about it. Many, many questions, *señorita*."

"I was studying the customs of your people!"

"And," he went on as though she had not spoken, "you had this fine young man's picture on your table ——"

"Don't be ridiculous! It was a picture of my uncle!"

The old fellow hung his head. "I am sorry," he said. "I thought—well, here in Sal Si Puedes we love you and wished you to be happy." He moved his bare feet slowly over the painted floor and came to a halt before my chair. "*Señor*, I ask your forgiveness. It was only a harmless drug to make you sleep. Only the crushed seeds of a plant. We knew the *señorita* was returning. One of our people had come to the city by bus and told us her plans. It was our simple belief that after the pool's magic had brought you here, we would be false to our duty if we let you go."

He walked out, bent under the weight of his sadness. But he was not sad long. His face lighted up like the sun when we told him, next day, that we were going to be married. In fact, there was dancing in the street. San Marlo City must have wondered what the people of Sal Si Puedes were celebrating.

And that's the real story—the whole unvarnished truth—behind the silly tale of how one John Conway, American, got "rummed" in Sal Si Puedes and woke up in a girl's apartment. The tale got into circulation, I'm told, when a cop assigned by Captain Bahona to watch the street that night became curious about my borrowed car on the corner, where I'd left it, and later saw me walking unsteadily out of No. 7, with Stella Breslin steering me. I couldn't care less.

The story has a brief postscript, though, that no normal male could resist telling. We were back in San Marlo, Stella and I, just a few months ago. An outfit building a new sisal plant was having trouble getting its decorticators installed properly. And, of course, we went to call on Papa Sebastián and our Sal Si Puedes friends.

Papa Sebastián, after pouring a toast in wine and wishing us unending health and happiness, solemnly produced, from an inner room, a small cardboard box tied with string.

"This puzzles me, *señora*," he said, opening the box and lifting out a silver bracelet. "It was found by one of our girls at the edge of the waterfall pool. Our people in the mountains sent it here, thinking it must be yours. Our women do not own such bracelets."

My good wife looked at the bracelet and blushed, as she does very easily on occasions. A beautiful blush. "I—it isn't mine," she said quickly. "Really, Papa, I've never seen it before. Give it to the girl who found it."

With a murmured apology for having been so foolishly mistaken, wise old Papa Sebastián went away with the bracelet, but not before I'd seen the initials on it, and my wife was aware that I'd seen them. She looked at my stupidly grinning face and got indignant, as even the most loving wives will do at times.

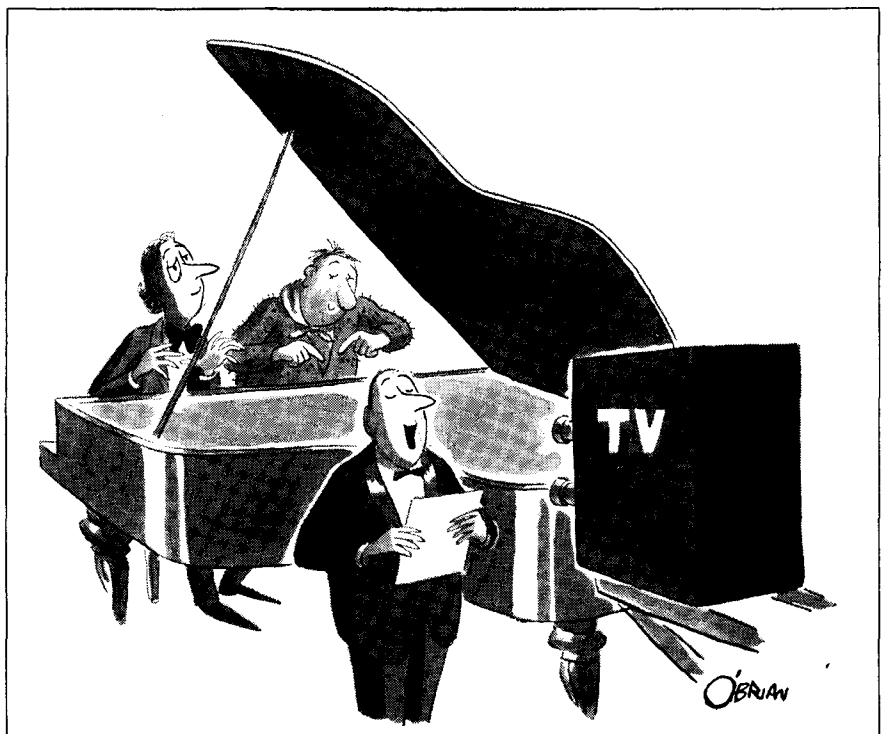
"All right," she said, "I went. But it wasn't because Uncle Russ had written me about you and sent me your picture, so don't get conceited and think it was!"

"On the verge of a great discovery," I quoted, gazing at the ceiling.

"I was just kidding!" she said, stamping her foot. "Uncle Russ was always kidding me about being too busy to get a husband, and I was kidding him back, even if he didn't know what I meant!"

A kiss put an end to her protests. "Was it a pretty pool?" I asked.

"It was lovely," she said. "A lovely, lovely place, John. And the mountain folk really believe it's magic." THE END



"And now, a special arrangement of the *Poet and Peasant Overture*."
THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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The Ordeal of the *Ohio*

(Continued from Page 15)

he could be relied upon to fight until his ship sank beneath him.

There was every likelihood of this happening as they ran the gantlet of U-boats and Focke-Wulf bombers prowling the Bay of Biscay. Yet apart from occasional skirmishes quickly dealt with by the Royal Navy there was no serious threat to the convoy's passage.

On August 9, 1942, Pedestal wheeled from the Atlantic through the Gibraltar Strait and entered the Mediterranean. Hugging the convoy on either beam and up ahead on this warm Mediterranean dawn were nine destroyers; close astern three more destroyers worried anxiously about the aircraft carriers *Illustrious* and *Eagle*. Well ahead on the horizon steamed four rakish cruisers with attendant destroyers; far out on the port beam lurked the carriers *Indomitable* and *Victorious*, screened by five cruisers and six destroyers. Commanding this impressive display of naval might was Rear Admiral Sir Harold Burrough.

In preparation for the impending action, he signaled from his flagship, the cruiser *Nigeria:* "All ships to action stations until further notice."

On board the *Ohio* twenty-three trained gunners of the Army's Maritime Regiment raced to their antiaircraft weapons. A naval liaison officer joined Mason on the bridge. *Ohio's* high-octane fuel was of special importance; his task was to see that in any emergency it was *Ohio* that received major naval support.

For the last six months only one merchant ship in seven had crashed through the Axis blockade of Malta. For more than a year the German-Italo air forces had vainly endeavored to pommel the island into submission. In that time the garrison had never exceeded 25,000 men, thirty-eight Spitfires and Hurricanes and two flotillas of submarines. Failing to tame this meager force, the enemy had clutched the island in a tight blockade.

Malta was the hinge upon which all Allied operations in the Middle East turned. Her torpedo bombers and submarines maintained the only effective striking force against Axis supply convoys to North Africa. In the summer of 1942 only 40 per cent of Rommel's ships were reaching Tunisia.

The tremendous Axis air bombardment devoted to the destruction of Malta made impossible the transfer of air reinforcements to Rommel. This alone was to enable the Allies to achieve local air superiority first at el Alamein and later over the Anglo-American landings.

Malta had to be kept in the war. The enemy regarded it equally important to knock her out. Between March and June no ships had reached the island; each convoy attempting the relief trip had been massacred.

In July, Lord Gort, the Governor of Malta, had signaled Sir Winston Churchill: "Estimate food and petrol stocks will be exhausted by August 21 in spite of severe rationing. Hesitate to request further naval sacrifices, but cannot guarantee Malta's safety after this date without further supplies."

This signal was an understatement of Malta's plight. Nearly every building on the island had been destroyed or damaged; the civilian population lived in caves and existed on sixteen ounces of food a day. Military personnel rarely left foxholes, trenches or air-raid shelters, always ready for the long-awaited arrival of parachute and glider-borne troops.

Fighters were forbidden to taxi to and from runways in order to conserve gasoline. They were towed by jeeps. Antiaircraft batteries were limited to twenty shells or four ammunition belts a day, according to caliber. Pedestal was a desperate attempt to beat the August-twenty-first deadline set by Lord Gort.

Throughout the convoy's first day in the Mediterranean the enemy remained invisible. There were false alarms, sudden panics and squirts of gunfire from overtensed gunners. The second day and night passed in much the same way—testing guns, eating, keeping station and always searching for the enemy.

Dawn on the third day—August eleventh—came calm, sun-swept and deceptively serene. Like hundreds of other men throughout the convoy, Dudley Mason stiffened slightly as the faint undulating rhythm of aircraft engines reached down from above.

It happened with bewildering swiftness. He had just brought into focus the tiny, silver specks 20,000 feet above through his binocular when the air was rent by the stomach-sickening scream of falling bombs.

Astern of *Ohio* a merchant ship vanished behind a curtain of cordite, flame and spuming water; the roar of exploding bombs was joined by the urgent, crackling barrage of her guns.

Mason swiveled round in time to see the carrier cut through the smoke and spray, rear her bows skyward and list heavily to starboard. With a curious, almost indolent, writhing motion, she sank.

Mason kept *Ohio's* bows pointing at the stern of the ship ahead. A stick of bombs fell diagonally across the gap between them as the area plaster-bombing intensified. The other carriers swung into the wind to send off fighters, and the combined guns of the fleet drummed out a staccato reply to the enemy.

Two near misses to port drenched *Ohio's* bridge, and Mason had to fight back an overwhelming urge to take avoiding action. He was under orders to maintain course and speed unless the safety of his ship was directly threatened.

Shortly after one P.M. U-73, which had been trailing the convoy, fired four torpedoes at the carrier *Eagle*. All torpedoes hit and the gallant ship, that had dispatched 183 Spitfires to Malta during the past year, sank in six minutes. A majority of the 260 men who lost their lives were pilots and flight-deck crews. The squadrons of fighters ready for take-off cascaded overboard as she toppled on her side.

Seventy-one bombers delivered the first blow. As the carrier Eagle went down, fighters from another carrier, Illustrious, broke through the enemy formation to knock out three enemy planes.

Below them Italian torpedo bombers, flying at little more than 100 feet above the water, swept in to attack. Three torpedoes were aimed at the leading ship in the port column, and Dudley Mason watched appalled as it disintegrated under the impact of two hits.

Fascinated by the sheer horror of destruction, he barely heard the screamed warning from a lookout on the port side of the bridge: "Torpedo bombers coming in on starboard beam, sir."

He leaped across the bridge to see six aircraft racing in at him, while his own gunners sent a stream of tracer bullets whipping viciously across the water. Two aircraft hesitated before breaking off, but the four others flew on steadily to drop their torpedoes at little more than 2000 yards.

Mason knew instinctively that he had thirty seconds in which to take avoiding action. Gunners and crew tensed as the bubble tracks rushed at them. "Hard a'starboard," shouted Mason.

The quartermaster spun the wheel, and with painful slowness the cumbersome tanker began to turn. Mason gripped the bridge rail tightly as if he could hurry the turn through will power.

"Midships—steady as you go."

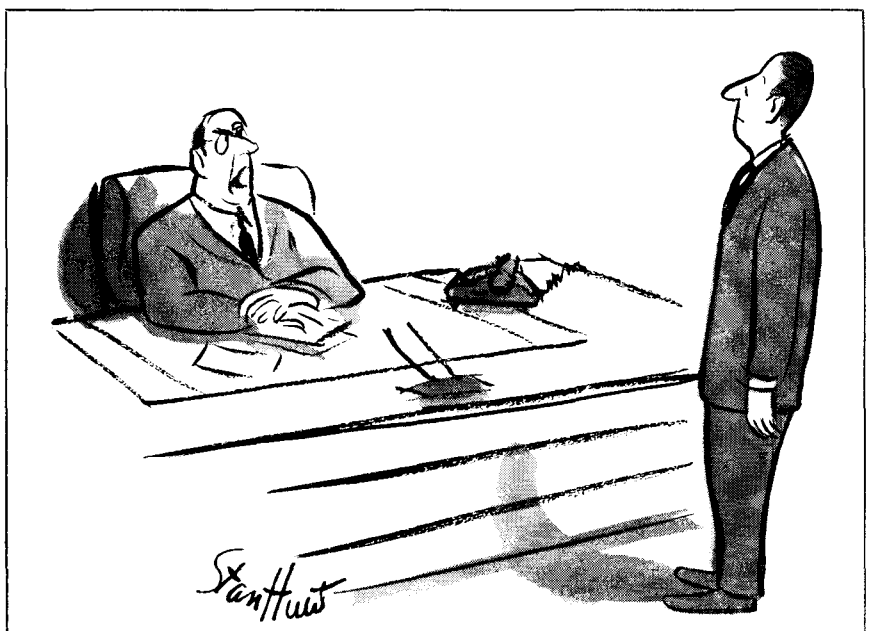
Ohio's bows pointed between the second and third torpedoes, and while the quartermaster struggled to keep her steady, all four torpedoes passed down her sides, the nearest no more than ten feet away.

The enemy's first assault had been beaten off, but not without losses. The convoy waited grimly for the next attack to develop. It came in the late afternoon.

Eighty torpedo bombers, more than 200 Stukas and a covering force of 100-odd fighters came in from different directions at the same time. *Victorious*, *Indomitable* and *Illustrious* flew off every available fighter to meet this new threat.

Dudley Mason felt the quick impact of fear. Yet if any of the crew had looked up to the bridge then to seek comfort they would have seen their grim-looking captain in outwardly calm control of his ship. None could see the faint flicker of desperation that welled up inside to haunt his dark, shadowed eyes.

He watched the Stukas break formation above *Ohio* and scream down in their almost vertical dives, devastating the eardrums. The tanker was the principal target.



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THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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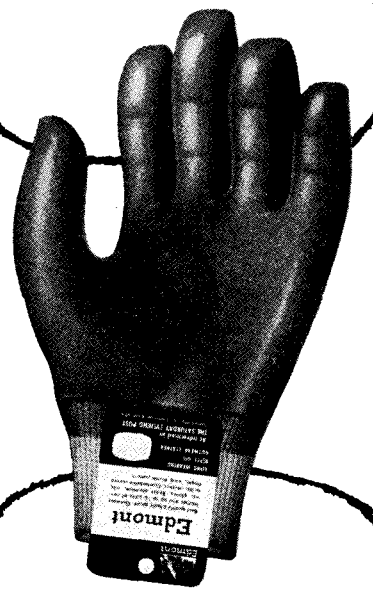

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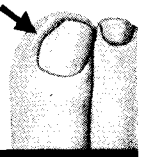

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Ohio moved sluggishly, first to port and then to starboard, as the bombs plunged downward. They fell all about her—ahead and astern and on either side. When the mass of the enemy made further alterations of the course futile, Mason began using his engines to stop, go astern and spurt ahead.

Of the total dive-bomber force, more than sixty selected *Ohio* for attacks. Miraculously she emerged from the turmoil unscathed. It was then that Mason remembered with sudden sickness the torpedo bombers. It was the chief officer who told him they had attacked, fired their torpedoes, which had been avoided during one of the anti-Stuka maneuvers, and then headed for home.

For thirty vital minutes the convoy was left in peace. Then the third attack of the day developed without warning.

One hundred Stukas, flying very high and without escort, plummeted suddenly down on the convoy. The ship ahead of *Ohio* erupted roaring flame as she folded slowly and neatly in half. Blinded by smoke, Mason conned *Ohio* around the stricken ship instinctively, then turned about to watch impotently as survivors threw screaming wounded into lifeboats.

Another cloud of dive bombers descended with devastating accuracy on the freighter opposite *Ohio* in the port column. For a brief moment she was lost to sight behind a wall of spray. Then she exploded with a huge flash, the heat of which seared Mason's face 300 yards away. She had been carrying ammunition; there would be no survivors.

Evening closed in. Against the glow of the setting sun the sky was black with bursting shells interlaced with streaming tracers from hundreds of light weapons.

Mason writhed. The destruction of the ammunition ship had been too swift to credit. *Ohio* would go the same way. The day's score card was not encouraging. The enemy had lost eight bombers, twelve torpedo bombers and twenty-six Stukas. On our side one aircraft carrier, two destroyers and three merchant ships had gone down; six Naval fighters had failed to return.

The next attack came from below the surface. U-41 lay at periscope depth four miles on the port bow of the convoy at dusk on August eleventh. She came to the surface, trimmed down to reduce silhouette and cut across the line of advance to estimate strength of escort.

Her commander made an unusual, fatal mistake. Ignoring an elementary rule for survival in the U-boat arm, he broke wireless silence to signal the convoy's position, course and speed to the wolf pack he knew to be in the vicinity. Had he been astern of the convoy and able to elude pursuit his action might have been valid. But he was ahead of the convoy and about to attack—his target, the low-slung darkened shape of an oil tanker in the starboard column.

Mason was resting in his camp bed on *Ohio's* bridge when the signal from *Ashanti* was relayed through the convoy by a series of dimmed, blue lights. "U-boat sighting report intercepted. Expect wolf-pack attack during night."

Two destroyers came racing alongside *Ohio*, fanned outward and began searching off her starboard beam. Otherwise the night was ominously quiet. The crackled shout of the lookout jangled on Mason's taut nerves.

"Torpedo track off starboard bow, sir."

Mason's reaction was automatic. "Hard a' starboard."

Ohio was still on the turn when a fluorescent line of bubbles ran under her stern. Mason steadied the ship and brought her back into the starboard column again. The maneuver had just finished when another torpedo crossed her bows, sped on toward the next column and hit the fourth ship in line. There was a dull explosion; another battle had begun.

U-41's lucky hit on a target her commander could hardly see was the last of her career. The two destroyers patrolling off *Ohio's* starboard beam raced toward the U-boat, which was attempting to dive. The first destroyer blew the enemy to the surface again with a well-aimed pattern of depth charges just in time for the second destroyer to ram her sharp bows through the conning tower.

The cruisers *Nigeria* and *Cairo* were struck by torpedoes in quick succession, and Admiral Burrough transferred his flag to the destroyer *Ashanti*.

By now night had become day as every warship maintained a constant barrage of star shell round the outer perimeter of the escort's defenses. The wolf pack closed for the kill. Records do not show how many torpedoes were fired that night, but there were ten U-boats, and it is likely that among them they fired more than forty.

At midnight the enemy's air forces returned to the battlefield. First came the marker planes to drop thousands of colored flares over the ships; they were followed by low-flying bombers which aimed at the flares with sticks of bombs crisscrossing the dropping area.

The aircraft carriers flew off fighters without pretence at blackouts. Above the level of the hovering flares a vast moonlit air battle developed across the deep blue of the heavens.

Shortly before dawn it was over, and the score card showed some improvement. Four bombers had been shot down and two U-boats claimed as sunk. We had lost one merchantman. In the *Ohio*, the chief engineer reported to Mason: "Leak in port side of engine room, sir. Near miss blew in some rivets. We are shoring up now."

The fourth day of running the gantlet from Gibraltar to Malta dawned serene and calm. Eight freighters were left. Strain etched itself lividly on Mason's face, from which the bones jutted hard against gray, tightly stretched skin.

Little more than an hour later the battle resumed with the arrival of 300 bombers, Stukas and torpedo bombers from the north. The merchant ships dodged bombs and torpedoes while destroyers hunted U-boats and the carriers provided a canopy of gunfire.

Throughout it all, *Ohio* moved slowly yet majestically forward against a backdrop of near misses.

At dusk there came an unexpected pause. Sweating, blackened gunners, stripped to their underpants, collapsed at their stations. Nausea overcame the trembling men, and the stench of vomit stole wickedly through the ship.

In this moment of unbearable fatigue a patient U-boat snatched her chance. As darkness closed in, two torpedoes struck *Ohio* near the bows on the starboard side. She staggered under the double explosion while flame and water shot up above masthead height. Then she shook herself violently as she emerged from the shock with steering gear broken down and all communications between bridge and engine room severed.

A large hole gaped on the water line and part of the main deck collapsed as bulkheads caved in under the inrush of the sea. Tank lids came apart and a fire started in the main pump room. Still, Mason sighed with relief. While the engines turned there was hope.

But even this was denied. A deathlike silence reached up from the engine room, and the wrecked generators threw the ship into darkness. The convoy steamed on; there was no time to waste on the crippled.

Night fell, and the enemy pursued the convoy relentlessly while *Ohio*, drifting helplessly farther astern, was left alone. At dawn patrolling enemy aircraft sighted her, and throughout that fifth morning she was subjected to continuous dive-bombing attacks.

The army gunners maintained accurate fire that brought down twelve enemy aircraft that morning. Shortly after noon two destroyers raced toward them from the direction of the convoy up ahead. One of them was *Ashanti*, Admiral Burrough's flagship. He ranged alongside within hailing distance, while his guns joined the barrage put up from *Ohio*. Above the din his voice came thickly over the loud-speaker: "What are your chances of rejoining the convoy?"

Mason had no loud-speaker. He turned his thumbs down in an expressive, laconic reply. Burrough shouted: "Sorry about this. We wanted you to get through most of all. Now I must get back to the convoy and report your position to the rescue ships. Good luck!"

Mason watched the destroyers race away at full speed, leaving *Ohio* alone to face whatever lay ahead.

Several hundred miles away in the Eastern Mediterranean the second half of the Pedestal attempt to relieve Malta had been destroyed. Rear Adm. Sir Philip Vian's convoy of eight merchant ships from Alexandria had been forced to take violent evasive action to avoid the full might of the Italian Fleet sailing to meet them. Five freighters had been sunk by air attack, a sixth had been torpedoed and two more were so damaged they had been sent to the North African coast to be beached.

Any hope for Malta lay now with Admiral Burrough in the West; and he had seemingly lost the only ship that could keep the island's fighters in the air—*Ohio*.

Throughout that afternoon, her crew struggled to bring life back to her engines. It was about four P.M. when she began to vibrate with a familiar throb, and a broken, ragged cheer greeted the first turns of the propellers. By nightfall the hasty repairs were holding so well that Mason ordered full speed, and the listing tanker chased after the convoy at seventeen knots.

At daylight on the sixth morning of the operation, *Ohio* rejoined the convoy and resumed her station in the starboard column, welcomed by a chorus from the sirens and hooters of her fellow merchantmen and the escorts. But Mason's relief was tempered by the havoc the enemy had created with the convoy. There were only two ships in the starboard column where once there had been seven; only one survivor in the port column.

An hour later the enemy resumed his air assault. He came in countless numbers, singling out for special attack the sole tanker in the tiny fleet. Parachute blockbusters fell about her, blowing in plates and springing innumerable leaks.

Then the first Stuka dropped out of the sky unannounced and aimed at *Ohio*. Her gunners sent their barrage across the line of flight, and curses turned to hysterical cheers as the flaming bullets were seen to cut through the Stuka's body.

It never recovered from that dive. With the pilot dead or dying at the controls, the dive bomber plunged into *Ohio* and exploded on her foredeck. More fires were started, and men rushed to heave the burning aircraft over the side.

A bomb fell on the afterdeck killing ten gunners, and one of the fuel-tank bulkheads began to leak high-octane fuel. The crew began playing streams of water on the overheating metal.

Two more bombs fell on either side of the tanker, lifting her completely out of the water. She dropped back on one side and for a moment threatened to capsize. By the time she had recovered and the crew were picking themselves up from the decks, the engines had gone silent again.

Once more she wallowed astern of the convoy. But through some miracle of engineering ingenuity, the engines were started again two hours later, driving her forward at four knots. It was noon when the port boiler blew up, wrecking the main deck aft of the bridge. *Ohio* stopped and Mason sagged visibly. The final blow came a little later when the starboard boiler also exploded, killing twelve engineers and six deck hands fighting fires.

Overwhelmed by the hopelessness of it all, Mason picked up a hand signal lamp and laboriously spelled out a message to the nearest ship for relaying to *Ashanti*. "Unable to proceed further," he said. "Can remain afloat for only a few hours. Can you help?"

Admiral Burrough dispatched two destroyers to take *Ohio* in tow, and for the next six hours the three ships fought off air attacks while trying to pass towlines to each other.

Enemy motor-torpedo boats arrived with dusk and synchronized their attacks with those of the bombers. Six speeding torpedo boats raced at *Ohio* for the kill, and both destroyers broke off towing operations to intercept. One ran into a torpedo intended for *Ohio*, blew up and

"Well, he finally popped the big question—he wanted to borrow five dollars."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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sank in seconds. The other drove off the torpedo boats with her guns, returned to pick up the survivors of her sister ship and drew alongside *Ohio* again. Her captain shouted, "I'll stay with you and radio for more help."

Half an hour later another destroyer steamed into sight and began circling the tanker as protection against torpedo-boat attack. By now Mason had got himself under control and determined that with the help of destroyers there was a faint chance of reaching Malta. It was all he needed to throw off strain and weariness. He could foresee no greater disasters than those already experienced.

Half his crew were dead, ten more were seriously wounded. Of the twenty-three Army gunners, twelve were dead and even the wounded were helping to keep the few remaining batteries firing. His problem: How to get *Ohio* into harbor?

He was preoccupied with this when there came suddenly the high-pitched whine of a falling bomb. He went rigid with surprise and shock, knowing instinctively it would hit. A second later it fell behind the bridge, crashed through the superstructure and exploded in the engine room. The port side blew out, leaving a hole fifteen feet across, mercifully above the water line.

Throughout that long, lonely night the tanker, with her two attendant destroyers, fought off one attack after another with the darkness constantly illuminated by aircraft flares and torpedo-boat star shell. Yet they sustained no further damage, but at dawn the sorely wounded *Ohio* was limping lower in the water. Then help arrived unexpectedly.

Once the remnant of the convoy arrived safely at Malta, Admiral Burrough sent off his naval fighters to cover *Ohio*. The two destroyers shouldered alongside the tanker, one to port and the other to starboard, and passed wire hawsers to each other under her keel.

By noon on the seventh day *Ohio* no longer floated; she rested on a network of wires. In this manner the strange threesome, bound together as surely as Siamese triplets, lurched slowly toward safety. In the early afternoon Admiral Burrough's cruiser squadron steamed into sight en route back to Gibraltar and paused to watch this curious procession.

Burrough signaled:

"Only three ships got through with provisions and ammunition. They need you to survive. R.A.F. are making final sorties with exhausted fuel today and tomorrow. All Malta awaits your arrival. God bless you. I am proud to have sailed with you."

The enemy had not given up despite the tanker's nearness to Malta. *Luftwaffe* fighters swarmed overhead engaging the Fleet Air Arm umbrella, while bombers roared down on the tanker.

A near miss carried away *Ohio's* rudder and blew a hole in her stern. Water poured in and she settled lower, dragging down the destroyers under her weight.

At eight P.M. Malta came in sight, and tugs sailed out to their assistance. They were making only two knots, and another night would pass before they came under the island's guns.

Then came the desperately needed respite for which Mason had been praying. The enemy, confident that the tanker was sinking fast, called off the battle.

During that night the crews of the *Ohio* and the destroyers, helped by the tugs, worked to keep the tanker afloat, passing more wires beneath her when the strain proved too great for the existing supports to hold.

At dawn, August fifteenth, *Ohio* was but a mile outside the harbor. Thousands of civilians mingled with troops, sailors and airmen on the quaysides; they crowded the roofs of buildings and huddled on the rocky shore line on either side of the harbor entrance. They were there to witness this miracle of survival—for to them *Ohio's* survival was their own.

Over all those thousands lay a heavy silence. Not a voice was raised as the gap that separated Malta from German domination narrowed to less than a mile. It was obvious that *Ohio* was dying.

The little fleet, still lashed tightly together, was worried over that last mile by the anxious tugs. Struggling all the way, the destroyers hauled the tanker through the water. It took one hour to cover that last mile.

Then the tanker's battered bows passed between the outer moles of the harbor, and the silence was broken by a faint cheer—a cheer that was taken up by the people thronging the quays.

The cheering of the thousands drowned the guns fired in salute of a gallant ship; flags and handkerchiefs appeared magically to turn the crowds into a mass of heaving color. A military band played Tipperary, Beer-Barrel Polka, and other songs which somehow became at that moment hymns of hope.

Mason, down on deck helping to keep the fires under control, stopped work to smile weakly and then wept unashamedly. And while the stricken tanker was being nudged alongside the oil wharves, signals poured in to Mason. From Sir Winston Churchill: "Splendid work. Well done." From the British Admiralty: "Well done, *Ohio*." And from the islanders themselves, expressed by their governor, Lord Gort: "We are all so happy to see you and your fine ship safely in harbor after such an anxious and hazardous passage. You have saved Malta."

That same day, despite leaks, fires and damage, *Ohio* discharged 12,000 tons of aviation gasoline, and by evening the officer commanding R.A.F. fighters on the island reported to the governor that he could fly unlimited sorties for two months.

One more ship, believed lost, arrived miraculously. It was so badly damaged it sank in the harbor—but not before its cargo was unloaded, bringing the total in food and ammunition, including that of the three ships referred to by Burrough, to 32,000 tons.

In those two months, Field Marshal Kesselring, German Air Force commander in Italy, unleashed the full fury of the *Luftwaffe* against the island in a last effort to subdue it. And while the handful of R.A.F. fighters fought back with equal ferocity, the Royal Navy submarines set about destroying the sea blockade.

By the time the enemy's attack had been blunted, the way was clear to keep Malta supplied and reinforced. Only then did Dudley Mason learn to what extent Allied operations in the Middle East had depended on his tanker. On the outcome of his six days and seven nights of personal struggle through the Mediterranean, two high American officers had waited tensely in London. They were Gen. Dwight Eisenhower, Supreme Allied commander-designate of the North African invasion, and Gen. Mark Clark. If Malta had fallen, their plans would have been nullified.

In 1946 the rusting hulk that had once saved Malta was towed out of harbor to the cheering of crowds and the playing of bands. Then, while a service of remembrance for those who had died during Operation Pedestal was held, she was sunk in the waters she had once struggled bravely to defeat.

Dudley Mason received Britain's highest award for a noncombatant officer, the George Cross; twenty-three other decorations for gallantry were awarded to her crew and gunners.

... ...

The Corseted Court

By Catherine Cameron Thaxter

Much like their own well-kept antiques
Old ladies with John-apple cheeks
Preside from doilyed parlor chairs
In judgment on the town affairs.
Smug justices with dimpled chins,
They tally up their neighbors' sins
And, finding proof of guilt, disperse
Sentences to hell, or worse.
Then, licking dainty fingers clean
Of tarts and consciences to lean
And peer from out the window laces,
They summon up tomorrow's cases.

Our Urban Revolution

(Continued from Page 27)

pleasant woodland beside the access ramp to a six-lane freeway. The topless towers of commerce, as yet, show no signs of crumbling. On the contrary, New York is going through the greatest office-building boom in its history. And in many other central cities, stout believers in downtown's future are expressing their confidence by constructing many-storied edifices of steel and glass. At the same time, however, commercial enterprises by the hundreds are following the migrating families and the fleeing factories to the empty land beyond the city's borders.

It all adds up to the fact that, on balance, the cities are losing. Not, perhaps, in numbers yet, for as the young assistant to the vice president moves his family to the suburbs, a Negro farmer from Georgia, or a slim, dark Spanish-speaking man from Puerto Rico, moves his even larger household hopefully into the central city's core. Thus the "inmigration" roughly balances the outward flow, and the city actually registers a small population gain—the excess of its births over deaths. The loss, however, is in quality of citizenship. The man who might have matured into a position of civic leadership has gone, to be replaced by a citizen to whom, for a generation, the ways of the city will be alien and strange. The loss in manufacturing may not be reflected in an absolute loss in numbers of manufacturing firms. The tall loft building abandoned by the old, solid, well-founded industry that moved to a new plant in the country is quickly occupied by two or three small, young, struggling enterprises. Nor do the commercial houses move, bag and baggage. The downtown store remains—but it is forced by the inexorable laws of economics to set up suburban branches where the nuclei of new towns are forming around the outlying shopping centers.

This migration to some new and presumably happier place far beyond the city's boundaries is accompanied by a movement of population within the city itself. From the downtown core, where the old slums sprawl, population seeps out toward the middle-income neighborhoods whose former inhabitants have joined the rush to the suburbs. Real-estate speculators move in joyfully, and old single-family houses and flats—where one household once lived comfortably on a whole floor—are chopped up into little cubicles into which a half dozen families swarm. Thus another slum is born, and the "gray area" spreads, and the city grows a little dirtier, a little noisier, a little more crowded—and a little less the sort of place where people want to live.

These shifts and eddies of the population tides are more dramatically reflected in the city's purse than in its population figures. Tax values decline as manufacturing migrates and middle-income citizens move; and the city's revenue dwindles at the time its costs are rocketing upward. Expenditures for housing, for public health and sanitation, for welfare, police and fire protection, and for the added burdens on courts and jails soar as the quality of the citizenship declines. Slums take a disproportionate bite out of the tax dollar. When they spread over 20 per cent of a city's area, one expert on municipal finance has estimated, they absorb nearly 46 per cent of the city's revenue.

It is one of the paradoxes of our time that most of the city's troubles stem from our great prosperity and productiveness. The people who are leaving the city go because they can afford it. They can pay as much as a third down on a $16,000 house, and are confident they can comfortably carry the mortgage payments for twenty or thirty years. The new people coming in are coming because jobs are there—and if the job gives out, there are the welfare rolls, whose minimum monthly payments seem like affluence to folk who have lived most of their lives on less. Thus the bigger and richer the city becomes, the more it begins to suffer—as one economist put it—from "boom-town dry rot at the core." The result is that in the wealthiest country on earth the cities where that wealth is concentrated and where the brains that produced it are congregated are becoming uglier and grimier and more dreary, more plagued by troubles than before.

To many an optimistic forecaster this represents not a dying, but the first pangs of rebirth. Cities are civilization in motion, and every new metropolis rises on the bones of a city that has passed into history. The city of wood gave way to the city of brick, the city of brick to the city of stone and marble; the city of stone today is being buried under the city of aluminum, glass and steel.

Each, as its new form ossifies, becomes more firmly fixed, and change becomes more costly and more difficult. It has been said that the quickest, easiest and cheapest way to clear any big city so that it could be rebuilt anew would be to set off a hydrogen bomb above it.

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Difficult as they are to bring about, the changes are coming, slowly in some cities, spectacularly in others. From Boston's Back Bay to Washington's water front, downtown is in transition, and a new pattern of urban development is emerging. It is a pattern fundamentally different from anything the city dweller has known before. The great city-shaping forces of the nineteenth century—the steam-powered factory and the railroad—were centripetal forces, drawing all things toward a central core. The "highest and best" land use, as dictated by the economics of the time, was a gridiron of narrow streets along which massed buildings rose from every inch of space. That pattern no longer fits the needs of a new time. The industrial revolution, which created the old city as a close-packed mass around a port or a railhead, has entered a new phase. The great forces of twentieth-century technology—electric power, the car and truck and the broad highway—are centrifugal forces, inexorably drawing men and their enterprises away from the central core. The great magnet of the city has changed its polarity. Where once it attracted, it now repels; and it is desperately striving to switch its inner currents to recapture that which it has lost.

Men, of course, have been quarreling over the form and shape that cities should take since Romulus and Remus laid out the streets of Rome, and the controversy still rages. Today's efforts are particularly debatable, for the changes taking place are fundamental alterations in the city's physical form. City planners, many of whom themselves live in the suburbs, are aware that those who fled the city left in search of sun and air and light and quietness and open space. Now that it is almost too late, they are seeking to provide these amenities in the city of the future. They know also that travel to the city's heart has become an almost unbearable chore—many a suburban housewife has not been downtown to shop since she moved out of town—and their efforts are bent toward speeding the flow of central-city traffic. They seek to open up the city, to reduce its density, to make it a more pleasant place to work in, an easier place to move around in.

Nobody can quarrel with their goals. Their means of reaching them don't always work out to everybody's satisfaction. We still don't quite know how to use the tools of urban renewal which lie at hand. To the downtown merchants, cutting an expressway into or through a city's heart may appear to be a fine thing. It makes his store more accessible. It also may pour so many cars into the old narrow web of downtown streets that his place of business becomes less accessible than ever. The answer, of course, is more parking garages near the point where the expressway empties its traffic load. But here, too, a point of diminishing returns can be quickly reached. Superhighways and garages are great devourers of space, and the city may soon find that if it tries to provide all the express routes and the parking the automobile demands, there is little room left for the city itself. Los Angeles, for example, is a typical city of the motor age. Ninety-five per cent of its citizens come downtown by car, and in its effort to serve the motorist, the city has buried 50 per cent of its business district under streets and expressways and 35 per cent under parking lots and garages. This leaves only 15 per cent of the space available for offices, stores, theaters, churches—the reason for the people's coming downtown in the first place. The fine hotels and theaters are scattered widely over the great sprawling city; and Los Angeles, in the true sense, has no central core.

Expressways in other respects are not an unmixed blessing. Unless they are carefully planned, they can divide a city into isolated fragments separated from one another as effectively as if the Grand Canyon lay between them. The traffic flow on outlying streets may change as soon as a new expressway opens, and many a quiet residential neighborhood has been suddenly downgraded in value as big trucks started rumbling through, en route to an access ramp leading to a new highway.

Many a city, particularly those on the great tourist flyways and trade routes of the Eastern Seaboard, has found that fully a third of the traffic on its downtown streets did not want to be there in the first place, for the motorist, or the trucker, was on his way to somewhere else. This suggested that a circumferential highway circling the city would take a great burden off the downtown streets. Acting on this theory, Boston happily supported the construction of Massachusetts Highway 128, in the belief it would relieve congestion in the center of the city. The new route, circling some ten miles from the center of the city, did relieve congestion to some degree. It also relieved the city of some valuable resources. As the new road opened, $129,000,000 worth of factories, giving jobs to 19,000 people, sprang up in the fields and woods around its interchanges. The highway became, in the phrase of the chambers of commerce, the "Golden Boulevard of the Electronic Age"; and the region as a whole gained in wealth. But Boston itself suffered a net loss of $8,000,000 in industries and 8500 jobs.

Bedazzled by the promise of the expressway—and bewildered by the problems it creates—the city has devoted little time and thought, and less money, to solving the problems of its dying public-transportation systems. Public transport hit its peak in 1947, when automobiles were still scarce. Outside of New York, Philadelphia and Chicago, it has been swiftly dying since that time. Since the war billions of dollars have gone into an indirect subsidy of the automobile in the form of highways, bridges and tunnels. Public transport, with declining revenues and rising costs, has had to make its own way as best it could. As a result, in an age that produced atomic power, the jet engine and technological break-throughs in a hundred fields, nobody has found any new and effective way of moving masses of people from one place to another. Mass transit is about as slow, crowded, inconvenient and uncomfortable as it ever was; and in the case of the lines that run on rails, it suffers from the added handicap of no longer going where the people live.

City planners, however, know—as San Francisco and Los Angeles are discovering—that the city which lets its public-transportation system die, eventually must build it up again at fabulous cost. With all its faults, fast public transportation can still move five times as many people past a given point per hour as can the automobile; and it creates no parking problem once they reach their destination. Here and there, therefore, certain tentative efforts are being made to keep mass-transport systems alive. Boston, tired of subsidizing the Old Colony Line's commuter trains serving the South Shore, now plans to take over the line and replace the trains with fast electric cars. In Philadelphia and elsewhere, similar arrangements are being considered. And Chicago, as it builds new expressways, is running public-transportation lines down their center lanes. One of the aircraft companies, foreseeing the demise of the warplane in the missile age, is turning its attention to what may become the public carrier of the future—the 100-mile-an-hour car traveling above the surface on a monorail. Though monorails have been running for many years in Japan and Germany, they have been mere curiosities in this country. Their handicap has been the difficulty in stabilizing them, for their rocking motion sometimes left the traveler rubber-legged and green with motion sickness. This problem may now be solved by use of a steadying gyroscope which causes the car to ride smoothly and without sway. The gyroscopes also power the train. Set spinning at the take-off point, they generate their own electricity between stops.

Though planners, in moments of fantasy, dream of aerial-transport systems in which the huge helicopter buses or vertical-lift airplanes drop citizens down on rooftop landing fields, the monorail seems to be a more promising system for the immediate future. One virtue is its cheapness. Traveling above the ground, it requires for surface right-of-way only sixteen square feet of space every fifty to 100 feet, for the base of its supporting columns. It would cost only $1,000,000 a mile to build, as compared to $6,000,000 per mile for freeways, and $25,000,000 to $30,000,000 for subways; and it probably could be constructed above the center lines of many existing freeways.

Equally as frustrating as the transportation troubles with which the city grapples daily are the long-range problems of how to house its people. Back in the '30's, when the first public-housing projects began to replace the old slums, the sociologists foresaw the dawn of a new and happier day. If slum dwellers were provided with clean and well-kept, low-rent housing, it was assumed that they would automatically become healthier and cleaner in their personal habits, more sober and law-abiding and ambitious. It did not always work out that way. The children probably benefited, but many of the older folk remained about as troublesome and unambitious as before. Even if they tried to show some pride in their new homes by building a flower box or painting a wall a brighter color, union regulations in some cities forbade their doing so. The housing laws themselves served to kill ambition. In the early days a family income of $1500 a year or less entitled a family to public housing. If income rose above that figure, the family had to move; and all that was available was higher-cost private housing that was often shabby and run down. Thus many a householder held onto a low-paying job rather than take a better one that would force him to leave the "project." The limit of earning has been raised to a medium of $3625; but that figure is unrealistic today, for the family earning $3600 today is no better off, because of inflation, than the family with an income of $1500 during the depression years.

Hundreds of millions of dollars have been spent on public housing in the battle against the slums, and billions more are being spent. So far it has been a losing battle. Slums have procreated faster than they have been torn down, and this process is still going on. This unhappy circumstance is in part due to the economic laws governing city real estate, partly due to the outmoded housing laws themselves and partly a result of the public's attitude toward subsidized housing. Taxpayers in general are in favor of slum clearance, but the majority of them are strongly opposed to public housing as it has been carried out. There is some hardheaded reasoning behind this attitude. Building costs being what they are, it would be cheaper for a city to build a $12,000 suburban house for each of its low-income families and give it to them outright than to build a "project" for them at a cost of some $13,000 per family unit. Also, the urban-renewal laws, as written, reward some of the city's least savory citizens—the owners of slum property. The city buys up slum areas, clears them and sells them to private developers at a lower

The Perfect Squelch

The star halfback, his own warmest admirer, was giving his teammates a locker-room lecture after the bowl game, mostly about himself. Ignoring the fact that the team's powerful line had regularly ripped big holes for him to romp through, he was describing at length the brains, skill and all-around ability a backfield man must have.

"You linemen really don't have to think," he said finally. "We think for you. We call the signals. We carry the ball. We throw the passes and score the points. Why, most of you linemen wouldn't know what to do if someone handed you a football."

In the silence that followed this outburst, a 260-pound guard stepped up to the halfback, cradling a football in his hamlike hand. "Look, bud," he said gently, "anyone can carry a football. It's not heavy."

V. L. Nicholson

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price. The Federal Government picks up the tab for two thirds of the difference between what the city paid for the land and the price it received. The city pays the other third. The beneficiaries of this system are the slum owner and the speculative developer. Downtown realty prices being what they are, the developer can rarely afford to fill the old slum area with low-cost or even medium-cost housing. He builds high-priced apartments for wealthy tenants. This helps the city taxwise, but it does nothing to help the slum dweller, who moves to another slum, or the middle-income citizen, who finds that he can get better housing for less money by moving into a new subdivision outside the city.

Where attempts have been made to keep the middle-income resident in the city by building apartments he could afford, the results have not been entirely happy. Federal housing laws require more open space and parking space, the planners say, than is actually necessary. Thus the buildings are forced higher, and the open space not needed for parking too often takes the form of sterile green malls, where stern signs warn, KEEP OFF THE GRASS. It makes a pretty sight from the air—the great blocks of apartments standing around the green open space, framed in a jeweled setting of many-colored automobiles. But men live on the ground, and high-rise apartments do not appeal to families with children; nor is a mall where no children may romp or old men dream in the sun the kind of open space they are seeking.

"A little yard where his kids can play means more to a man than a mall as big as a football field," one planner said.

Despite these disadvantages, there is at the moment a fantastic boom in apartment building, made possible by the heavy crop of newly-marrieds—both of whom may be working at good salaries—and by the growing number of older folks whose children have grown up. Thus the city basically still is building for the rich, the poor and the childless. The middle-income families, the backbone of its citizenry, continue to leave. Old "good" neighborhoods, where big houses sit in ample yards, might hold many a family in town, if they could be protected against decay. But FHA regulations do not encourage the renovation of old houses, and mortgage institutions are equally wary of financing "fix-up" projects in what may prove to be a dying neighborhood. In a few cities, of course, there have been some notable restorations. The fine old houses in Washington's colonial Georgetown had long been slums when the renovators moved in. Now they are the pleasant domiciles of diplomats, senators and syndicated columnists. The old brick houses on Beacon Hill, once the habitat of proper Bostonians, have been restored, and Philadelphia is re-creating the fine residential character that "Society Hill," near Independence Hall, enjoyed in the 1800's. But these restorations of the beauty and dignity of downtown are rare. Baltimore, in a bold experiment, is clearing out the centers of residential blocks in areas that are beginning to decline. Back of the houses, they are building green areas which all the residents can enjoy and "tot lots" where the little folk can play. By such means they hope the owners of surrounding residences will fix up their houses and save them from decay.

Though frustrated by apathy, selfishness, divided counsel and artificial debt limitations imposed by hostile legislatures controlled by men of rural background who instinctively view the city as an evil place, the big towns are finally beginning to fight back. Merchants, through "park and shop" plans, are luring many *émigrés* back downtown. Slums are being cleared, though not fast enough, parks are being built, recreation areas provided. In Toledo and Kalamazoo the mall idea is being tested, giving the heart of downtown back to the pedestrian. To share in Federal funds, each city now must have a renewal plan; and most have professional planners—though in many cities still, the planner's rank in the municipal hierarchy is about equal to that of the night man at the sewage plant.

Each city has similar problems. Each is attacking them, hesitantly or vigorously, as its civic personality dictates. Boston, the smallest of the great central cities, is perhaps the sickest of them all. Surrounded by hostile suburbs whose rallying cry is "To hell with Boston," it is burdened, the students of Megalopolis

say, by the poorest housing, the greatest welfare needs, the highest tax rate and a municipal government which, since the time of Mayor Curley, has looked upon the public payroll, as one proper Bostonian put it, "merely as a teat at which the poor can suck."

Boston also suffers from a civic schizophrenia which other cities have managed to escape. The old "white birch Yankees" still own downtown, though they no longer live there. The Italians and the Irish of the *Last Hurrah* clans run its politics. Both groups view each other with supreme distaste, and there is little communication between them. Also, in Boston there is no one man, or family, or any single group of men of wealth and wisdom who feel that they are stewards of the city and responsible for its destiny, as the Mellons feel about Pittsburgh, or the Rockefellers about New York. There are many good division commanders in the Greater Boston Economic Survey Committee, but no top general or general staff. Also, the GBESC so far is a research group, with no power to act.

A somewhat similar situation prevails in Philadelphia, where no single leader or civic group bears the brunt of the battle for urban renewal. There, though, many dedicated individuals and organizations are attacking vigorously on many fronts. In Philadelphia, too, the political climate is different. Throughout the administrations of Mayors Clark and Dilworth, the businessmen, academic people and civic groups interested in the rebirth of the city have had free entree to city hall. Politicians and lay citizens work together with reasonable amiability, and their ideas are co-ordinated by a top-flight planning staff.

The happy result has been that Philadelphia has done more, perhaps, than any other city to meet the challenge of the times. Its achievements have been less dramatic than Pittsburgh's spectacular Golden Triangle renewal, but in variety and scope they lead the country. No city of the Eastern Seaboard has seemed quite so determined to save itself from blight; though New Haven, spurred by a hard-driving young mayor, a Yale graduate named Richard Lee, now is beginning to move with equal vigor. Baltimore, the pioneer in city planning, lagged in its zeal for a while. Now it is back in the battle with great renewal projects planned which will cost nearly $1,000,000,000 over the next twenty years.

In New York the citizens, in the main, have been content to leave their city's destiny in the hands of Mr. Moses, the Port of New York Authority and whatever mayor happens to be sitting in City Hall. This confidence has not been misplaced. Mr. Moses has built bridges and expressways with great zeal, and Mayor Wagner has recently proposed a hugely expanded program which in the next fifteen years should practically wipe out the city's 7000 acres of slums in which its juvenile gangs are spawned.

Washington, handicapped by lack of local self-government and the absence of powerful business and financial leadership, has been one of the nation's most helpless victims of urban sprawl. The first stop on the great migration route from the South, it has seen its white population flee to the bedroom towns of Maryland and Virginia while its colored population rose to 52 per cent. Now, with a strong planning commission at work, the city has begun to attack its slums. Plans for the rehabilitation of the shabby water front are under way, and there is talk of a subway under the mall as part of a great reorganization of the whole transportation system. With 53 per cent of its land Government-owned or otherwise tax exempt, Washington, the economists say, can no longer afford to remain merely the seat of government. Without destroying its dignity as the nation's capital or its quality as a shrine to which 6,000,000 visitors come each year, it can and must become a great distribution point and a center of light industry.

From Washington to Boston the same two questions face every city—how to slow down the flight to the suburbs and how to stop the decay of the downtown core. To Mr. Victor Gruen of New York, the noted architect and planner, there is a fairly simple answer—impose upon the old layout of the city a new pattern that meets the needs of human beings.

The first attack must be upon the choking traffic at the city's core. Traffic, in Mr. Gruen's view, is like a river system. But rivers empty into the boundless sea; and expressways are great rivers emptying their traffic into the constricted downtown streets, where they flood and drown the city. Therefore, huge retention basins must be built just outside the city's heart. The radial expressways would feed their traffic of transit buses and private cars into a circular boulevard drawn snugly around the downtown section. "The belt must be tight," said Mr. Gruen, "or the city will lose its pants." Along this boulevard huge transit terminals and parking garages would poke like fingers into the downtown core, their exits only a few minutes' walk from the center of the city. The center itself would be a pedestrian island, from which all wheeled traffic would be barred except small coin-operated electric carts for the use of the aged and infirm. The downtown streets would be converted into malls and walkways, bright with flowers and fountains, alive with color and movement. Thus, says Mr. Gruen, who has drawn up such a plan for the city of Fort Worth, downtown would become more efficient and attractive, more compact and convenient. With its offices, theaters, shops and stores once more easily accessible, it would become again the great magnet, the central meeting place.

The conversion of downtown into a pedestrian island would be only the first step in the over-all reshaping of the city. Radial expressways, and circular highways cutting across them, would separate industry from residential areas, create communities within the city and link the communities not only to downtown but to one another. Beyond the towers of downtown, in what is now the "gray area" of spreading blight, the garden apartments would rise. Here high- and low-rise structures would be mixed together in massive groupings, separated from one another by belts of green and usable open spaces, attractive not only to the single folk, widows, divorcees and childless couples who are the natural inhabitants of cities, but to families as well.

This, the planners and thinkers say, is the city of the future, organized in cells and clusters with some sense of unity and order and balance, stretching away to the horizon to meet the chaotic and disordered sprawl of suburbia.

There on the fringes new battles will start. For the metropolis, the planners say, cannot forever survive divided against itself. Some new form of government, greater than the city, less than the state, must be evolved to link city and hostile suburbs together to their mutual benefit.

Next week some ideas of how this may be brought about—and the violent objections to them—will be discussed.

This is the second of three articles on the problem Megalopolis presents to all Americans. —THE EDITORS

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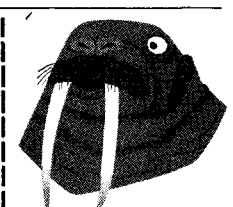

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Keeping Posted

A Man of Many Faces

The most prolific contributor to THE FACE OF AMERICA during 1959 was a thirty-three-year-old New York photographer named **Farrell Grehan.** His work appeared eight times in that feature, giving him a two-to-one edge over his nearest rival and proving that you can't keep a good photographer down. Six years ago, as an amateur, Grehan won a $1500 photography prize and promptly set out in pursuit of Italy and fame. He came home with some good pictures and a yen to turn professional. "But I made only a hundred and sixty dollars in the next five months and had to take a regular job." Later a friend badgered him into trying photography again, and he managed to scrape by for a couple of years.

He hit the mark with *The Post* when he visited our New York office two years ago to show samples of his work. One of his samples was promptly bought for THE FACE OF AMERICA, and since then his FACE assignments have taken him as far as Massachusetts and Oklahoma. Weather permitting, he travels by motor scooter; sometimes he flies part of the way and ships the scooter via air cargo. He packs his camera equipment in surplus gas-mask bags slung beneath the handle bars. "I like scooter travel because I am not enclosed and feel that I am a part of the countryside. Also, people think you're slightly daft to be touring on such a small machine and they usually smile and wave." When he completes an assignment, he scooters home to his fifth-floor walkup in the Yorkville section of Manhattan, where his wife Betsy is working on her first novel.

Grehan aboard his scooter.

Our first Grehan photograph of the new year is on page 22.

Tales of the Authors

Big Bill Ellis and Little Bill Ellis.

Cope and his "loose" manuscript.

William D. Ellis has written three best-selling novels dealing with early settlements in Ohio, but his page 20 yarn is his first *Post* contribution. He became a writer because he had nothing better to do. He was on his back in a veterans' hospital at the time, as a result of being wounded by machine-gun fire on Leyte. In 1947, "to bring some permanence and stability to this writing business," he and a friend formed Storycraft, Inc., a Cleveland firm which turns out regional radio and television scripts. His books are written strictly on his own time—five to seven-thirty A.M. He is able to pursue this grueling schedule, he maintains, because he gets plenty of exercise on the tennis courts. According to the Ellis Theory of Writing, great physical strength is the key to literary success.

Hodding Carter, Pulitzer Prize-winning editor of the Greenville, Mississippi, *Delta Democrat-Times*, took the vacation trip described on page 30 while on a four-month assignment in South Africa. (We plan to publish a second article on his experiences in our January twenty-third issue.) Two of the Carter boys—Philip, twenty, and Tommy, fourteen—attended school in Cape Town for that period, and Tommy now finds that he must unlearn some of his instruction. In the compulsory military drill at his school, students wore headgear which closely resembled the World War II German army cap, and they were required to goose-step. Tommy has since discovered that close-order drill is not performed in this manner at Indiana's Culver Military Academy, where he now is enrolled as a plebe.

Sports writer **Myron Cope** of the *Pittsburgh Post-Gazette* reports that he was overcome with nostalgia when we returned his page 28 article for revision. It seems that the margins were decorated with such comments as "trite," "awkward," "archaic," "sure is fuzzy," "sounds odd" and "wow!" Not since his sophomore year at dear old U. of Pittsburgh had he seen such salty reprimands on his work; none of his five previous *Post* articles had seemed so "loose." Presently Cope recovered, rewrote the article and received a wire notifying him that the new version was O.K. and that he was getting a raise in his price. "I love to bandage wounds with dollar bills," he says.

NEXT WEEK'S POST:

"The Difference Between Black and White"

The experiences of a white Southern woman as a teacher at a Negro college.

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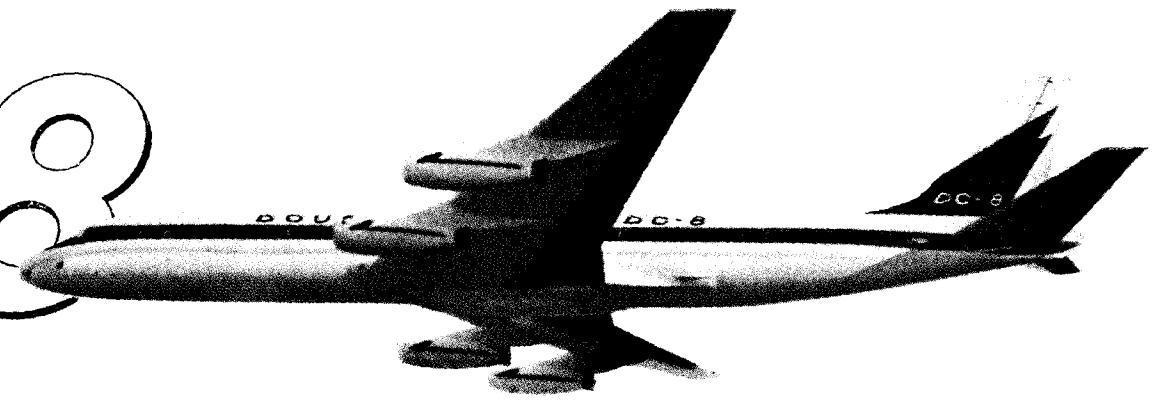

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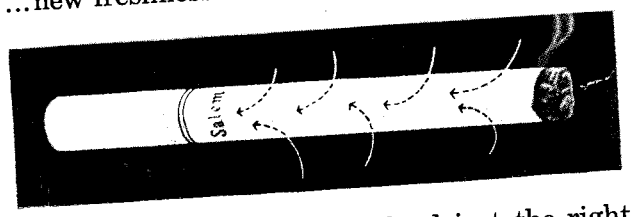

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